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SOME years ago we had occasion to review several Scottish County Histories, one of them being 'The History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire,' by Alexander Jeffrey, the fourth and concluding volume of which had not at that time, however, been published. Since then, two other counties in the Scottish Border have been made the subject of historical treatment: namely, Peebles, by the late Dr. William Chambers, in one large octavo volume, published in 1864, and Selkirk, by Mr. T. Craig-Brown. Of the last-named history we shall have occasion to speak more at length; but it may here be noted that the three histories exhibit, in respect to the range and originality of their contents, a chronological order of progression as noteworthy as it is pleasing. This points to the great advances which have been made within the last quarter of a century in the unearthing of historical treasure by means of State Paper and Records publications, as well as the bringing to light of

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valuable local muniments through the combined efforts of antiquarian and other societies, and of individual workers. Of the earliest of these three histories, it may be said that it has suffered by coming into the world too soon. Mr. Jeffrey had an admirable literary style, and considerable powers of generalisation; but unfortunately the chief book of reference on which he had to rely was Chalmers's 'Caledonia,' a work which does not now occupy the place it once did as an historical authority. It enshrines a vast wealth of local and family lore, but is never to be consulted except under enlightened precautions. Still, even with the drawbacks alluded to, Mr. Jeffrey's book forms a work of local reference not to be rashly undervalued or set aside. The 'History of Peebles-shire,' by Dr. Chambers, is a plain, straightforward, unvarnished narrative, embodying an excellent arrangement of materials, and avoiding that bane of local history, repetition. In point of accuracy, method, and precision, it is perhaps the best-ordered among the few county histories which Scotland possesses.

Coming to the one of these three county histories which more immediately concerns us—that of Selkirk, by Mr. Craig-Brown—it may be said at once that, in respect to the extent and value of the local historical materials brought together within its pages, it excels the others. The author's industry, as displayed in these two large quarto volumes, is marvellous, and deserves the most unqualified praise. Every likely repository, public and private, has apparently been resorted to and ransacked. All the entries relating to the county in the volumes of the Privy Council Records, the Exchequer Rolls, the various monastic cartularies, the 'Criminal Trials' of Pitcairn, and other books more or less rare or inaccessible, have been diligently collected and placed in their chronological order, while many manuscripts both of earlier and later times have been equally laid under contribution. We really cannot point to any historic transaction or event of importance coming within the scope of these volumes, that has not been included. Yet the book, withal, is not what it should have been, or what, with the exercise of more care and self-restraint on the part of the author, it might have been. It errs, in the first place, on the side of excess; there is too much of it. This superfluous bulk is due to the plan the author has chosen to follow, involving a great deal of repetition. There are three divisions, embracing the general history, the history of

parishes, and the history of notable men and families; in each of which divisions we are constantly coming across the same set of facts. It is, to use a geological metaphor, like being asked to walk over a tract of country in which three separate rock-systems are to be observed, and finding when done that we have but passed three times over different outcrops of one and the same system, varying only in degree of exposure or angle of stratification. There are, moreover, no foot-notes, no cross-references except the tantalising 'given at length elsewhere,' and no index to speak of for this large book of a thousand pages, bristling with the names of places and persons. These defects might have been largely avoided by a better initial arrangement.

But the chief drawback of the book is due less perhaps to the author's method than to his manner. This is to be found in the rashness with which he takes up and disposes of difficult questions on which it is obvious he is not too well informed; the heedlessness with which he makes important historical affirmations without a sufficient basis of fact; added to which is the want of courtesy displayed towards other writers who may cross his path. In his preface he tells us the book 'claims to be a more or less careful compilation by a man of business, rather than a literary effort by a man of letters.' But the modesty of this claim is apt to be doubted when we find him in his very first chapter openly sneering at Sir Walter Scott; questioning his knowledge of ancient Scottish usages, and his literary taste in the matter of ballads; affirming that his explanation of a certain historical difficulty 'is of course absurd;' declaring, later on, that his version of another affair is 'preposterous,' and of a third that it is 'an exploded assumption;' speaking of Cosmo Innes's opinion on a disputed question of record evidence as 'too preposterous,' and of a passage from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's delightful 'Scottish Rivers,' as 'a characteristic bit of bathos;' referring to Dr. Robert Chambers as 'the credulous compiler of the "Picture of Scotland,"' and to the Ettrick Shepherd too often in a tone of contempt, citing a certain set of verses as probably one of Hogg's 'own crude productions,' and seldom quoting a statement from him without throwing painful doubts on his veracity. To living writers he is in general civil, and at times even complimentary; but almost the only dead authors on whom he finds himself able to bestow unqualified commendation are John

Gibson Lockhart, Dr. John Brown, William Shakespeare, and the Apostle Paul. It might not have been amiss if Mr. Craig-Brown, writing as a 'man of business,' had treated with the usual degree of deference the names of those who hold a place of acknowledged eminence as 'men of letters.'

It is with feelings of regret that we point out these blemishes, as we are not disposed to treat books of this kind in a censorious spirit; far otherwise. We are aware that the author of such a book has, as a rule, no pecuniary or other adequate return for his self-imposed labours; and are of opinion, further, that anyone who, like Mr. Craig-Brown, at his own time and cost, gathers together and prints in a handsome form the muniments of his county, lays the people of that county, and historical students generally, under a great debt of gratitude to him. On the other hand, care must be taken that historical accuracy is observed, as a big book is apt to be taken by many for a big authority, and those who follow it without sufficient knowledge to apprehend and rectify its mistakes may thus unintentionally propagate serious historical error.

Leaving the subject of the opening chapter of Mr. Craig-Brown's book, the 'Poetry of Selkirkshire,' for after notice, we find in his second chapter one or two things calling for attention. That chapter, which may be said to begin the History proper, follows the course of events from the time of the Roman invasion down to 1000 A.D. The historical materials for this period are necessarily scanty. It is, moreover, always a task of some difficulty and delicacy to reconstruct the past out of the mutilated fragments collected from the *débris* of those long-lost centuries—a task that can only be approached after careful preparation, and even then not without serious misgivings. But Mr. Craig-Brown, in advancing to the task, has, we are afraid, made little or no preparation, and, consequently perhaps, he has no misgivings.

'It is as certain,' he says, 'as inference can make anything, that when the Roman army marched north from Tynedale, Selkirkshire was tenanted by Celtic tribesmen. Savages they were, pure and simple—little, if at all, in advance of Zulus in the present day. For dwellings they dug holes in the ground. The earth taken out was placed round the edge to form a little rampart, and overhead they stretched a framework of branches plastered with mud. With stone weapons they fought and hunted. No doubt they used the skins of wild animals to shelter themselves from winter's icy breath; but their habit of body-painting proves that clothes were often dispensed with,

in battle at all events. . . . There is no evidence that they even kept flocks of sheep or herds of cattle, while there is the strongest presumption that of agriculture they were absolutely ignorant.' (Vol. i. p. 30.)

Whence this amazing conception of human life in Britain at the time referred to has been derived, it is difficult to say. No authorities are named; but we are told it is got by 'letting go the hand of History' and 'leaning upon Philology or Archæology,'—a peculiarly hazardous experiment. It would have been much better had the author leant upon Cæsar and Tacitus; and in so doing there might have been safety, if not novelty. From these historians, not to speak of other early writers, we learn that the Iron Age was not simply 'commencing' in the sixth century after Christ, as Mr. Craig-Brown says (p. 51), but that iron was in use among the Britons long before the advent of the Romans. Their *oppida*, or fortified woods, have also been described to us, with their huts, bee-hive in shape, surrounded by ramparts of hewn trees. A Greek traveller, four hundred years before the time of which we speak, saw wheat growing abundantly in Britain; and stone querns, or hand-mills for grinding corn, are found in 'earth-houses' in Scotland among the shells, bones, and other food-deposits belonging to a people as far back as the Neolithic Age. Another early writer gives the name of a drink made by the natives from barley, which name, curiously enough, is still the word used in Wales for beer. Those of the tribes that were pastoral had large flocks and herds; and the necessity of moving about in search of fresh pasture rendered these tribes partially nomadic in their habits. A hundred and fifty years before Christ, there was a native gold coinage in circulation in South Britain, specimens of which are still extant; and one of the native coins has been found as far north as Dumfries-shire. To paint, therefore, the Brito-Celtic tribes of the first century as something resembling troglodytic savages of the Palæolithic type, is to do violence to all historical and archæological evidence on the subject.

This ethnological confusion is further cognosed when we find these early Celtic tribesmen spoken of (p. 33) as 'aborigines.' If there is one thing that modern investigators are agreed upon, it is, that these Celts were not the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. Who the races were whom the Celts superseded is not yet determined; but it may be mentioned in passing that Professor Rhys, agreeing in this with Dr. Skene, thinks they were Iberians of the Neolithic Age; while Mr. Elton is of opinion that they were

a Finnish people of the Bronze Age. But whichever view we adopt, and however distant antecedently to the Christian era the Celtic invasion may be placed, it is an obvious reflection that these fierce and masterful Celts, who could force their way through Europe from their far-away home in the heart of Asia, cross the seas to Britain, and subdue its inhabitants, almost to obliteration, must even then have been a people vastly superior in civilisation, and the resources of civilisation, to the ignominious and degraded savages above described. The fact alone that it took Agricola six years, and as many successive campaigns, to reduce the tribes between the Cheviots and the Grampians to a state of but partial and intermittent subjection, is sufficient to indicate the hardy and heroic nature of the race who then inhabited what is now called the Lowlands of Scotland. Something higher than 'stone weapons,' and the culture of 'savages pure and simple,' was required to beat back, time and again, army after army of the first soldiers in the world. The Romans themselves constantly acknowledge the bravery and warlike conduct of these natives of Northern Britain.*

The root-stock of a people who have occupied so prominent a place in our national life as the Borderers have always done, must have been a strong one: so strong, that not all the subsequent admixture of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian blood was sufficient to dilute its essential qualities of energy and courage. From the one of these intrusive elements, the Angles, the Borderers received their language, and from the Scandinavians, perhaps, their highly poetical temperament; but their character for hardihood and courage is traceable to a much older derivation. In the first century their ancestors formed part of the great nation of the Brigantes, reputed by Tacitus to have been 'the most populous state in the whole province.' The Romans and they were long at war, and it was not till the summer of A.D. 79 or 80 that Agricola

* That Mr. Craig-Brown should have so mistaken the character of the early Celtic tribes is rendered the more surprising when we find him making (vol. i. p. 56) a quotation from Mr. Grant Allen's 'Anglo-Saxon Britain,' in the first page of which book we are told that the Celts, even before they wandered from their Aryan home, were a people 'long past the state of aboriginal savagery, and possessed of a considerable degree of primitive culture;' and that, 'though mainly pastoral in habit, they were acquainted with tillage, and grew for themselves at least one kind of grain.' Professor Rhys further tells us that 'the art of making cloth of some sort was known even to the earliest of the Celts who ever landed here.'

succeeded in gaining a footing in that part of their country north of the Solway. In order to reclaim the natives from the rude and unsettled state which prompted them to war, Agricola spent the first winter and succeeding seasons in teaching them to build temples, courts of justice, and dwelling-houses, doubtless of stone. 'He was also attentive,' says Tacitus, 'to provide a liberal education for the sons of their chieftains, preferring the natural genius of the Britons to the attainments of the Gauls.' And so rapidly did they acquire the Roman language and Roman manners that the historian goes on to deplore the state of effeminate luxury into which they shortly fell. A moment's reflection is sufficient to show that men who could so quickly absorb the Roman culture could not have been, but a year or two previous, living like wild animals, in 'holes dug in the ground.' They were splendid barbarians, not debased savages.

As a relief from the thankless task of proving what these British tribes *were* by what they were *not*, let us take a passage on the early settlers in the district from the second book on our list, 'A Short Border History,' by Mr. Groome. This little book, it may be said in passing, is an admirable compendium of Border history, written in a popular style, yet showing everywhere marks of good scholarship, extensive reading, and exact knowledge, with many passages of refined literary beauty. Referring to the fact that all the people in the Scottish Border speak English, with the exception of a few new-comers, who speak Gaelic or Welsh, and whose language to the Borderers of to-day is an unknown tongue, Mr. Groome points out the relation of these three languages to one another, and adds :—

'We know now that ages and ages ago, long before Christ was born, the ancestors, not only of English, Welsh, Irish, and Highlanders, but of Romans, Greeks, Germans, and Russians, of Persians and Hindoos, dwelt all together somewhere in Central Asia. They formed a one people, the Aryan; and they spoke a common language, the mother-speech of Latin, Greek, English, etc., as Latin itself is the mother of French and Italian. Then they broke up, and wandered most of them westward, following, perhaps, the course of the sun in the heavens. The first to reach Britain were the Celts, and the first of the Celts were the Gaels, who were followed by the Cymri, or Welsh, and by them driven onwards to Ireland, Galloway, and the Scottish Highlands. Englishmen there were none, as neither was there a Border, then or for fully a thousand years after the dawn of history. If to-day in New York one meets a Red Indian, one feels sure that he is not a native of the city, though his forefathers once may have camped on the

site of Broadway; may have given Manhattan Island its Indian name. Just so the Welshman or Highlander is now an alien in our Border country, where his ancestors built the hill-forts, and lie buried in barrows or cairns, and where they have left Celtic names to many rivers and mountains, to a few towns, hamlets, and parishes.' (Pp. 10, 11.)

In resuming consideration of Mr. Craig-Brown's volumes, it is not necessary to follow him through his sketch of the Roman occupation; but it may be pointed out that Selkirkshire did not form part of the province of *Mæatia* (p. 32), since the country of the *Mæatæ* lay to the north of the wall between the Forth and Clyde. Neither was it the forest of Selkirk which Severus, in A.D. 208, cut down and laid roads through, but the forests of Perthshire and Kincardineshire, when he subdued the revolt of the *Mæatæ*. We observe, at p. 63, an argument based on the same mistake. Again, the Roman station of Trimontium was not at Newstead in Roxburghshire; nor has the name anything to do with the 'triple Eildons.' This is one of the spurious Richard of Cirencester's fables, and has been frequently repeated. The Trimontium of the Romans was in the district of the *Selgovæ*, on the Solway Frith, now Dumfriesshire, and has been identified since the time of Chalmers with the broad tabular hill of Birrenswark in that county, on which the remains of a great Roman camp are still to be seen. Dr. Skene has pointed out that the syllable *tri* represents the Welsh *tre* or *tref*, a home or town; and that Trimontium is simply the Latinised form of *Trefmynydd*, the Town on the Mountain. The Romans had evidently taken possession at this place of a native fort.

Into the prehistoric antiquities of Selkirkshire we need not enter. It possesses a considerable number of British forts, some of them of large dimensions. Up the valley of the Yarrow, and by the Gala and the Tweed, funeral cairns of the pre-Christian type have been found, with their shortened cists, occasionally containing clay urns probably of the Bronze Age. But its chief antiquity is one of a later age, namely, the *Catrail*, a fosse or trench, with a rampart of earth on either side, which runs from above Galashiels, irregularly southwards to Peel Fell, in the Cheviots, overlooking the Borders of England, a distance of nearly fifty miles. Readers of Scott's early letters to George Ellis will remember his frequent references to the ancient rampart—'venerable relic of Reged wide and fair Strathclyde.' It is known also as the *Picts-work-ditch*, and is once named in a deed of the fourteenth century as 'the fosse of the Gal-

‘wegians.’ Many portions of it still exist, and its route can be traced with considerable accuracy almost throughout its entire length. Mr. Craig-Brown has shown its route upon the map of the county prefixed to his first volume; and in the text has given a most careful and minute description of that route, and of the surface of country over which it passes, drawn partly from his own observation, and partly from an excellent paper on the subject contributed in 1880 by Mr. James Smail, F.S.A. Scot., to the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists’ Club. Mr. Craig-Brown rightly observes that this fosse or trench presents a problem in archæology ‘that has continued to exercise the wit and ingenuity of investigators since its first description by Gordon in 1726;’ and he has embodied in his pages an interesting record of the various opinions that have been expressed regarding it. The chief problem of the Catrail turns upon the questions as to who were its original constructors, and for what purpose it was constructed. Gordon, in his ‘Itinerary,’ suggests that it may have been a boundary formed in the time of Caracalla between the territory of the Picts and the Roman provinces. Maitland, on the other hand, took it for a Roman road. Whitaker was of opinion that it belonged to the fifth century, and was a line of division between the Britons of Cumbria on the west and the Saxons on the east; in which opinion Chalmers and Sir Walter Scott may be said to have concurred. Professor Veitch, in his ‘Border History,’ describes the rampart as ‘fixing the boundary to the west of the Angle kingdom of Northumberland;’ and he further thinks the traditional name of Picts-work-ditch ‘points to the Picts as the framers of the rampart, though this,’ he adds, ‘is by no means decisive.’ Mr. Craig-Brown is of opinion that it was neither a defence nor a boundary—was not a primary work at all; but simply a convenient line of communication, or strategic road, between the greater forts.

We could have wished Mr. Craig-Brown had stopped here; but he waxes impatient with Professor Veitch’s reference to the Picts: ‘A word upon the Pictish theory. It is untenable. There is no evidence whatever that the tribe known to ancient historians as Picts ever reached the English border.’ (Vol. i. p. 46.) Yet when we turn back over Mr. Craig-Brown’s own pages to p. 32, we find him there stating, what is quite true, that when troubles began to overtake the Roman Empire, the Roman provinces in Britain ‘became a prey to Scots and Picts from the north and west, who,

'aided by Saxons from the east, even penetrated to the south of England.' He further states that even 'Picts-work-ditch is a misnomer.' It is simply 'pickwork;' for he has found a 'British camp' so described in a Scots Act of Parliament of the reign of Charles II.—that happy time when orthography was still one of the fine arts.* But his inability to appreciate Professor Veitch's position becomes better understood when we read, on p. 51, that 'after the Cymri had been driven south and west, and before they became incorporated in the kingdom of Scotland, they were known as the men of Galloway; hence, no doubt, mention of the Catrail as the "fosse of the Galwegians,"' &c. This is far from being the case. Galloway was in ancient times the *Patria Pictorum* of the west; the 'men of Galloway' were not Cymri or Welshmen, but Picts, and they are so called in history down to the twelfth century. We do not, therefore, think that Professor Veitch's supposition that the Catrail may have been the work of the Picts, or his basing that supposition in part on the traditional name of the earthwork, can be treated as in any sense unhistorical; although his suggestion that the rampart was intended to serve as a boundary line does not seem to us more satisfactory than are the similar theories put forward by the older authorities named. Even Mr. Craig-Brown's own theory, that the fosse was simply the best strategic road between the larger forts, does not strongly commend itself; for if such a road was found of service, and worth making and maintaining, between forts in the part of the country under consideration, we should expect to find similar roads in other parts of the country, such as Peebles-shire and Midlothian, covered by the same class of forts. The question, therefore, of the

* The Catrail supplies Mr. Craig-Brown with some other etymologies. *Knowe* (English *knoll*), a word common all over the Lowlands, occurs frequently along the line of the rampart; hence he thinks 'it seems to be another name for a minor fort.' *Kill-knowe* also occurs twice; and this, 'taken with the constant recurrence of "knowes" all along the route, seems,' he says, 'rather to have a significance which at this day can only be guessed.' If we open the Ordnance-Survey map for Roxburghshire, we find the elevation in Hobkirk parish of that name is spelled *Kiln-knowe*, and that there is a place on it called Limekilnedge. On turning, further, to the New Statistical Account for Roxburghshire, p. 210, we read that 'limestone is found at Limekilnedge, where it has long been burned for use.' So that the ancient and sanguinary significance of 'Kill-knowe' disappears in the vapours of a modern pacific industry.

Catrail is still an open one; its secret as yet may be regarded as undiscovered.

We might enter upon the discussion of many other points referred to by Mr. Craig-Brown in this section of his work, but the interest arising out of them would be local rather than general, and hence they may be passed over in silence. To the history of Selkirkshire between the year 1000 and the Union of the Crowns in 1603, the author devotes six chapters. We should have preferred that he had given us, instead, one or two chapters embodying in a simple historical narrative the relations of the county to the general stream of national history, and had placed his many excerpts from printed charters and other sources in the form of 'Annals,' chronologically or otherwise arranged, at the end of the volume. The terms of numerous and miscellaneous charters, with the invariable list of parties or witnesses thereto, are no doubt of immense importance for the elucidation of local genealogy and even general history; but following each other without any connecting idea, they have rather a bewildering effect on the mind. It at least renders much of the context extremely tedious and unreadable. If we had got in these chapters, therefore, the results, with simply such details as supported or illustrated these results, the reader would have obtained a much clearer view of the condition of Selkirkshire during those centuries than by the method adopted. That Mr. Craig-Brown could have done so, is obvious from the following passage, which conveys much more of intelligence than if a score of charters had been condensed and placed in detail before the reader.

'The ancient charters reveal the interesting fact that north, south, and east of Ettrick Forest the land was mostly in the hands of barons, while the Forest itself was the King's personal property. By grants of David I. and Alexander II. about one-fourth of this passed to the great ecclesiastical houses, both these monarchs being "sore sancts to the crown." From the abbey cartularies it is possible to form a tolerably complete conception of the life led by the population of Selkirkshire under their clerical superiors, who probably exacted from their tenants and bondsmen much the same sort and amount of service as was rendered to the king and territorial barons. Agriculture was not then the science it afterwards became. The plough, for example, was an ungainly contrivance drawn by oxen, as many as twelve being yoked to it when the task was heavy. Barley, oats, and wheat were the crops mostly raised; hay being got by removing sheep from hill-pasture for a season. The relation in which the labourers stood to the abbey was not always the same. Some were "kindly tenants"—paying rent for the most part in kind; others held lands for a yearly

money payment. . . . Pasture, as distinct from arable land, seems in all cases to have been kept in direct occupation by the monks, who derived a large revenue from the sale of wool. No doubt many a fleece from upper Selkirkshire found its way by Melrose Abbey and Berwick to Flanders, where the monks had special privileges guaranteed by charters of the twelfth century.' (Vol. i. pp. 61-2.)

That is an admirably clear and interesting passage ; and if we take exception to one thing in it, our excuse must be its great importance. We refer to the author's implied definition of '*kindly tenants*,' as those who paid rent 'for the most part in *kind*.' False or fanciful etymologies are not always of great moment in history. To transmute a British camp into a seventeenth-century pickwork, or to mistake a modern limekiln for an ancient place of slaughter, may even help to enliven an otherwise dull page. But to misinterpret a phrase so full of historical significance as that of '*kindly tenants*,' is to deface one of the most beautiful features of Border life in the past. To be a '*kindly tenant*' was the highest pride of a husbandman in the old times. It was the Border yeoman's coat-of-arms ; the evidence of his pedigree and social respectability. He bore the designation proudly through life ; and after his death it was placed on the stone above his grave, as any Border kirkyard may still testify. To be called a '*kindly tenant*,' implied that one was of the kith, kin, or sept of the landlord, or was the descendant of those who had held and farmed the same lands in succession, father and son, from generation to generation. It formed the feudal relation between the husbandman and the baron, just as the charter of the latter expressed *his* feudal relation to the crowned head of the kingdom. The term had nothing to do with payment either in money or kind. The cottars and smaller cultivators, for instance, paid their rents chiefly in kind ; but this did not constitute them '*kindly tenants*,' nor are they ever so called. The '*kindly tenants*' formed, to borrow the language of Highland clanship, the '*gentlemen*' of the Border clans ; and while the cottar or labourer, with spear and target, followed his lord to battle or foray on foot, the '*kindly tenant*' was able to don his morion and rusty breastplate, and clatter after his chief on his own shaggy-limbed horse. The tie expressed in the word was one, not of money or other payment, but of blood, and kinship, and personal devotion ; a tie which may appear strange amid the customs of these later times, but which must have been invaluable in the old days when mutual support was indispensable.

Mr. Craig-Brown need not have fallen into any mistake about the term, if he had but observed with a 'seeing eye' the documents passing through his hands. On pp. 166-167, vol. i., we have a bond drawn up in 1589 'between Sir 'Walter Scott of Branxholme and his friends one with 'another,' and reproduced from a 'double' in possession of Lord Napier and Ettrick. It is one of the most valuable papers printed in these volumes, and is so, as the author notes, because of 'the light it sheds upon feudal tenure and 'feudal service.' The parties to the bond consist of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholme and forty-seven others, all bearing the surname of Scott, with the exception of five—one of these five being 'James Gladstaines of Cocklaw,' an ancestor of Mr. Gladstone. The whole of this bond has to do with the question of 'kindly tenants.' It begins by stating that according to 'ane constitution, act, and 'ordinance made of lang time bypast' by the grandsire of the above Sir Walter, 'it could not be lesom (permitted) 'to nae person nor persons' to take any 'roume or rounes' (possessions in land) 'pertaining to them or any of them 'by way of kindly steading, ower ane other friend's head.' Hence, in order to avoid controversies, debates, and lawsuits among themselves, and 'so that they and every ane of them 'might be in amity and friendship and familiarity with 'others, and like as brethren and friends ought to be among 'themselves, according to the laws of God and nature,' and for the better 'maintenance and service' of their chief, it is agreed that none shall presume to take another man's 'kindly 'steading' over his head; and if anyone be complained of as acting to the contrary, then Sir Walter Scott of Branxholme is to 'nominate and elect four friends' to act as a commission for the trial of 'the complainer's *kyndness* and 'dispossession,' their decision to be final. It is obvious, therefore, that the proof of a holder's right to his 'kindly steading' had no reference to the conditions under which he held it either as to payments in kind or otherwise, but turned directly upon the question of his *kyndness*; that is, his kinship. The same term is used to designate the relation of the higher barons to the Crown. In 1567 Buccleuch got a gift of the revenues of St. Mary's Kirk of the Lowes, which had been his 'auld kindly rume and possession' (vol. i. pp. 374, 409); and elsewhere it is stated that the Douglasses in ancient times held the lands of Ettrick Forest as 'kindly tenants' of the sovereign.

In the above, and in many other instances that might be

adduced, Mr. Craig-Brown's apparent straining after originality has led him to make assertions and draw inferences far from adequately supported, and occasionally bordering on the grotesque. For example, he tells us (vol. i. p. 82), that 'in the beginning of the fourteenth century it was not clear whether Selkirkshire was part of Scotland or part of England;' and he solemnly discusses whether, therefore, the men of that county during the War of Independence owed allegiance to Scotland or to King Edward. Again, speaking of the comparative smallness of the Border towers and castles, he says, 'It is impossible to believe that the families whose names are identified with these places resided in them' (vol. i. p. 139); and he proceeds to enlarge upon the strange idea. Does he mean us to believe that the Scotts did not live in Braxholme, or Harden, or Goldielands?—that the Kerrs did not live in Cessford or Fernichirst?—that there were no Douglasses in Newark?—that the Haigs did not dwell in Bemersyde?—that the Murrays did not reside in Philiphaugh or Elibank? Buccleuch, we are told, could at a bidding bring from Ettrick Forest, Ewesdale, Eskdale, and the higher parts of Teviotdale and Liddesdale, a thousand horsemen to his banner; where, in these wilds, could this numerous body of 'gentlemen' vassals possibly live, if not in their own houses or keeps? Or apply the theory to our Border ballads, and what becomes of them? Mr. Craig-Brown tells us that when 'toiling over the rough heights betwixt Ettrick and Yarrow, it is a delight to shout the rugged verse of "Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead"' (vol. i. p. 2); but what 'delight' could the author find in repeating that ballad if his own theory was present to his mind?

'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be;
There's naething left in the fair Dodhead
But a wacfu' wife and bairnies three.'

This was the burden of the 'harried man's' appeal at every tower to which he carried the news that English thieves under the Captain of Bewcastle had emptied his stalls and chambers overnight.

'The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new-fa'en snaw,'

when he set forth upon his morning quest for help, in order to pursue the rieviers and regain his property. At length he reaches Braxholme, when 'up and spak him auld Buccleuch,' and bade him 'warn the water, braid and wide.'

'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleuch, and Commonsie.

'Ride by the gate of Priestthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lea;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberrie.'

Can Buccleuch be supposed, with any sense of dramatic propriety, as issuing these peremptory orders, if the normal condition of these towers was one of emptiness and desolation?—if Harden, and Goldielands, and Allanhaugh were, with the others, standing uninhabited? And if this were so, why should 'William's Wat' of Catslackburn, in telling the harried Telfer that his 'heart was sair' for him, add the compliment:

'I never came by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare'?

It must, indeed, have been an absolute necessity, under the perilous conditions of Border life and property in those centuries, that the chiefs *should* reside for the most part on their own lands, and in their own peel-towers.*

It is not necessary to dwell further on this historical solecism, except to note that Mr. Craig-Brown brings forward what he seems to regard as his most pertinent proof, in an extract from a letter written to Henry VIII. from Scotland in 1542, by the English ambassador, Sir Ralph

* 'Before 1535,' says Mr. Craig-Brown, 'peel was synonymous in 'Scotland with castle' (vol. i. p. 137). The reverse of this was the case. By 'peel,' Barbour and the other early writers invariably mean, not the castle, but the earthwork or outer wall of defence surrounding the court of the castle. Proof of this will also be found in the author's own pages, where, in the building of the castle of Selkirk in 1302, the builders report to the English king that 'the tower is finished,' and 'fourteen perches of peel are made from one part of the tower 'to the other, leaving forty-three perches of peel yet to make' (vol. i. p. 78). In the ballad above referred to, we have the ancient usage of the word. Speaking of the Captain of Bewcastle and his men, it says—

'And when they came to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they *clamb the peel*.'

That is, they scaled the wall of the barmkyn, or courtyard, without at first disturbing the inmates of the tower, thus securing command of the place. This old use of the word affords a genuine proof of the antiquity of that fine ballad.

Sadler. In my Lord Angus's house, writes Sir Ralph, 'I cannot lie, as he hath there scant one chamber for himself and my lady his wife.' But this extract does not refer to any Border keep or peel-tower, but to the great Castle of Douglas, in Douglasdale.* From previous letters of Sir Ralph's, it is found that Angus's other great castle, 'Tallan vast,' one of the largest in Scotland, was also at that time insufficient to afford accommodation to the same ambassador until after some weeks had been spent in fitting up a chamber or two. And what was the reason for this? Simply that the Earl of Angus had a short time before returned to Scotland after nearly fifteen years of exile, during which his castles and fortresses had been in the hands of his enemies, and were left by them stripped of everything, dismantled and uninhabitable. They were now in the hands of workmen, undergoing rebuilding and repair; hence Sir Ralph Sadler's statement to the English king.

The thievish habits of the ancient residents in the Scottish Border are well known, but were never perhaps so powerfully illustrated as in the sixth chapter of Mr. Craig-Brown's first volume. Here he has wisely printed, almost without abridgement, the minutes of certain justice-ayres held at Selkirk in 1494, 1502, and 1510 (vol. i. pp. 109-123). They reveal, as he observes, 'an amount of lawlessness, rapine, and bloodshed, truly appalling.' Everybody knows that the Scotch and English Borderers stole from one another as often as chance or necessity appeared; but perhaps few will know till they read these black lists how guilty the Scottish Borderers were of stealing from and molesting their own countrymen. Horses, cows, sheep, grain, household plenishing, almost everything that could be laid hold of, were stolen by men in one glen from men in another; sometimes by residents higher up the same water, from those living lower down; sometimes, indeed, from very near neighbours. All this is mixed up with the burning and sacking of houses and homesteads, with the bloodshed of victims armed and unarmed, with the slaughter even of women and children. The reading of this dark record destroys for the time all sense of Border chivalry and romance.

With the records of the courts before us, we are, perhaps, too much disposed to look at the dark side of the picture

* State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, vol. i. pp. 322, 347.

only, and to forget that human nature has the sweet as well as the bitter in it. Upon this point Mr. Craig-Brown makes some very appropriate and just observations. Speaking of the condition of the district towards the end of the sixteenth century, he says:—

‘Privy Council and justiciary records plainly reveal the roughness and lawlessness of the country at large, and the ingrained savagery of the Border districts in particular. It must be remembered, however, that these are not a true reflex of contemporary life. Their clear light exaggerates the shadows. It is only violence and irregularity they note; the vast law-observing industry carried on in peace and silence finds no chronicle. Order, nevertheless, is seen to be gradually asserting itself. . . . The time had indeed not yet come when to ride a foray or “toom a Cumberland byre” was deemed beneath respectability; but the great chiefs were holding aloof from such adventures. Truly, if the character of forest lairds were to be formed from public records, they would appear more like untamed banditti than men under settled government. Yet it is certain they spent most of their time in tending flocks and cultivating their richer lands. We read of the cruel blow, the sudden stab, in moments of anger, in the heat of blood-feud; but who is there to tell us of the kind word, the generous act, to fallen kinsman or endangered friend?’ (Vol. i. p. 160.)

The Scottish Border in ancient times was a stronghold of clergy as well as of chieftains; but with the decay of the great monastic institutions which set in during the fifteenth and culminated early in the sixteenth century, the power of the Church, regarded as a species of moral police, began to wane. And after the fall of the old system, and the rise of the new upon the Reformation, the ecclesiastical organisation appears to have been in too defective a condition to exercise any marked repressive influence upon the tendencies of the more lawless sections of society. ‘The men,’ says Mr. Craig-Brown, ‘who overturned Popery found how very ‘much easier it is to throw down than to build up.’

‘From a register compiled seven years after the Reformation, a glimpse is obtained of the slow progress made in establishing a Protestant ministry; there being, for every educated clergyman, many [who were] mere “exhorters,” or “readers.” Melrose had only a reader, with the munificent stipend of 20*l.* Scots. Tweeddale had to be content with ministers in Peebles and Eddlestone, and with exhorters elsewhere. In all Selkirkshire there does not appear to have been one minister, but only an exhorter, who had the entire county for his sphere. Considering the travelling expenses necessary in such a charge, his stipend of 80*l.* Scots was miserably inadequate. Poverty was, indeed, the constant burthen of the Presbyterian ministers’ complaints. In 1562 it was represented that most of them led a beggar’s life; and the proceedings of the General Assembly in 1576 reveal that

some were compelled to eke out their incomes by selling ale. To the formal question, "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern?" it was answered: "Ane minister or reader that taps ale, or beer, or wine, and keeps ane open tavern, should be exhorted by the Commissioner to keep decorum." There is no evidence that the spiritual superintendent of the county of Selkirk kept a public-house at headquarters, or was accompanied in his perambulations by the wine-barrow of the period, with "claret at 2*d.* a chopin;" but for the bare necessities of life he must have largely depended either on private resources, or on the hospitality and open-handedness of his flocks.' (Vol. i. pp. 161-2).

As, however, the organisation of the Reformed Church became more perfect, and when at length the county had its presbytery and its minor ecclesiastical courts, the clergy took in hand to repress some of the wilder passions of the people, and to censure those who indulged in fighting, brawling, drinking, slandering their neighbours, or 'neglecting ordinances.' Superstitious practices and the pretensions of witchcraft also came under their ban. Here is a curious passage from the records of the Selkirk Presbytery:—

'1609, June 27.—Margaret Scott being posit [questioned] whether she ever gave drinks or usit charming, answered she gave nae drink nor charming, but only ane to stem blood with, which was—

"Our Lady went into the flood,
And fand three steys of Christis blood :
Ane to dem ;
Ane other to stem ;
Dear Jesus in God's name."

Being demandit giff the blood stemmit by these words, she answered "Yea." Being demandit if she gave drinks, she answered she gave nane but of waburne [great plantain or waybread] leaves for the hart-axes [heart-aches]. Referrit to further advisement.' (Vol. i. p. 180.)

The parochial divisions of Selkirkshire are peculiar, in respect that, while it contains five parish churches, it has only two complete parishes within its bounds—those of Ettrick and Yarrow; although it comprehends portions, less or more, of seven other parishes. Even the parish of Selkirk, which contains the county town, is not wholly within the bounds of the shire. But its two complete parishes have names that are familiar wherever English literature is read. The birth of James Hogg in the one has lifted it into a higher light, and conferred at the same time upon him his beautiful agnomen of Ettrick Shepherd. And who does not know the name of Yarrow?—valley the most famous in these islands, with its 'dowie holms' and its immortal stream, '*fabulosus* as was ever Hydaspes.'

With the exception of occasional haughlands or meadows on either side of the stream of the same name as itself, Ettrick parish is, says Mr. Craig-Brown, 'wholly mountainous, its highest point being the summit of Ettrick Pen, 2,269 feet above sea-level. The hills present the same roundness of outline and absence of rugged peak characteristic of Border ranges generally, their flanks being covered with unbroken verdure, such as excited Wordsworth's admiration when he broke the spell and looked on Yarrow.' Ettrick valley contains many names familiar to the readers of Scott and Hogg. There is Tushielaw, anciently the grim retreat of one of the most famous of Border freebooters, Adam Scott, hung at last by the neck in Edinburgh town; Buccleuch, whose little glen and streamlet, far retired, have given their name to one of Scotland's noblest families; and Thirlestane, the seat of the accomplished peer who bears the title of Napier and Ettrick. Readers of Scott's 'Lay' will find here the name and place of Deloraine, the rough-riding champion of the Lady of Branksome; and up on the hillside is Jamie Telfer's 'fair Dodhead,' the site of his old keep still to be traced in the turf. Far up the valley stand Ettrick village and Ettrick church: the village, a considerable place when Hogg was born there in 1770, now reduced to a few cottages, that in which the tuneful Shepherd first saw the light having disappeared with the others; the church, rebuilt indeed since then, but holding still within its shadow, in eternal wardship, the dust of its Mountain Bard.

During last century, and long before the name of Hogg had escaped the obscurity of his pastoral life, Ettrick could boast of a name that was familiar as a household word all over Presbyterian Scotland, the name of the Rev. Thomas Boston, minister of the parish. Boston's name was to Ettrick then what Scott and Hogg's are to Yarrow now. He was minister of Ettrick from 1707 to the time of his death in 1732. His chief work, known as 'The Fourfold State,' is a theological treatise, severely Calvinistic, but of great power, the sentiments and logic of which have coloured the preaching of a century of Scottish pulpits since. He was also an excellent linguist, knew French and Dutch, and wrote a treatise in Latin on the Hebrew points which met with the praise of his learned contemporaries. To his countrymen, however, he was most endeared by his little volume 'The Crook in the Lot.' Its strain of unaffected piety, and its practical wisdom couched in the

language of pithy and homely metaphor, rendered it for many generations at once the counsellor and consoler of thousands of hearts. His autobiography, published after his death, contributed yet further to Boston's popularity with the religious people of Scotland. In it we have many striking details both of the outer and the inner life of the man; with a quaintness of literary phrase that reminds the reader irresistibly of Bunyan. He underwent frequent periods of spiritual depression, and at other times rose into high ecstasy. Here is his expression of a calmer state of mind: 'The two days before, I had a twilight frame; it being 'neither day nor night with me.' Of one of his faithful elders who died, he writes with quaint beauty: 'Though he 'was a poor man, yet he had *always a brow for a good 'cause.*' Of another, who had gone through the fires of persecution, he wrote the epitaph: lines still to be read in the lonely churchyard of St. Mary, at the head of Yarrow:—

' All lost for Christ, an hundred-fold
Produced, and he became
A father, eyes, and feet unto
The poor, the blind, the lame.'

It is as if Faithful or Christiana sang once more the Dreamer's halting measures through the Valley of Humility.

In Ettrick there was a strong remnant of Cameronians, who caused Boston much anxiety by their schism; hence he was often exercised in mind as to whether he was the one most capable of carrying on the work which he had undertaken in the parish. 'I have been for some time much 'afraid of being cast over the hedge; but otherwise an 'honourable discharge from Him who sent me hither has 'been beautiful in my eyes.' Yet amid all his despondency, all his doubts as to his own fitness, there comes out ever and again the unfailing faith, the courageous heart, the lofty aspiration of a consecrated life. He was tried also with many deaths in his family, and much domestic trouble. Did space permit, we might give many extracts from his autobiography, as pleasing for their literary style as for their embodiment of the natural piety and pathos and single-minded devotion of the man himself. Here are among the last words he wrote: quaint, pithy, pious, as in his best days:—

'The world hath all along been a stepdame to me; and wheresoever I would have attempted to nestle in it, there was a thorn of uneasiness laid for me. Man is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disap-

pointed from that quarter. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."—"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!"

We greatly deplore the terms in which Mr. Craig-Brown has allowed himself to speak of Boston, and many who peruse what he has written will do so with feelings little short of indignation. Like all Evangelical clergymen of the school to which he belonged, Boston was a strict disciplinarian; and Mr. Craig-Brown, seizing upon this side of his character, has lost sight of everything else. 'Such monstrous conceptions of the Deity;' 'such presumptuous confidence concerning the motives and action of the Unsearchable;' 'one is tempted to question if Boston ever realised what Christianity is:' these, and the like expressions, are of constant recurrence. Boston practised those habits of minute introspection and self-analysis which are familiar to all who have read the lives of English Puritans or Scottish Covenanters, and, like them also, he made the chief actions of his life the subject of much prayer and meditation. Mr. Craig-Brown would seem never to have heard of such a thing before. It yields him all the amusement of novelty. Speaking of Boston's anxious self-searchings while considering the call to become minister of Ettrick, he says:—

'His "communings" at this time afford a truly remarkable study in psychology. The force of introspection could no further go. He turned himself inside out in his anxiety to ascertain the purity of his motives before changing to greener pastures,' &c. (Vol. i. p. 277.)

In this strain, frequently sinking into something like vulgarity, is the whole course of Boston's life caricatured. Even the facts of it are misunderstood and misrepresented. In order, for instance, to illustrate the 'humour' of the comment that Boston 'saw Providence on his side all his life,' we are told:—

'He narrates that when he preached his first sermon before [the] Presbytery in 1697, "by a peculiar kind disposal of Providence the precentor was not come, so, according to my own desire, I precented myself."' (Ib. p. 275.)

The incident referred to is a very simple one. Boston, when young, was, as he tells us, naturally bashful and timorous, 'much subject to the fear of man,' and with a great 'unreadiness in ordinary discourse.' It was long, therefore, before he could summon courage enough to preach his first 'trial sermon,' as it is called, before the Presbytery. When at length he did appear and enter the pulpit, he scarcely knew

how he should bear to hear the sound of his own voice. But he had cultivated music, was possessed of a good voice, and could sing with confidence. Hence, when the precentor, whose duty it was to lead the psalmody, did not appear, Boston performed that duty himself; and this had the effect of so completely overcoming his natural bashfulness and timidity—of ‘breaking the ice,’ so to speak—that he preached his sermon with ease. His ascription, therefore, of thanks to Providence for thus, as he thought, assisting him in the most anxious moment of a young preacher’s life, is not in any sense to be held up to ridicule. The ridicule attaches rather to anyone who could so miss the point of the story. In short, in estimating so complex a character as that of Boston, Mr. Craig-Brown appears to have essayed a task somewhat beyond his capabilities. To judge of such a man with some approach to truth, we must not read our own age into him; we must read him in the light of his individual origin and education, his intellectual and theological environment. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. To forget this, even in writing local history, is to risk doing injustice somewhere.

In connexion with the parish of Ettrick we have an interesting account of the family of Lord Napier and Ettrick, sprung from an ancient branch of the Scotts of Buccleuch. Their residence is Thirlestane House, and among the treasures which it contains are a few touching relics of the last hours of the great Montrose. One of these is the napkin of fine linen in which the hero’s heart was wrapped and brought to the Lady Napier of that day.

‘Various stains and blotches of different hues appear upon the napkin, particularly towards the centre. Along with it is a rich satin cap, of a faded straw colour, turned up with a broad border of old lace; and a pair of knit thread hose. The tops of these have been saturated with something that has now the appearance of faded blood, diminishing downwards, which accords with the narrative of an eye-witness of the execution, that the legs were smitten off by the knees.’ (Vol. i. p. 325.)

The neighbouring parish of Yarrow is better known from the glamour of its poetry than by the incidents of its civil history; yet for those who would wish to know something of this, we can recommend, in addition to what is contained in Mr. Craig-Brown’s pages, the ‘Reminiscences of Yarrow,’ written by its late minister, the Rev. Dr. James Russell, and edited by Professors Campbell Fraser and Veitch. The editors might perhaps have done more for the book by con-

densing its contents and correcting its occasional irregularities of style; but even as it stands, the volume of these *Reminiscences* gives a vivid and accurate presentation of life and morals in these upland valleys during the last hundred years. Dr. Russell was a man held in high respect by his contemporaries, and deservedly so, possessing as he did many excellent and amiable qualities both of head and heart.

The extraordinary rise of towns in the present century, owing to the success of some particular manufacture or other branch of commerce, is one of the commonplaces of our industrial history. Galashiels, in the county of Selkirk, is an instance of this. From being only a small and inconsiderable village sixty or seventy years ago, it has, through the growth of its woollen manufactures, attained to the dimensions of a large parliamentary burgh, with a population of fifteen or sixteen thousand. It is now the larger of the two towns in the county; the other, that of Selkirk, though still the county town, having been outstripped by its younger competitor. But the town of Galashiels presents little of interest in an historical sense beyond its own rapid phase of industrial development; while that of Selkirk, having been a burgh and a place of note for six hundred years, contains much, both in its history and its surroundings, deserving of consideration. As far back as 1113 a colony of Tyronensian monks was established at Selkirk; but the place seems to have had certain drawbacks as the prospective site of a monastery, for a few years after the accession of David I. the newly planted colony of monks was removed to Kelso, where the great abbey, the ruins of which still remain to us, was founded in 1128. At Selkirk, however, Edward I. of England built a castle in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and from that time it continued to be a centre of influence in the Borders down to the battle of Flodden in 1513.

In relation to that great conflict, the history of the burgh of Selkirk holds a place of peculiar importance. That burgh possesses the worn and faded fragments of an antique pennon known as the 'Flodden flag,' said to have been taken from the English on that fatal field, and brought to Selkirk by one of the few of its burgesses who returned from the disastrous fight. This relic has long been regarded with pardonable pride by the people of Selkirk as the Palladium of their ancient burgh. It is further rendered dear to them by the pleasing fact that Sir Walter Scott, while sheriff of

the county, prefaced the ballad of the 'Sutors of Selkirk,' in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders,' with a narrative of the tradition connecting the old flag with Flodden, as also with a defence of the tradition as against certain detractors of his time.

The story of the Selkirk 'Flodden flag' is first told in a document known as the 'Hodge MS.,' dated 1722, and preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Further, the Rev. Mr. Robertson, who was parish minister of Selkirk in the end of last century, furnished to the 'Old Statistical Account of Scotland' what appears to be an independent narrative, written about 1790. Then we have the account from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, published in 1802; and, about twenty-four years later, still another, by Robert Chambers, in his 'Picture of Scotland.' Scott, as having gathered his version of the legend on the spot, is on this and every other account to be taken as its best narrator. Referring to the battle of Flodden Field, he says:—

'The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town-clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted their leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Lady-wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background a wood.'

Scott then proceeds to quote from Mr. Robertson's 'Statistical Account' what is there said of the few trophies which 'still survive the rust of time and the effects of negligence,' brought by the men of Selkirk from Flodden.

'A standard,' says Mr. Robertson, 'the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually (on the day of riding their common) by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flodden.* It may be added

* Robert Chambers thus describes the flag or standard as he saw it about 1825: 'It is of green silk, fringed round with pale silk twist, about four feet long, and tapering towards the extremity most remote from the staff. Some armorial bearings, such as an eagle and a serpent, were once visible upon it, but scarcely a lineament can be discerned

that the sword of William Brydone, the town-clerk, who led the citizens to battle (and who is said to have been knighted for his valour), is still [in 1790] in the possession of John Brydone, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant.'

Such, in brief, are the main elements of the tradition.

A hitherto unpublished item in the Flodden episode is an extremely interesting minute of the 'Inquisitio,' or Inquest, as the Burgh Council was then styled, drawn up only five weeks before the battle, and making reference to the king's order calling upon the burghesses of Selkirk to join the royal army. Mr. Craig-Brown gives the first part of the minute thus :—

'1513, August 2.—Finds and ordains all neighbours and indwellers to be abulzeit (furnished) for war, after the tenor of the King's letters produced at last wapinschawing, to give their monsteris (demonstration) and shewing thereof in the Bog before the Bailies on Wednesday, St. Laurence day (10th August). And that all indwellers, for the weal of the town and country, having servant-men and children, that they be produced at wapinschawing in best way they can, with ane spear, lance, and bow. And sae bein he will nocht of coft (not buy) and free find himself weapons as said is, that his master furnish him thereof of his coft, the said weapons to remain with him after the waypassing of his servant. To be fulfilled under the unlaw of 8s.' (Vol. ii. p. 21.)

There is much obscurity in this passage, especially in the third sentence of it. 'Monsteris' is a doubtful word; while 'nocht of coft and free,' and 'of his coft,' are impossible phrases. 'Coft' is the preterite of the Scotch verb *to coff*, that is, to buy; but the word was never used as a substantive. Fortunately, the volume contains a traced facsimile of the original handwriting of the passage, and from it we are able to correct these mistakes. The original entry has evidently been drafted hurriedly, as there are some obvious verbal repetitions; while the portion which we print in italics within brackets has been partially erased by the writer of it. The whole reads as follows :—

'That the Inquest fyndis and ordaines all nychtburis and indwelleris

amidst the tatters to which it is now reduced.' (Picture of Scotland, i. 146.) Mr. Craig-Brown thinks the Rev. Mr. Robertson's statement that the flag was brought to Selkirk by one of the corporation of weavers is falsified by the fact that the Selkirk Weavers' Corporation 'did not exist until a hundred years after the battle.' This seems to be a frivolous objection. In ancient usage, trades are frequently spoken of as guilds, corporations, or the like, though not perhaps 'incorporated' in any technical sense.

to be abbulzeit for were (war) estere the tenor of the Kingis letteris that was productit the last wapynschawin, to geiff thair moustaris (musters) and schawin thairof in the boig (? burgh) befor the balzeis one (on) Woddynesdaye Sanct Lorence day nixt to cum. And that all Indwellaris, for weill of the toun and the contrecht (country), hawand servandmen and cheldern, that thai have and be productit in wappynschawin in the best way he can, with ane spere launch and bow. [*Sa beand his master for the tyme woll nocht find him thir said wapnes, that this said servand of his fe and his awin proper cost per-waye (purvey) himself of the same. And quhat gudman or Indweller that failzies (fails) thairin, to paye viij shillings in vnlaw.*] And sa beand the servand woll nocht of cost and fee fynd himself wapnes as said is, that his master furnish him thairof of his (the master's) cost, and the said wappon to ramane with him efter the waypassing of his servand. This to be completit under the pain of vnlaw of viij shillings.'

The 'monsteris,' and 'coft and free,' and 'of his coft,' thus disappear. The last two mistakes might have been prevented by reading the corresponding words in the erased passage: 'of his fee and his own proper cost.' This erased passage has otherwise an interesting historical significance. It would appear that, as between master and servant, the Inquest had at first intended to place the onus of finding weapons on the servant; but probably after discussion, and considering that it would be difficult in the short time at their disposal to enforce their order against the poorer man, they have the passage struck out, and the onus transferred to the servant's master, whose property, however, the weapons shall be should his servant leave him.

Coming to the Flodden tradition itself, Mr. Craig-Brown proceeds to consider it in a hostile spirit, and with a flippancy of tone which is far from being in the best taste. He is of opinion that the whole story is a 'fabrication,' 'accepted by the credulous,' and the 'falsehoods' of which it is almost 'superfluous' to expose. His first object is to discredit the writer of the Hodge MS.; but in this endeavour he is not quite fair to that writer. It is surely a *non sequitur* to say that on the 'veracious narrative' of the Hodge MS., written in 1722, 'hang all the lies and 'stories' of this tradition, when until now that narrative has apparently never been in print; at least, Mr. Craig-Brown himself admits that the first printed account of the tradition was that of the parish minister, written in 1790. Still further, the writer of that manuscript makes a singular statement as to the king having 'likeways granted to the 'burgh liberty to make incorporations, and particularly one

‘of the sutors, and appointed the deacon to provide each newly admitted burgess with a maid [for wife], if the burgess require it.’ In dealing with this statement Mr. Craig-Brown says:—

‘It is of course unnecessary to refute with evidence or argument Hodge’s extraordinary account of James the Fifth’s dealings with the ancient burgh. The marvellous stipulation by which the honourable craft of sutors was converted into a sort of matrimonial agency for the supply of bachelor burgesses with wives, is in one sense of service. It enables us to know for certain that Hodge was either imposed upon by a man who combined the faculty of lying with a keen sense of humour, or was such a man himself.’ (Vol. ii. p. 26.)

Very probably the writer of the Hodge MS. is wrong in saying that such an appointment was due to royal authority; but that he did not speak altogether without book, and that there really may have been some such usage in the ancient burgh, is a not impossible inference from what Mr. Craig-Brown himself adduces. On p. 33 is printed what he very properly terms ‘a remarkable entry’ in the Burgh Records, of date June 27, 1527, according to which one Roland Hamilton gets an order from the Inquest, or Burgh Council, ordaining James Tait and his wife to ‘keep their maiden surely to Martinmas,’ until the said Roland, who leaves his sword as a pledge, shall return, bringing ‘a relic,’ and claiming the maiden for his wife. If he do not meet his engagement, he is to ‘lose his claim to the sword;’ and if the parents, on the other hand, do not ‘keep their maiden,’ they are ‘to underlie the sum [*i.e.* value] of the sword.’ From the curious bearing this incident has upon the above-quoted statement from the Hodge MS., we should be disposed to regard the writer of that manuscript as one who honestly endeavoured to gather up and place on record the traditions of the locality in the shape in which these were current in his own day.

But Mr. Craig-Brown’s principal argument as to the falsity of the tradition is to be found in his assertion that a priest named William Brydone was town-clerk of the burgh at the time of the battle, and that some one, seeing the priestly appellation of ‘Sir’ before his name and not understanding its significance, ‘had invented the whole story’ in order to ‘account for the title.’ ‘It is altogether beyond doubt,’ he further says, ‘that one William Brydone was town-clerk of Selkirk at or near the time of Flodden’ (p. 27). The qualification ‘at or near the time of Flodden’ is fatal to Mr. Craig-Brown’s theory. It begs the whole

question. The priest, Sir William Brydone, was either town-clerk in the autumn of 1513, or he was not; the author's theory hinges wholly on that—a fact which he has neglected to prove.

But the assumption that the town-clerk was a priest may be set aside. Even that part of the story which relates to the knighting of the Selkirk leader is not absolutely essential to the general credibility of the tradition which tells how the old flag was brought from Flodden. At the same time it is not necessary to hold that no such honour was conferred because there is not now extant any written record of it; since, during the many assaults upon the town in the years immediately following the great battle, many of the burgh documents were, as the king's charters testify, lost or destroyed. The Brydones, moreover, were a numerous sept in Selkirk and the district, and any qualified layman of that name may at the time in question have been town-clerk of the burgh, and so have led the citizens to Flodden; for the office of town-clerk could only be held by one who was a notary, or otherwise a man of education, and that in those days among laymen indicated a high social position.

The Flodden story, as a whole, according to Mr. Craig-Brown, 'bears one well-known mark of invention—it is 'hopelessly contradictory.' But the fact that the story as told in an unpublished document of 1722 should agree in the main with the independent narrative written by the parish minister seventy years later, might rather be taken as a proof that both writers had derived their information from a common source—namely, the oral tradition of the place. Had the story been nothing more than an invention, the inventors would have taken care that their accounts tallied with each other. The very discrepancies in these different versions are presumptive evidence that the story is not a modern invention, but a tradition current for generations in the neighbourhood. Its variations are indicative, not of fabrication, but of long descent by oral transmission. Sir Walter Scott's defence of the Selkirk tradition may therefore be regarded as still holding good.

The modern flourishing town of Selkirk, though retaining the name and site of the ancient burgh, has lost all the external marks of burghal antiquity. Its castle and walls, its ports of exit and entry, its churches and chapels and places of ancient resort, have all disappeared. There is hardly a link, save the historic, between the county town of Selkirk under Queen Victoria and the old Forest township

of the time of the Jameses. It is impossible, except by some process of the imagination, to trace amid its greatly expanded modern outlines the limits of the little walled and moated town, with its seven or eight hundred inhabitants, which six centuries ago sent its armed burghers forth to war or foray. Into the life of that distant period, however, we obtain a few glimpses through the minute-books and records that have been preserved. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the exigencies of Border existence rendered it necessary that the burghers of Selkirk should nightly keep watch and ward within their bounds. In 1509 some laxness may have set in, for in December of that year the Burgh Council ordains that 'watches be kept by men and not by laddies' (boys); that they are to walk 'within the bounds of their 'watches'; that 'nae watch maun gae to the potation and 'drink' after nine in the evening; that they are to walk until cock-crow, 'and syne to warn Steven of Lauder in 'the West Port, Thomas Johnson in the Under Port, and 'Wat Haw in the East Port.' In October of the following year the watch is to consist of eighteen men, neighbours and householders, well armed, who are to walk nightly from nine till cock-crow, 'under pain at ilk failure of twelve 'pence, without favour.' A touch of unconscious humour lights up an order of 1530, in which the council ordains that 'nae deaf men' are to 'walk in or stand as watches—*specially auld Blair the cooper.*' In 1521 it is ordained that 'all men, indwellers in the burgh, with their servants,' are 'to come readily when any fray arises, well-armed, for the 'good of the town and of the country, and pass together at 'their power.' But their weapons were not always restricted to legitimate uses. In 1585 John Ker, son of Thomas Ker of Kippilaw, dwelling in Selkirk, is accused of joining Scott of Halydean and others in going armed 'in the gloom of the 'evening' to Haltree, where they stole 'five oxen, four kye '(cows), and ane brown naig.' The general social condition of those old burghs must, one would think, have been full of unrest and more or less open alarm, it never being known at what hour of day or night the Philistines of the English Border might be upon them. Yet doubtless that old life would have its compensations, if we but knew of them; its pleasures must occasionally have counterbalanced its perils.

Before taking leave of the ancient burgh of the Forest we must quote a powerful story of *diablerie*, belonging, alas!

to the days when as yet *Psychical Research* societies were not.

'Like most country churchyards,' says Mr. Craig-Brown, that of Selkirk 'has its tale of horror; and it is in keeping with the locality that the incident concerns a sutor. Early one winter evening, before daylight, a brother of the craft, whose house opened upon the churchyard, had a call from a stranger, who ordered a pair of shoes to be ready at a certain hour next morning. There was something about the appearance and manner of his customer which impressed the sutor with the necessity of being up to time, so that the shoes were ready when the stranger called. More than ever struck with his unusual aspect, the tradesman followed him into the dark, walking silently and closely behind him, till at a particular grave he suddenly vanished. Leaving his awl in the mound that he might recognise it again, the shoemaker at daylight brought a great company of the townspeople, who helped him to break open the tomb. In the coffin beside a well-preserved corpse were the newly-made shoes! Oblivious of the fact that they had been paid for by their mysterious owner, Crispin took them away, and had the grave refilled. But next morning, an hour before cock-crow, as he was stitching away at new work, he was confronted by his unearthly customer, glaring upon him with a malignity which froze his blood with horror. "You have made me the wonder of the town," said he in ghostly tones; "but I'll make you a greater." At daylight the wretched sutor's body was found rent limb from limb upon the violated grave.' (Vol. ii. p. 234.)

This wild and unearthly legend would have been as fuel to fire in the morbid imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. It belongs to that darker side of Border superstition which, as interpreted by the older minstrels, has given us such weird ballads as 'Clerk Saunders' and 'The Twa Corbies,' and, as interpreted by Scott himself, 'The Eve of St. John.'

This brings us to say a few concluding words on the poetry of Ettrick and Yarrow, to which the opening chapter of Mr. Craig-Brown's first volume is devoted. His numerous quotations from the ballads and songs and poems relating to the district will be read with interest. The district is indeed rich in song, both ancient and modern. In Professor Veitch's volume on 'The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border,' the subject of the Border ballads is treated at length with admirable skill and literary beauty, the whole lighted up with that intellectual sympathy which might be expected from one who is himself touched with the poetic fire. That portion of his volume which deals with the etymology of place-names, and with the historical events affecting the district, is not in some respects all that might be desired; but when he arrives at what forms the chief

interest of his work, the ballads and songs of bygone days, we feel that we are in contact with one who can handle these old blossoms of poesy with tenderness and love; who can, so to speak, expound the beauties of each flower without damaging a single petal. It is this fine under-chord of genuine sympathy running through all his exposition, which gives to Professor Veitch's interpretation of the Border ballads a charm only second to their own.*

Confining ourselves to the ballads of Ettrick and Yarrow, we can only notice the chief even of these; and into such questions as those of their antiquity and authorship we cannot here enter. The first to be mentioned is the song of the ancient Forest burgh, 'The Sutors of Selkirk,' both the age and the occasion of which have not been passed without dispute. It has evidently, however, been written in allusion to Selkirk's share in the battle of Flodden, though its composition belongs to a much later period. Then we have the stirring and vigorous ballad of 'Jamie Telfer o' the Fair 'Dodhead,' to which reference has already been made, and which localises itself in the vale of Ettrick. The scenes of all the other old ballads of merit relating to the district are to be found on Yarrow, with the exception of that strange ballad of fairyland, 'Tamlane,' to which Ettrick may lay an equal claim; for Carterhaugh, where Janet met her lover, and where she finally won him from the spells of Elfdand, lies between Ettrick and Yarrow streams at their point of confluence.

'O I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd in your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.'

Farther up the Vale of Yarrow—here not as yet wearing its mystic robe of 'pastoral melancholy,' but bordered on either side with waving woods of elm and ash and the birchen tree—is the ancient place of Hangingshaw, the scene of 'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' perhaps the best known historical ballad of the Scottish Border. The old tower of

* For a full and discriminating analysis of Wordsworth's three Yarrow poems, and an account of the circumstances under which each was written, see the late Principal Shairp's 'Aspects of Poetry,' chap. xi. 'The Three Yarrows.' In 'Blackwood's Magazine,' also, for July 1886, is a paper by J. B. Selkirk, entitled 'The Secret of Yarrow,' which for classic grace of style and true poetic insight is perhaps the finest prose monograph on Yarrow that has appeared.

Hangingshaw, the home of the Murrays, was destroyed last century, but the 'Sang' will keep its memory alive.

'There's a fair castle, biggit wi' lyme and stayne;
O gin it stands not pleasantlie!
In the forefront o' that castle fair,
Twa unicorns are brow to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the green hollin abune their brie.'

Among the romantic ballads which claim Yarrow as their local habitation, we have that of 'The Douglas Tragedy.' The scene which tradition has assigned to it is Blackhouse Tower, on the Douglas Water, up which tributary, towards Blackhouse Heights, Lord William and Lady Margaret rode on that fatal night.

'O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to the wan water,
And there they lighted down.'

Who does not know the sorrowful ending? A few miles farther up Yarrow stands, or rather stood, Henderland Tower; for its site alone can now be traced. Here it was that the 'Border widow,' when a wrathful Scottish king had slain her husband, was left, deserted by all her terrified menials, to bury the corpse herself, and to make that 'Lament' preserved to us in the most pathetic of Border ballads.

'I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched the body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

'I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

'But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair.'

But fine as each and all of those ballads are, it is not to them that Yarrow owes her crown of deathless song. An old story of love and passion, originating no one knows how, and coming to us no one knows whence, but instinct with these eternal elements of human interest, had got caught amid the harp-strings of some unknown minstrel long ago, and the tender music it awakened there vibrates about us still.

'Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.'

We know how his lady urged him to 'stay at hame;' and how, when she found her pleadings of no avail to turn her lord from the path to which his honour bound him, she, like the true Border woman she was, 'kissed his cheek, and 'kaimed his hair,' and 'belted him with his noble brand:'

'And he's awa to Yarrow.'

Then comes the last stern conflict to him, and the weary hours of heart-sickening suspense to her.

'Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!'

At last is brought to her the sad message, 'to come and lift 'her leafu' lord,' now 'sleeping sound on Yarrow.' With 'dool and sorrow' she goes forth.

'She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie holms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow:
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

Upon this simple thread of song, this 'old unhappy far-off 'thing,' Hamilton of Bangor framed his more elaborate poem of 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,' which, though highly artificial in structure, and burdened with much redundancy of phrase, has yet enshrined within it the true spirit of Yarrow song, its sorrow and sadness, its love unquenchable. Logan followed with his finer and more direct strain, 'Thy braes are bonny, Yarrow stream,'

which, however, is based upon a variant of the older tradition; for in this case the lover takes leave of his bride on the eve of their wedding-day, and is seen no more in life.

‘They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the Forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.’

He, ‘wandering in the night so dark,’ had been drowned in Yarrow stream, and the despairing bride makes his destiny hers.

‘She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.’

But it was not till Wordsworth wandered north from Rydal that the rose-red flower of Yarrow’s pathos and pain pulsed into everlasting bloom; that its solemn and tender beauty became the inheritance of all. Scott had sung for us its chivalry and romance, and Hogg its old-world legendary lore; but it was reserved for Wordsworth to discover the secret springs of its power over the human heart, and to give the feelings of *all* expression through his own. This is the golden gift which every great poet bequeaths to the world. Yarrow opened its heart to the poet, and he his to us.

‘Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy,
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.’

The very soul of Yarrow is in the verse; the expression is perfect. No one can doubt this who has ever stood in Yarrow vale, amid the silence of its far-receding hills—a silence intensified, not broken, by the low murmur of the haunted stream; and with a light like that of dreamland lying over all.

ART. II.—1. *Projet d'Empoisonnement de Mahomet II.* Par M. DE MAS LATRIE. Archives de l'Orient Latin. Tome I. Paris : 1881.

2. *Errori Vecchi e Documenti Nuovi.* Da RINALDO FULIN. Atti del Reale Istituto Veneto. Tom. ottavo. Serie quinta. Venice : 1881.

3. *Secrets d'Etat de Venise.* Par VLADIMIR LAMANSKY. St. Petersburg : 1884.

THE three works whose titles stand at the head of this article have raised and, we believe, exhausted the charge against the Venetian Council of Ten as regards the use of poison for political purposes. Hitherto the question has appeared under various aspects. Popular opinion, formed by the pen of romancers, has painted the Ten as a dark, mysterious body, employing all the horrors of dungeons, torture, poison, to heighten the terror which its name inspired. More critical students of Venetian history have been inclined, on the other hand, to treat this popular opinion as a gross exaggeration. Now we know the whole truth on the subject of State poisonings in Venice. The careful examinations of the archives of the Ten by those patient students, M. Fulin and M. Lamansky, leave few, if any, new documents to be discovered. And we are able to measure, upon the fullest evidence, the culpability or the innocence of the governing Council in the Venetian Republic.

In his '*Projet d'Empoisonnement*' M. de Mas Latrie brought serious charges of political immorality against the Council of Ten, and declared that '*le dépouillement intégral et sincère de tout ce qui reste des archives du Conseil impose à la conscience des écrivains Vénitiens*' who intend to so defend their country against the charge. To this challenge the late M. Fulin replied, in the same year, by his articles entitled '*Errori Vecchi e Documenti Nuovi*;' and four years later M. Lamansky, in his vast collection of documents, completes M. Fulin's labours, and, at the same time, renews M. de Mas Latrie's charge against the Republic.

The whole subject of assassinations in Italy possesses a sinister interest. It includes those terrible and picturesque stories which have so often served the pen of our playwrights; tragedies that find their home peculiarly in Italy of the Renaissance; the stories of the Cenci, Vittoria Accoramboni, Lorenzino de' Medici, Caraffa, and many others.

These dark passages form the romance of history rather than belong to history itself in its higher departments. But the widest and deepest interest which attaches to such episodes of crime and blood lies rather in the general question which they raise. How are we to explain the attitude of a people refined, cultivated, far from brutal in their tastes and in their vices, who yet freely admitted the use of such atrocious weapons as the poisoned dagger and cup? and that, too, not merely in private life, where the fury of revenge may account for the horror of many deaths, but even in their political relations with foreign powers, where these revolting weapons were necessarily used in cold blood, and where treachery was adopted with as little scruple as open war is now declared.

It is this phenomenon of murder justified as a weapon, and admitted in the code of international law, that attracts and rivets our attention. That we have not exaggerated the frequency of attempted assassination the books under discussion will abundantly prove. That we do not over-estimate the sanction of assassination will be made clear by the following passages taken from a variety of authorities upon political ethics; although we must remember that the whole question was, as Cocceius has it, '*materia intricata admodum et hactenus non satis extricata.*' St. Thomas Aquinas in the famous passage of his '*Summa*' says, 'It is not lawful to slay anyone except upon the public authority and for the common weal.' 'He who exercises the public authority and kills a man in his own defence justifies his action on the ground of the commonweal.' Again, Baldus declares, 'It is lawful to slay your enemy by poison.' Cocceius argues that assassins and poisons are not admissible weapons in time of war, unless the war may be absolutely terminated by their means. Grotius is even more explicit: '*Quem interficere liceat,*' he says, '*eum gladio aut veneno interimas nihil interest, si jus naturæ respicias;*' and he confirms this dictum by adding that 'to slay your enemy wherever you find him is sanctioned not only by the law of nature, but also by the law of nations; nor will it serve to prove the contrary that those who are arrested for such acts are put to death in torments, for that is only another proof of the law of nations that against foes all is permissible;' upon which Gronovius remarks, 'And therefore you may slay your enemy when he is unarmed, unawares, even asleep.' And this is what Burlamaqui has upon the point: 'To the question whether the assassination of a foe be lawful, I reply yes, if the agent of the assassina-

'tion be a subject of the prince who employs him.' We would call attention to this curious reservation made by Burlamaqui; it introduces a new point in political ethics, a point to which we shall presently return. Finally, Puffendorff decides that war, while it lasts, breaks all bonds of reciprocal rights and duties, and that in taking arms against us our enemy has granted us an unlimited faculty to employ against him all possible acts of hostility.

So far, then, the lawyers. If we turn to the Church, we find the same principles enunciated with even greater frankness, especially as regards tyrannicide. The churchmen were, of course, influenced by the examples of Jael, Judith, and others. Mariana '*de Rege et Regis Institutione*,' cap. vi., speaking of the assassination of Henry III. by Jacques Clement, says, '*Nuperque in Gallia monumentum nobile est constitutum . . . quo Principes doceantur impios ausus haud impune cadere*;' and adds, doubtless referring to St. Thomas, that Clement learned from the theologians that it is lawful to slay a tyrant. Mariana observes, it is true, that the Council of Constance had condemned this doctrine, but no Pope had ever approved the condemnation, and therefore it was invalid in the eyes of good churchmen. For a general defence of assassination and easements for the same we will refer our readers to that curious collection of Jesuitical opinions compiled, under the title of '*Artes Jesuiticæ*,' by '*Cristianus Alethophilus*;' warning them, however, that the compilation is hostile.

The passages we have just cited abundantly prove the laxity of view upon this question of assassination—a laxity which began in Italy, but spread all over Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On the part of lawyers, as on the part of churchmen, there was a steady and determined attempt to bring the crime of assassination within the pale of international and of ecclesiastical law. This is the phenomenon which we propose to study—to trace its origin, its growth, its justification, the reasons which induced men to accept so monstrous a proposition, its inherent weakness, and its failure.

In examining the documents before us we see that the assassinations with which they deal fall under four heads: tyrannicide, political assassination, executionary assassination, and private assassination. The attitude of men's minds towards assassination varied as the kind varied. Executionary assassination, the murder of a fugitive criminal, sanctioned or even invited by the government from

which he was flying, we may dismiss at once from our consideration. In the period of which we treat such retribution hardly required any justification. There were simply two methods of procedure against criminals: the ordinary method of justice, which ended in an execution; the extraordinary, or supplemental method of justice, which ended in an assassination. Private assassination, too, though frequent enough, was never, so far as we know, recognised as a possibly legitimate act by the secular power, whatever attempts the Jesuits may have made to palliate the crime in order to establish their own ascendancy over the actions and the consciences of their penitents. This leaves for our consideration the two species of tyrannicide and political assassination, or assassination used as a weapon against foes of the state.

The point of view which justified tyrannicide is not difficult to understand. The crimes and cruelties of princes have frequently rendered them intolerable to their subjects. There is a point beyond which human endurance will not go. Mariana (*loc. cit.*) lays it down that ‘Principum potentiam imbecillam esse si reverentia ab animis subditorum semel abscesserit.’ The greatness of the prince’s position, however, the number of his guards, the power and importance of those who are attached to his throne by personal and selfish motives, the enormous difficulties in the way of successful revolution, all render his person impervious to any attack except the secret and perfidious attack of the assassin.

The authority of the ancients, the study of Plutarch, the praises lavished on the names of Harmodius, of Brutus, of almost all tyrannicides, became an incentive to those who thirsted for fame, or were enamoured of liberty. The famous conspiracy against the Medici in 1512–13 will occur to every one, and the cry of Boscoli to his friend Lucca della Robbia, ‘Ah! Lucca, take Brutus from my heart, that I may die entirely Christian.’

Lorenzino de’ Medici’s* ‘Apology for the Murder of Alessandro, Duke of Florence,’ is a document full of instruction in this regard. Lorenzino opens with a defence of his action generally, based upon the example of the ancients, and the sacred duty imposed on each one to secure political freedom for himself and his fellow citizens. He then comes to a more difficult part of the count against him, the opinion of those who maintain that, although Alexander was a tyrant,

* See J. A. Symonds, ‘Italian Byeways,’ p. 253.

and therefore in all justice slayable, Lorenzino had no right to be his executioner, 'essendo del sangue suo e fidandosi egli di me.' Over this point we must pause, for it introduces the one limitation which Italian sentiment seems to have imposed on the perfect justifiability of tyrannicide. The opinion of Burlamaqui, quoted above, will recur to our minds; he says that assassination is legitimate, provided that one of the patient's own subjects be not employed. This would seem to be an expansion of the idea which Lorenzino is combating, the idea that treachery between blood relations is unjustifiable. This opinion appears to have been deeply rooted in the Italian view on the question; witness the appeal of Bernabò Visconti when treacherously seized by his nephew, 'O Gian Galeazzo, non esser traditor del tuo sangue;' and again, an anonymous author, whom we shall presently have occasion to quote in full, argues that if Ercole d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, had any just cause of complaint against the Marquis of Pescara for compassing his life, it must have been based on the fact that the marquis was related to him by ties of blood. Lorenzino defends himself first on the ground that Alexander was not a Medici at all, but the bastard son of a groom's wife; and secondly, by boldly asserting that even had Alexander been his cousin, 'le leggi ordinate contro a' tiranni' and the general consensus of opinion would have compelled him to the deed.

As to the legal aspects of tyrannicide, perhaps no one would have dared to enunciate such a doctrine inside a tyrant's own dominions. The approval was usually popular *ex post facto*, and dependent on success. Yet there was clearly an effort to formulate such deeds to bring them within the pale of some recognised law. And this observation leads us to another which may, in part, account for the number and the audacity of the regicides which occur in Italian history, the observation that the titles of almost all the native Italian princes were more or less defective. We have only to remember the constant usurpations, the eagerness with which the Scaligers, Carraresi, Visconti, and Sforza sought for an imperial title, and the difficulty with which they obtained one, to perceive at once how important a sound title must have been. This weakness in Italian titles was inherent in the fundamental conception of Italian politics, dating from the age of Charlemagne, the division of the supreme authorities temporal and spiritual between the Emperor and the Pope. No one of these Italian princes could claim to be autocratic in theory as well as in fact;

therefore the plea of divine right, the divinity that doth hedge a king, was of no avail for him as a safeguard; and his murder became almost legitimate if it received the sanction of his superiors, the Emperor or the Pope. We may conclude that tyrannicide was held to be justifiable; but public opinion placed limits upon the degrees within which treachery was not to be used, the degrees of blood relationship. We must remember, however, that this species of assassination had no place in Venice. Owing to the nature of her constitution, however tyrannical she might have been—though indeed she was not—there was no one man by whose death the burden of tyranny could have been removed from the necks of the people. The whole governmental authority in Venice resided in councils, committees of nobles—corporations, in short, which are impervious to the dagger and to poison.

And this brings us now to the fourth and last species of assassination—political assassination, as we have called it—in which Venice enjoys a sinister prominence. Here the question of the natural history of the idea, and the attitude of men's minds towards it, is not quite so easy to solve as it is in the case of tyrannicide. How came the pernicious doctrine that States may use assassination as a weapon to be taught? how is it that this teaching took such a hold upon politicians of that time? For the origin of the doctrine we shall have to go back to two principles which, whatever may be their ethical validity, are deeply seated in human nature—the idea that might is right, and the idea of expediency. The one finds a concise expression in Dante's well-known dictum that *'ille populus qui, cunctis athletis, pro imperio mundi, prævaluit, de jure divino prævaluit.'* This is a doctrine of fatalism tempered by a belief in the divine governance of the world. In this view every struggle with a foe is a species of duel, an appeal to the *'judicium Dei.'* The old belief, of which we get the converse in the cynical epigram, *'God is on the side of the strongest battalions,'* prevails that the supreme ruler will not allow the wrong to be victorious, and that point being granted, it follows that all means towards victory at once become legitimate, because they are means which assist the fulfilment of the divine will.

The second principle which underlies the doctrine of political assassination—the principle of expediency, which was summed up in the famous proverb *'Uomo morto non fa guerra'*—has its roots in a very different part of our

nature. It belongs not to the necessitarian and fatalistic side, but to the side of free will, to the ineradicable belief that man can modify his conditions and govern his actions, and is entitled to do so with a view to his own safety and convenience. These two ideas, which lie so wide apart, at the extreme poles of human thought, yet form the basis of any attempt to formulate and to bring within the pale of law the doctrine of political assassination. When the propositions of this doctrine came to be openly discussed, we shall find, as is natural, that jurists, churchmen, and politicians rely upon the latter basis—the basis of expediency—for the justification of the doctrine. The bias in this direction was given by the gradual developement of the modern state with its principles of policy, reasons of state—statecraft, in fact—which that developement produced. Macchiavelli formulated the doctrine that the state weal, the state needs, were the supreme, the sole, the righteous end and aim of every ruler and of every citizen, an end to which all other considerations must yield. Then came the casuists with their teaching that the end justifies the means, and we at once get the doctrine of political assassination, that where State expediency requires the removal of a foe, that may be legitimately accomplished by any means in your power. And yet, although the doctrine was thus formulated as a tenable thesis in political ethics, and assassination had been sanctioned as a legitimate weapon in the hands of government, it is impossible to read the documents relating to the question without feeling that men had a bad conscience on the matter. The Council of Ten dreaded the publication of their secrets; they insist upon ‘secretezza et iterum ‘secretezza,’ not solely through fear of reprisals in kind—as we have pointed out, reprisals in kind against a corporation were difficult, if not impossible—but also through fear of the infamy such revelations would bring upon their State. The truth is, that human conscience had already been formed upon the Christian principle ‘Love your enemies.’ The bonds were laid upon the conscience of humanity, however far human action might depart from that rule. We hardly desire a stronger proof of the absolute impossibility and impracticability of the Roman Catholic doctrine—the surrender of the conscience to another’s keeping. The conscience cannot be surrendered. No doctrine laid down by jurists and supported by cogent arguments, no absolution on the part of the Church, no *ex cathedrâ* dogmas as to the non-culpability of such acts, were of any avail to free these men

from the sense of crime before the bar of their own conscience.

So far we have endeavoured to trace the origin and growth of this doctrine, that political assassination is a legitimate weapon in the armoury of nations. What the doctrine looks like when stated in its fullest form we shall best gather from the treatise of the anonymous author to whom we have already referred. The document throws a most valuable light upon the whole discussion, and contains as cold and as precise a statement of the position as we can hope to find. Our author entitles his paper, 'Of the Right that Princes 'have to compass the Lives of their Enemies' Allies : '—

'The Marquis of Pescara as Minister and Captain-General of the Emperor Charles V. organises and conducts a conspiracy against the life of Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, ally and relation of Francis, King of France. The conspiracy does not take effect; and coming to the knowledge of the duke, he loudly complains of this particular machination against his life. There seems to be some doubt, then, whether one prince, in order to weaken another prince, his enemy, may and can procure the death of his enemy's allies. For the complaints of the Duke of Ferrara are of such a nature that they almost amount to a declaration that actions of this sort are entirely illicit and unjust.

'Upon this point I repeat what I said incidentally at the moment when the event was under discussion, and I add some considerations with which a more profound analysis of the subject furnishes me; and I maintain that in all strictness of sound policy you may and can debilitate your enemy in any way you choose, even by the treacherous murder of his allies; and if the Duke of Ferrara complained at the time of the arrangements made to his disadvantage, he did so more because of the particular and personal position of the marquis, the promoter and conductor of the conspiracy, than because of the conspiracy itself.

'And, to prove the first clause of my thesis, I affirm that political expediency, or reasons of State as we call it, teaches and permits each prince to secure above everything the preservation of his State, that he may subsequently proceed to its aggrandisement; and, therefore, weighing and foreseeing all that may injure and all that may benefit his State, he must take every possible means to anticipate the one in order to prevent it, and to court the other in order to appropriate it; and hence it follows that all action taken with such ends in view is said to be taken for reasons of State, and that is a rational justification of all actions which have for scope and object the conservation of the *status quo*, or the maintenance of the State itself.

'These rules of political expediency, which, be it observed, are obligatory for no other object save for the service, the security, and the perpetuation of sovereignty, interpret the laws, alter prescription, change habits, and as it were arbitrate, dispose, and convert all the accidents of time and all human operations to their own proper use

and benefit, to such an extent that, magnifying the good and justifying the evil by this sanction of reasons of State, they curb and predominate the vulgar estimate of actions, vivify the will and the conduct of princes, and constitute themselves mistress in spite of custom and morality.

‘In every State political expediency rules absolutely in its own right; but in the more powerful States it acquires a peculiarly extended jurisdiction and authority from the very power and pre-eminence of those States; and, therefore, we see the moral laws contravened and superseded by great princes much more lightly than by their inferiors, because in their case every title, every positive prescription of laws human and divine, must be made to bow to their advantage; hence for great princes that is lawful and customary which is absolutely forbidden and impossible for others. We argue that war no less than peace is a necessary and efficacious agent in the preservation and aggrandisement of dominion; in war, however, political expediency and reasons of State vigorously assert their authority within their proper jurisdiction; and they do so with all the more resolution that war proceeds by fury and violence, by outrageous and impetuous acts, and by these very means procures the extension and advantage of the State. And so, if the Emperor Charles, warring against the King of France, perchance condescended to attempt the life of Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, friend and relation of that king, he only did what war and the customary reasons of State enabled and obliged him to do.

‘Moreover, in the conduct and progress of a war, since the sovereign is bound for his own advantage and security to debilitate his foe by all the ways and means in his power, this method of depriving him of friends and adherents is both most opportune and obligatory. And should it haply be urged that the murder of an allied prince is an action too base to be compassed, we may reply that in the fury and duration of the war there is no action so base that it may not be demonstrated as a direct consequence of the war itself, and that this very quality of base iniquity is to be found in all wars, even in those justified by necessity; nay, further, we argue that the iniquity which achieves the highest amount of safety to him who employs it in such cases is always the least damnable iniquity. And this holds good if we apply our universal proposition to the particular case before us; for it was of the highest importance to the Emperor to sunder the Duke of Ferrara and the King of France, and political expediency pointed out to him that if all other means failed or were difficult, he ought to adopt that kind of sundering which would prove final and secure. By the murder of his ally you effectually rob your foe of his forces, counsel, and support. This could not be done so easily either by attacking the ally in his State, for that would only nerve him to fresh efforts, nor yet by expelling him from his kingdom, for we have often seen exiled sovereigns return to their dominions, after a brief period of revolution, nourishing hostility and meditating revenge. Nor should any methods you may adopt towards such an end seem strange and iniquitous, for open war does not exclude methods quite as vicious. I will even venture to declare that conspiracy may be the least impious method you

can use. For sieges, which by their long-drawn cruelty drive to a miserable end so many innocent lives, the ravage of fields, the poisoning of wells, which destroy, as in a lightning flash, such wealth of earth's produce, and send irrevocably to death so many beasts and hapless folk whose lives were free from blame, the sack of cities, and their surrender to the soldiers' license, wherein they commit such unspeakable atrocities, the sowing of revolution, and the disturbance of governments on the pretext of religion,—all these, I say, are actions far more vicious and detestable than those which any possible conspiracy could bring to birth. For, pressed to its last issue, a conspiracy only results in the slaughter of one man who, as principal or ally, has had a share in the origin or in the progress of the war; while the mass of persons who perish in the incidents of a campaign are for the most part entirely innocent.

'If the argument be advanced that an assassination is an action taken in cold blood, while all the other actions enumerated above are committed in the heat of battle, this consideration alone shall serve to prove the error of the argument, the consideration that while the war endures neither the blood nor the indignation of either party can ever be said to have run cold.

'I conclude therefore that for reasons of state and reasons of war it is the prince's duty to aim ever at the enfeeblement and annihilation of his foe by stripping him, even treacherously, of his allies, as of those who form an essential part of his forces.

'And I affirm the second clause of my thesis, that if Duke Ercole complained so bitterly of the plot organised against him by the Marquis of Pescara, he was complaining really not of the conspiracy but of the man who organised it. For the conspiracy, as a wise and intelligent prince would know quite well, was both possible and legal for reasons of State. But the organiser, as an Italian lord, and also as a relation to the duke, ought to have behaved more chivalrously towards him, and so the duke condemned accidentally in the person of the marquis the iniquity of the attempt; though he approved, on the grounds of custom of war and political expediency, the steps taken to carry it into execution.'

Such is the doctrine of political assassination, stated with absolute frankness by the anonymous author. It is not necessary for us to point out how, in this view, all action is governed by expediency; how justification is sought in 'rules of State, not rules of good.' Nor need we pause to analyse the arguments adduced in favour of political assassination—the argument of clemency to subjects, of a merciful expeditiousness by the destruction of the very source and fountain-head of the war—all these are set out with perfect clearness and so speciously supported that they might well have induced statesmen to adopt them. How thoroughly they were adopted by Italian princes the story of Bayard and the Duke of Ferrara will serve to show. The duke

informed the chevalier that he intended to poison the Pope. Bayard declared that he would never consent to the murder of God's lieutenant on earth. Thereupon the duke shrugged his shoulders, and, stamping on the ground, exclaimed, 'By the body of God, Monsieur de Bayard, I should like to kill all my enemies just in this way. However, as you do not approve, we will leave the matter alone; but unless God finds some remedy, both you and I will live to repent it.' We only wish to point out now two general considerations upon the whole sentiment with regard to political assassination as displayed in the treatise of the anonymous author. First, that the attitude of mind which attempted to legitimise assassination indicates a revolt of what was held to be common sense against the Christian idea; the common sense that 'takes the cash and lets the credit go,' that cannot grasp the profounder doctrine that the whole world is nothing to a man in comparison with his own soul. And in this aspect it raises a question which is essentially a modern question, a question that is still waiting for its answer: How far may the ethical standards in the individual and in the State differ from one another? is there one rule of conduct for nations and another for persons; or is the ethical canon absolute at all times and in all places? And the second consideration—which also has bearings on some open questions of to-day—is this, that here we see a rudimentary international law growing up side by side with the new conditions of the States of Europe. Political assassination is discussed as a weapon of war, in precisely the same spirit that the Geneva Convention discussed the use of explosive bullets, Greek fire, or the immunity of ambulance wagons.

Our readers may possibly feel that we have insisted too much on the existence of the doctrine of political assassination as a formulated, discussable proposition in the ethics of nations. Though we admit a tendency in those who handle this subject to become preoccupied by it, to see assassination in every sudden death, and poison in every unaccountable illness, yet we maintain that such documents as the one we have just quoted prove that the question of political assassination was matter for study, for discussion, for possible acceptance as a maxim of government; and the voluminous pages of M. Lamansky prove how frequently political assassination was attempted, not only in Italy, but also throughout Europe; that, is to say, they prove how far the acceptance of these doctrines had gone.

The students who turned their attention to this point in statecraft, who argued and formulated the legitimacy of political assassination, seem to us to have fallen into an error similar to that which vitiated the speculations of the earlier political economists. They isolated their phenomenon for purposes of study, and then predicated its qualities and its action in isolation as its qualities and action when free in its proper place in the body politic. Political assassination, kept within bounds, used as philosophers and students desired to see it used, might possibly commend itself to men with whom the sense of interest was paramount to the sense of duty. But assassination let loose upon the State is quite another matter. And this consideration leads us to observe one or two points of weakness inherent in the doctrine, and, in part at least, accounting for its failure to take a permanent place among the maxims of government. And first, the whole proposition was lawless and immoral; lawless and immoral because it was not in the main current of developement, in the destined order of growth; because it was a violation of conscience. The conscience of Europe had been Christianised; a step had been made towards the perfect knowledge that love, not hatred, is the higher law of life. Retreat from that position was henceforth impossible for the conscience of mankind, however frequently the actions of men might contravene the rule that it implied. The idea of political assassination and all its many kindred ideas belong to a transient period of developement, one of the backward sweeps in the spiral of human progress, the mood of negation, the epoch of revolt against the unpractical Christian idea—a revolt which was destined to fortify, consolidate, and permanently enthrone that idea in the mind of man. This is, of course, judgement after the event. The men who formulated political assassination doubtless believed that they were assisting the developement of human intelligence, that they were placing in the hands of princes a weapon which would permanently enrich the armoury of states. If they had succeeded in establishing the maxims of political assassination, we should have had nothing to say. But they did not succeed. No doubt to practical politicians these unlawful and immoral means appeared to be a short and easy method for cutting the knot of many a difficult situation, provided always that they could be kept under control and applied only to that purpose which seemed to justify their adoption, the welfare of the State. But that was a proviso which could never be

observed. It is impossible to ring-fence, to hermetically seal up the unlawful and immoral element in a State. The most successful attempt to do so was made by Venice when she constructed the Council of Ten, endowed it with unlimited powers, and secured its irresponsibility by enveloping it in secrecy. But the virus cannot be confined to one part of the social structure. If it is present anywhere, it will inevitably spread, and sooner or later it will infect the whole body politic. The conscious and deliberate introduction of those false doctrines of statecraft is the first step towards anarchy, beginning with the corruption of the prince. The sovereign who has learned that all is lawful to him, a guardian of the public weal, as sovereign, will soon slip into the easy and consolatory belief that all is lawful to him as man. The people will argue that what is lawful to one man as man is lawful to all men as men. Hence a collision between prince and people. The prince arrives at the maxim, 'L'Etat c'est moi;' he expands himself to the absorption of his State in his own personal and private individuality; the people arrive at the maxim of their own sovereignty; they expand the idea of themselves till it absorbs the governing powers; there is a confusion between the ruler and the ruled; the outlines of the State are broken down, and revolution ensues.

So far we have dealt with the question of political assassination in its abstract form, considering it generally in its widest applications. We may turn now to the special cases before us. Venice has furnished us with the material for the foregoing remarks, and the archives of the republic are peculiarly fitted to do this. Venice, as a State, enjoyed a singularly long life, free from internal revolutions which have so often wrought havoc among the State records of other nations. The rigidity of her constitution gave continuity to her policy; her State papers were carefully preserved, as indicating the lines upon which that policy must move. Finally the republic is dead; 'the Doge does not figure in the Almanach de Gotha;' the archives are open to us, there is no State susceptibility to wound. As M. de Mas Latrie says, 'C'est Venise elle-même qui parle et qui dépose dans sa propre cause.' M. de Mas Latrie and M. Lamansky are for the plaintiffs, and Signor Fulin for the defence. The indictment is portentous, and if judgement is to be given in accordance with the maxims of to-day, the case must go against Venice. It is too late to plead denial of the facts; the mass of facts is overwhelming; that

plea has been killed by Daru's sinister epigram, 'Quand on ne veut pas être accusé d'empoisonnement, il est fâcheux d'être aussi bien servi par la fortune.' Justification might rather be pleaded on the ground of custom of the time and on the ground of necessity. It is abundantly evident from these documents that Venice never had any great belief in the weapon of political assassination. She adopted it only when hard pressed and under stringent necessity, and as a concurrent means of escape from her difficulties, not as the sole means. The adoption of these means at all is, indeed, the result and the proof of her weakness. Wherever we find them discussed by the Ten we shall find, if we look abroad, that the republic was at that moment in grave danger from her foreign enemies. The documents in question belong to the archives of the Council of Ten, or of its commission, the Three Inquisitors of State. It was natural that such delicate matters should pass through the hands of the most powerful body in Venice, especially as secrecy was essential, and absolute secrecy could be obtained only in the *Secreta Secretissima* of the Ten.

The revelations contained in these papers are most startling. The first section alone of M. Lamansky's book cites ninety-one different proposals to make use of assassination. His papers range from the year 1415 to 1768, and show us attempts on the lives of the following among other distinguished persons:—The Emperor Sigismund, Matthias Corvinus, Marsilio Carrara, Filippo Maria Visconti, Francesco Sforza, the Sultan, Charles VIII. of France, Pope Pius IV., and Etienne le Petit, the false Czar Peter III. It would be impossible and unprofitable for us to analyse all the cases collected by M. Lamansky and Signor Fulin. We shall content ourselves with taking four or five typical cases, which will sufficiently demonstrate the method and the action of the Republic in the whole of this matter.

Although the Council of Ten had been in the habit of using poisons, and even of keeping a professional poisoner in their employ for many years previously, the first general order on the subject is dated October 17, 1509, and runs thus:—

'By the authority of this Council be it decreed that the chiefs of the Council be charged to inform themselves in the most cautious and secret manner possible as to the ways and means by which we can put to death, through poison or otherwise, certain bitter and implacable enemies of our State.'

But earlier than this date we find the Council of Ten

receiving tenders for assassination, and contracting for the removal of their foes. Among the tenders received and discussed by the Council, two are remarkable for their frankness, and will serve us as specimens of this kind of proposal. One is the offer made by Biagio Catena, styled by the Council Archbishop of Trebizond; the other is the tariff presented by Fra John of Ragusa, both of the candidates for employment being clerics. The document relating to the offer of Catena runs thus:—

‘ 1419, 13 September.—Ser Johannes Diedo, Ser Rugerius Rugini, Presidents of the Ten, moving. On the 17th of June last the Council passed a resolution that the Archbishop of Trebizond, who offers to place in our hands, absolutely and under no safe conduct, John Brendola of Este, and John Barberius of Padua, accused of having set fire to our church of Saint Mark, should, upon the actual fulfilment of his offer, be freed from the outlawry under which he now lies. The said archbishop came to Venice in person, and stated and promised again that he would shortly bring the said criminals to Venetian territory, but added that he required letters patent to enable him to arrest those men, for otherwise none of our rectors or officials would give him credence. Be it now moved that such letters patent be granted to the said archbishop.’

The letters were granted, requiring all officials to give every assistance to the archbishop in the execution of his police duties. On the same day all three Presidents of the Ten moved that

‘ inasmuch as the said archbishop offers to poison Marsilio de Carrara by means of Francesco Pierlamberti of Lucca, and wishes to travel in person with the said Francesco, that he may assure himself of the actual execution of the deed; but for this purpose he requires a poison, which he charges himself to have made by a capable poison master if the money be supplied him; and, further, inasmuch as the said archbishop, from Easter last to the present time, has, out of his own pocket, been paying the inn charges of the said John of Este, John Barberio, and Baldassare de Odoni, who is now in prison in Ferrara, following them all over the place in order to carry out his intent, in the course of which he says he has spent one hundred and eighty ducats of his own money: Be it resolved, that for making the poison, for necessary expenses, and for buying a horse for the said archbishop—for his own is dead—the sum of fifty ducats out of our treasury be given to the archbishop and his companion Francesco Pierlamberti. Ayes, 10; noes, 5; doubtful, 1.’

The tariff of Brother John of Ragusa is a document even more ingenious than the tender of the Archbishop of Trebizond. It runs thus:—

‘ On the 14th December, 1513, the said Brother John of Ragusa
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presented himself to the presidents of the Ten, and declared that he would work wonders in killing anyone they chose by certain means of his own invention, and therefore begs: First, that on the success of his experiment he shall receive one thousand five hundred ducats a year for life; secondly, that if the noble lords wish him to operate on anyone else, the annuity shall be raised in a sum to be agreed upon.

The Council accepted Brother John's offer, and 'enjoined' him to go and make his first experiment upon the person 'of the Emperor.' Emboldened by this first successful appeal, Brother John then presented the following scale of prices:—

'For the Grand Turk, 500 ducats; for the King of Spain (exclusive of travelling expenses), 150 ducats; for the Duke of Milan, 60 ducats; for the Marquis of Mantua, 50 ducats; for his Holiness, only 100 ducats. As a rule,' he concludes, 'the longer the journey and the more valuable the life, the higher would be the price.'

The quality and the number of these men who were found to offer themselves to the Council of Ten upon such wild and shameful ventures call for our attention. They were, as a rule, the very scum of society; criminals who swarmed in the narrow streets of Venice, and earned a livelihood by all disgraceful means. Their number was constantly augmented by the pernicious action of the 'bando,' or outlawry, combined with the weakness of the Venetian police. To prove how weak the police were, we have only to remember how difficult they found it to put a stop to the riotous sport of the young nobles, whose delight it was to fasten a chain to the collar of a large dog and run with him full speed down the narrow *calles*; the dog, of course, kept to one side, and his master to the other, and most of the passengers were laid in the mud. Or we may cite that curious story of Francesco Concha, chief inspector of the police magistrates, known as the Signori di Notte. Concha had under his charge two brothers condemned to be hanged for theft. For one of these brothers Concha conceived a strong friendship. On the day of their execution in the Piazzetta, after the first brother had been hanged, and when the noose was round the neck of the other, Concha, head of the guards whose duty it was to see the sentence carried out, walked up the steps of the scaffold, took the noose off his friend's neck, and saying, 'Tu vedrai adesso se te voglio ben,' led him down into the crowd, and both disappeared. Though the Council offered large rewards for their arrest, they were never captured. The police, then, being so weak,

and criminals being able to escape so easily, the only mode of punishing them was by outlawry, with a price on their heads. The result was that the frontiers of Venetian territory swarmed with criminals, all ready to purchase their rehabilitation by some service to the State. They naturally offered that kind of service to which they were already accustomed, assassination, or some other equally dubious undertaking.

We come now to the case of one of the most famous of these desperadoes whose services the Council of Ten accepted. It is a typical case; and though there are many others, one will be enough. Michelotto Mudazzo, a Cretan, first appears upon the scene in the year 1414, when he was condemned to a year's imprisonment for theft. Three years later he was able to rehabilitate himself, and to acquire a considerable fortune by a stroke of luck. The Council of Ten were anxious to have in their hands a certain noble, Giorgio Bragadin, accused of treason and of having made and given away a plan of Venice. The Ten offered four thousand ducats for the person of Bragadin, dead or alive. Mudazzo presented himself to the Council, and declared that he would be content with two thousand ducats on condition that that sum should be secured to his children in case he perished in the venture. The Ten agreed; Mudazzo succeeded in capturing Bragadin, who was hanged between the columns in the Piazzetta. Mudazzo received his reward, but he did not enjoy it long; he had embarked on the dangerous business of agent for the Council of Ten, depository of some of their secrets, and therefore liable to be either imprisoned or made away with the moment the Ten believed that they could have no further use for him. The next we hear of Mudazzo is that he is in disgrace; condemned to four months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred lire for striking his adversary in open court, and a year's imprisonment, a fine of two hundred lire, and perpetual banishment for suborning witnesses. The affair of Bragadin had taught Mudazzo how money might be drawn from the State; and now in his banishment he began casting about for similar means of ingratiating himself with the Ten, and of earning the revocation of his outlawry. In the year 1419 the Council of Ten resolved to adopt the method of assassination against the Emperor Sigismund, '*cum non solum nostro dominio et toti mundo sit clarissima et manifesta mala voluntas et dispositio domini Regis Hungarie.*' Mudazzo offered at his own cost to find and to murder the

Emperor. His reward was to be as much land in Crete as would give him a yearly income of one thousand ducats. He also received a safe-conduct to come to Venice, and to stay there till a poison could be prepared for the emperor. The Ten wrote to the governor of Verona, instructing him to find out certain people known as 'those of the poisons,' 'qui mirifice conficiunt venenum,' who lived at Puvignago, a small village belonging to Pandolfo Malatesta, near Salò on the Lago di Garda; and to procure from them a jar of their mixture. They also sent to Padua to a druggist known as Peter Paul, a famous poison brewer, requiring him to furnish 'a drinkable and an eatable poison.' Peter Paul was absent from Padua, and the governor, seeking about for some one else to carry out his commission, applied to Master John, doctor in Vicenza; another famous poison maker, Nichele del Nievo, received a similar order. In February, 1420, the powder and the liquid, the eatable and the drinkable poison, arrived from Vicenza, and were deposited in the chamber of the Council. The presidents of the Ten sent for Mudazzo, and desired him to experiment with the powder and the liquid in their presence. Mudazzo refused to touch the poisons unless their concocter were present. Thereupon the Ten, in dread lest the affair had been hanging on too long and would take wind, dismissed Mudazzo, and reinforced his 'bando' against him. But Mudazzo did not despair; he waited his time, and ten years later he reappears before the Ten with a proposal to murder Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan. The Vicenza poisons had been lying all this time in the cupboard of the Ten. Their efficacy had never been assured, and the Council now ordered an experiment to be made with them upon two pigs. The pigs did not die. The Ten sent for Mudazzo and ordered him to procure fresh and better poisons. He declined, and the Presidents of the Council took steps to have a new supply sent from Vicenza. But in the meanwhile Mudazzo could not keep his secret from his friends. He told his *compare*, Matteo Bevilaqua, of the commission he had received, and of the fortune it would bring him; Bevilaqua told his son-in-law Pegolotto, and Pegolotto told his friend John de Casanis, who wrote an account of the whole to the Duke of Milan. Mudazzo, instead of going to Milan, was sent off a *quasi* prisoner to Corfu, and we do not know that he ever saw Venice again. The last we hear of him is a wild offer which he makes to sell to the Ten a poison which will work in three ways, in food, in drink, or by touch; an offer which the Council

rejected by a large majority. They were weary of Mudazzo and his futile promises.

In this story of Mudazzo the Ten explain their own procedure with perfect frankness—a frankness engendered by their reliance on the absolute secrecy of their archives. It was necessary to state exactly how they had acted in the matter, in order to put future councillors in full possession of the facts. We gain by this frankness, and have before us a complete and typical case. The attitude of the Ten is perfectly clear; they were under great pressure, and adopted the proposals to assassinate as a possible, though not as the sole or even probable, means of freeing themselves from their difficulties. To reject such means would have seemed to them culpable folly and neglect. The futility and ineffectiveness of the plans are characteristic of the majority of the proposals made to the Ten and sanctioned by them.

The next case we shall take is that of a wholesale attempt to destroy the Turkish army. The attempt was impotent, like most of its predecessors; but the details are so strange and picturesque, and throw so much light on the more famous case of the *Untori* of Milan, that we venture to give the history of it at some length. In the year 1649, Lunardo Foscolo, *Proveditore Generale di Dalmazia*, writes from Zara to the Inquisitors of State, as follows:—

‘To the most illustrious and most honoured lords, my masters.

‘My incessant occupation in the discharge of this most laborious service never makes me forget my intent and desire to procure advantage to my country. I then, considering the perilous state of the kingdom of Candia, first treacherously invaded, and now openly occupied by the Turks, the pre-eminence of their forces, the copiousness of their soldiery, the opulence of the Turkish treasury, which will enable them to maintain the war for many years, and also being well aware that, although the public spirit of Venice yields to none in courage and magnanimity, the republic has neither forces, men, nor money, wherewith to resist much longer the attacks of its foes, and reflecting on the impossibility to meet such a heavy expenditure, have applied myself to a study of the methods whereby the Turkish power might be overcome without risk of men or burden to the exchequer, and how the kingdom of Candia might be recovered; for, after God, our hope to reacquire it is small indeed.

‘Now there is here a good subject of Venice, lately appointed doctor, who besides his skill in healing is also a famous distiller. His name is Michiel Angelo Salamon. He is desirous to prove himself, what he is in fact, a faithful servant of your excellencies. I explained my wishes to him, and he availed himself of the presence here of the Plague to distil a liquid expressed from the spleen, the buboes, and carbuncles of the plague-stricken; and this, when mixed with other ingredients,

will have the power wherever it is scattered to slay any number of persons, for it is the quintessence of plague. I considered that if this quintessence of plague were sown in the enemies' camps at Retimo, Cannea, and San Todero, and if it operates as Dr. Michiel assures me it will, this would greatly assist us to recover the kingdom of Candia. I accordingly determined not to lose the opportunity to have a vase of the poison prepared, and this jar shall be kept, with all due precautions, for the service of your excellencies. I believe, however, that some ruse must be adopted to entice the Turks into the trap, and would suggest that we should make use of the Albanian fez, or some other cloth goods, which the Turks are accustomed to buy, so that the poison may pass through as many hands in as short a time as possible. The cloth should be made up in parcels as if for sale, after having been painted over with the quintessence, and then placed in separate boxes destined for the various places where we desire to sow the poison. The quintessence, well secured in several cases for the greater safety of those who have to handle and transport it, should be sent to the commander-in-chief that he may take the necessary steps for causing it to pass into the enemies' hands. This may be done either by lading several vessels with the cloth, which vessels are to be abandoned by their crews when the enemy comes in sight; or else by means of pedlars who shall hawk the cloth about the country; so that the enemy, hoping to make booty, may gain the plague and find death. The affair must be managed with all circumspection, and the operator must be induced to his work by hopes of gain and by promises, for it will be a dangerous undertaking, and when the operation is over he must go through a rigorous quarantine. While handling the quintessence, it will be of use to the operator to stuff his nose and mouth with sponges soaked in vinegar; and while poisoning the cloth he may fasten the brush to an iron rod, and when finished he must put brush and rod into the fire. Having given the Turk the plague, every care must be taken to prevent our people coming in contact with them.

‘The proposition is a virtuous one, and worthy of the composer of the quintessence. It is, however, a violent course, unusual, and perhaps not admitted by public morality. But desperate cases call for violent remedies, and in the case of the Turk, enemies by faith, treacherous by nature, who have always betrayed your excellencies, in my humble opinion the ordinary considerations have no weight.’

To this letter the Presidents of the Ten reply that Foscolo's letter to the Inquisitors has been submitted to them. They thank the Proveditore, and are of opinion that the doctor who invented the quintessence should be the person who is appointed to take the jar to the commander-in-chief. His travelling expenses are to be paid, and the commander-in-chief must be warned of the great risk to his own troops from the presence of the jar among them. Dr. Salamon, however, showed great unwillingness to sail along with his jar. The Ten, however, insist; at the same time

making ample provision for Salamon and his whole family, and enclosing a supply of poisons for his use. They further insist that the cloth goods are to be poisoned on board the fleet, and not at Zara; and if Salamon absolutely refuses to go, Foscolo is to take the jar and see that it is broken, and its contents emptied into the sea. Foscolo succeeded in overcoming Salamon's objections, and in due time the doctor and his jar of quintessence reached the fleet. He found the commander just going into winter quarters, and unable to make use of the mixture at once. Moreover, the commander declined to keep the jar with him all winter till next spring; so Dr. Salamon and his quintessence were once more shipped on board and returned to Zara, where, to make sure of him and his mixture, both were placed in prison. Next year Foscolo was appointed to the command of the fleet, and immediately asked that Salamon might be sent to him in Candia, as he desired to try the effect of the mixture which he had so strongly recommended to the Ten. The doctor and his jar were taken out of prison and despatched to Foscolo, but not before two hundred ducats had been exacted from him as caution money. And here the story suddenly ends. We do not know what became of Dr. Salamon, or whether Foscolo found any opportunity of trying his favourite quintessence of plague; probably not, for his period of command was signalled by no very brilliant successes.

Among the mass of documents collected by M. Lamansky there are many which throw light upon the history of other nations than Venice. The reader will find much interesting information about the attempts to blow up Charles VIII.'s ammunition wagons before Fornovo, and about the death of that monarch; about the bands of sacking friars as they are called—incendiaries whom Venice employed to ravage the territories of the Emperor Maximilian. One of the most curious sections of the book is that which relates to the various attempts on the lives of the popes.

We find a long and valuable discussion on the deaths of Popes Alexander VI. and Leo X., both attributed at the time to poison, and both still open questions to-day. The story of the death of Alexander is so well known that it is only necessary to recapitulate it briefly here in order to see how far the facts bear out the generally accepted theory that he was poisoned. Ranke, in the appendix to his 'History of the Popes,' quotes at length the document from Sanudo's 'Diaries,' upon which he bases his version of the story. On April 11, 1503, Alexander had poisoned the

Venetian Cardinal Giovanni Michiel, in order to become possessed of his great wealth, and before daybreak on the same day the cardinal's house had been swept of its treasures, and everything carried to the Vatican. When the Venetian Ambassador presented himself a little later at the palace, he 'found all the doors shut, and his Holiness occupied in 'counting the gold.' This deed struck terror into all the other cardinals whose wealth exposed them to the cupidity of the Pope. Among the wealthiest of these was Adrian Castellese, of Corneto, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Accordingly, when Castellese received a message from the Pope that his Holiness and the Duke of Valentino desired to sup with him in a vineyard of his on August 12, he at once suspected their intention to poison him. He bought the Pope's butler, by a present of ten thousand ducats, to tell him which of the boxes of comfits to be served at dessert had been poisoned. The Pope and Valentino arrived. The cardinal threw himself at the Pope's feet and declared that he would not rise until his Holiness had promised to grant him his request. Alexander, impatient at the scene, and trusting absolutely to his butler's fidelity, consented. Then Castellese begged leave to wait upon his Holiness with his own hands. When dessert arrived, the butler handed Castellese the poisoned box, and the cardinal—as was the duty and custom for servants in those dangerous times—first tasted the *confetti*, but, by a juggle, slipped an unpoisoned piece into his mouth, and then placed the poisoned box before the Pope. Alexander having seen, as he thought, Castellese try the box, ate freely of the confectionery, went home, was taken ill, and in six days died, a swollen and horrible mass of corruption. Valentino also was seriously ill, and in danger of his life for many days; and Cardinal Castellese, trusting no one, not even himself, when his guests were gone took such violent emetics that he, too, nearly succumbed. Such is the account of the death of Alexander ordinarily received. The story, however, offers one serious difficulty. There were three boxes of *confetti*; only one of these was poisoned, and the Pope ate that. How are we to account for the nearly mortal sickness of Valentino? On the whole, though, we shall probably never know the truth of that strange supper party in the Roman vineyard, when the Borgia's hopes and schemes were wrecked for ever. We are inclined to accept the opinion of the Venetian ambassador, based on the professional statement of Dr. Scipio, that the death of the Pope and the illness of the duke were due to natural causes.

The same suspicion of poison surrounds the death of Leo X. We shall dwell upon the story at some length because Roscoe clearly had not access to the documents which M. Lamansky has placed before us. The Pope was at his villa of Magliana, near Rome, when, on November 24, 1521, news reached him that the imperial troops had entered Milan, and that the success of his league concluded with the Emperor at Worms was secured. The Pope was overjoyed at the news, and the Swiss guard, who were in attendance, began to light bonfires, discharge their guns, sing songs, and generally to celebrate the victory. At the hour for going to bed the Pope sent down orders that the noise must stop. But it was found impossible to quiet the men, and his Holiness was unable to sleep all that night. Next morning the Pope signified his intention of returning to Rome that afternoon. To pass the time till the hour of departure, he amused himself in a rabbit-warren, where he sat for long enjoying the brilliant sunshine. Thus warmed through and through he set out for Rome. As the sun set his Holiness felt chill, and all the more so as he had only summer garments with him. Nevertheless he entered Rome in excellent spirits, supped, and slept soundly. Next day at audience time he was attacked by fever, and he died on Sunday, December 1. 'He died as red as a poppy, and 'therefore they said he was poisoned.'* Even before he closed his eyes his bedchamber was sacked by his servants. And then began in Rome the usual scenes that followed a pope's death: artillery mounted on Saint Angelo's castle and pointed on the city; the cardinals barricaded and fortified each in his own palace; the shops all shut; everyone armed; the streets filled with the 'drums and tram-plings' of the rival factions; the Jews' quarter sacked, and a bishop and a courtesan shot in the street. Meanwhile, on December 2, the Pope's body was laid out in a lower chamber of the Vatican; he was dressed in his episcopal robes, and four torches were placed at the corners of the bier, which was guarded by twenty cardinals clad in purple mourning. The people were admitted to kiss his Holiness's feet. Next day the Pope's body lay in state in St. Peter's, in the chapel

* We take this to be the meaning of 'morse come un papavero, et 'per quello se è poi detto: fu avenenato.' Ranke's translator gives us 'as fadeth the poppy;' but we believe our interpretation to be the right one, especially when supported by what follows, 'et vidili el 'volto negro, como paonaxo scuro, che era segno di veneno.'

of Pope Sixtus, and all Rome flocked to see it. After the great doors of the Basilica had been closed in the evening by order of the college, on the suggestion of Paris de Grassis, the Pope's chamberlain, an autopsy was held upon the body. 'The body was found to be of a dark purple colour, which was taken as a sign of poison. The corpse was stripped in the presence of the four doctors and stretched out as they quarter malefactors. When opened traces of poison were discovered, and the doctors gave it as their opinion that he died therefrom. The body was dressed again by my brother and placed in its coffin, with four bricks under its head; it was then walled into the tomb at the foot of the altar of Pope Innocent.' Another authority, however, the letter of Jerome Bon, quoted by Ranke, throws some doubt on the unanimity of opinion among the doctors. 'It is not known for certain,' he says, 'whether the Pope died of poison or not. He was opened. Master Ferando says he was poisoned; others thought not; of this opinion is Master Severnio, who saw him opened, and says he was not poisoned.' We must remember, however, that Signor Bon had not the advantage of being present at the autopsy in St. Peter's as had the anonymous author whom we quoted. It is highly probable that the Pope was poisoned by his butler, Bernabò Malaspina. Paulus Jovius declares that he must have died '*alicujus nobilis veneni sævitia*;' and finally Leo's chamberlain, who may possibly have been the brother of our anonymous letter writer, and was in all probability present at the autopsy, tells us that 'the doctors gave it for certain that he died poisoned.'

It may be worth while to quote in conclusion a curious document, the offer made by Celio Malaspina to the Council of Ten. The offer was rejected, it is true, but it casts a strange light on the childlike ingenuousness of the men who made such vast proposals with so little prospect of accomplishing them.

'Serene prince, illustrious lords:—

'Your faithful servant, Celio Malaspina says that, in his youth having served many princes, and made the wars with them, he has always observed that they courted, honoured, and rewarded all those who by any rare or conspicuous ability devoted themselves to the conservation of republics and states. He therefore applied himself with diligence to devise some new invention whereby he might be of service to the State and acquire honour and reward in the pay of some prince; and, soldier and professor of war though he was, he perceived that the science of handwriting, by which the whole world is governed and directed, could bring to him that profit and honour which he so

ardently desired. To this science accordingly he gave himself up, sparing neither time, trouble, nor fatigue until he had mastered it so thoroughly that the forgery of every kind of handwriting of all conditions of men—an achievement which the world may haply think impossible and incredible—has become for him both easy and certain. He now offers to your Serenity to forge every kind of writing so perfectly that detection shall be impossible. This offer applies to Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, languages with which he is acquainted. The other languages which he does not know, German, Greek, Slave, Hebrew, and Turkish, he will undertake to forge if an interpreter be supplied him to translate the letters. And because these forgeries would remain incomplete, could we not also forge the seals of letters as we require them, he also offers and promises to find sure and easy means to counterfeit them all.

‘Heads declaring succinctly the uses to which this science may be put:—

‘To sow dissensions and discords between Princes, Generals, Colonels, Captains, and other important personages.

‘To seize by stratagem many strong places in time of war or peace.

‘To delay the assault on a besieged city by throwing doubt on the good faith of Generals, Officers, and Captains.

‘To liberate prisoners of importance. To entice the enemy to leave their defences, and so to cut them to pieces.

‘To raise money all over the world.

‘To govern the votes in the Sacred College, and so to make a Pope to your fancy.

‘To secure the arrest of any sort of person you choose.

‘To upset the marriages of Princes and other high personages, and also to assist such marriages.

‘To raise troops in an enemy’s country.

‘To upset treaties by altering and forging despatches, credentials, safe-conducts, and passports.

‘Finally, to ruin all the Pashas and other lords in the service of the Grand Turk, rendering them suspect of treachery.

‘And all this I would gladly do, first for the service of God, and next for the service of this thrice happy dominion.’

The instances we have quoted will have sufficiently served to show us the nature of the proposals made to the Council of Ten, and the sort of men who made them.

If we turn now to the question of the poisons themselves, the mode of preparing them, and the way to administer them, the documents before us supply abundant information. The number of poison makers must have been considerable. We come across ‘*quelli dal venen*,’ who lived on the Lago di Garda; the famous poison-brewers, Peter Paul of Padua, Master John and Master Nichele of Vicenza, and ‘*nostro fidel Vilandrino*,’ custodian of the garden of simples at Padua. The poisons which these masters made were of two kinds: slow poisons,

'*veneni a tempo*,' and rapid poisons; and the manner of administering them was various. The method most frequently in use was either poisoned meat or poisoned drink; and we have seen proof made of the '*venenum edibile*' and of the '*venenum potabile*' upon two pigs in the presence of the Ten. There were other modes of poisoning, however, though they were less commonly adopted. We find instances of that favourite Indian receipt, pounded diamond. Again in the year 1585 the French ambassador relates to the college an attempt on the life of the King of France by means of poisoned seals, which had effectually killed three slaves on whom they had first been tried. And in 1499, Caterina Sforza, mistress of Forli, which city Cesare Borgia threatened to take from her, attempted to poison Alexander VI. by means of credentials which her ambassador brought to his Holiness, wrapped in scarlet cloth and placed inside a hollow cane that they might not kill the bearers. These are cases of poisoning by touch. We hear also of proposals to poison by smell; of little balls to be dropped on a fire, and presently they will kill all who are in the room.

Nothing strikes us as stranger about these poisons than their inefficacy. In the year 1514 we find Vilandrino, one of the most famous masters in his day, sent for and told that, as the fire at the Palace has destroyed the poison cupboard and its receipts, he must furnish some two or three more, and must send in the receipts along with his new poisons. Vilandrino produced a poisoned water; but when this came to be tried on a certain Mustafa, he was none the worse for it. The Ten ordered a second dose; and after waiting eight days with no more satisfactory results, they conclude in disgust that Vilandrino's water is worth nothing, and send him back to Padua. This general inefficacy of the poisons will appear less strange when the reader has perused the following receipt for a poison, and the instructions as to the mode of administering the drug. It will be obvious that the chief difficulty a poisoner had to face was one which they recognised themselves, the impossibility of getting any of their poisons to stay upon the stomach.

'April 21, 1540.

'Whoever wishes to sublimate four or five pounds of mixture must have his stove of bricks and a plate with holes in it supported over the stove. He must have five jars, one containing ten litres, another eight, and the rest six; and he must use the largest the first time, the second largest the next time, and so on. He must have at hand potter's clay and horsehair in equal parts, well mixed together. With the clay and

hair let him cover that part of the jar that the fire reaches. Take the powder and put it in the jar; see that the powder is well ground and mixed. Cover the mouth of the jar, but leave a little hole, so that it can evaporate for an hour; then close it hermetically with clay. From the top of the stove to the bottom of the jar fill round with clay, so that all the heat may reach the jar. Give it a slow fire for two hours, then increase the heat gradually till four hours, then a stronger fire to six, and a stronger still to nine hours, but not excessive. At that heat continue to twenty-four hours. Lift the jar off the fire, break it, and take what you find in the neck, for that is the good stuff. Have a painter's mixing stone at hand, and grind and mix well this first sublimation. Put the powder in the second jar of eight litres; seal its mouth, and place it on the fire; a hole for evaporation is no more required throughout the operation. Give it fire, as above, for sixteen hours. Lift the jar off; take what is in the neck and grind it, as above. Repeat the operation with the third jar, leaving it on the fire only twelve hours; the fourth jar nine hours, and the fifth jar seven hours. Take a round glass flask with a neck that may be hermetically sealed by the glassblower; you must tell the man who seals the flask that the substance is volatile, and he will know what to do. The flask must be well washed and dried before anything is put into it. Take the flask with the powder and water in it. Set it on a slow fire of charcoal. Have a light ready, and constantly look into the flask to see if the liquid is boiling; when it begins to boil raise it off the fire a little, and keep it at a gentle simmer. If the simmering threatens to stop, add a little fuel. Continue till there remain two or three tumblerfuls of liquid in the flask. Take out the liquid and place it in a retort whose receiver will contain six tumblerfuls. Distil the liquid at a slow fire of charcoal. When distilled, place it in a glass jar, seal well with red or green sealing wax, cover the seal with a piece of kid and tie tightly.

'To make two litres of the liquid you require:—

Sublimate of silver	.	.	.	2 lbs.
Arsenic	.	.	.	6 gros.*
Realgar	.	.	.	6 "
Orpiment	.	.	.	6 "
Salts of ammonia	.	.	.	6 "
Salts of hartshorn	.	.	.	6 "
Verdigris	.	.	.	4 "

'All these substances powdered are put in the first sublimation; in the second you must add four gross of aconite root, fresh cut if possible; in the jar that is to be sealed you must put ten pounds of water of cyclamen, called in the vulgar sow-bread.'

So far for the manufacture of a poison. Here is the way in which one is to be administered.

'The method of administering the poison is this. In every tumbler

* A grosso is the tenth part of a square inch.

of wine put a scruple. If you wish to poison a flask of wine, one scruple to every tumblerful the flask contains. You must take care, however, that the patient does not drink more than one or two glasses. If he does he will be sick, and the poison will not have the desired effect. You must know, that should the victim be sick, a violent fever will ensue, and will last five or six days; after the fever passes he is safe; but on the appearance of the symptom of sickness you must repeat the dose, and continue to do so until he has kept at least one glass on his stomach. The infallible way is the tumbler. The wine flask sometimes fails, the tumbler never. You must leave no air-hole in the stopper of the jar, otherwise in the space of four hours the whole will evaporate, leaving nothing, zero. I send two qualities, one in a round and the other in a flat jar. If the victim be young and robust, use the round; if he be old, use the other.'

After reading such directions as the above, we cannot wonder at the habitual failure to poison. It is evident that the poisons were concocted upon no scientific principles at all; the sole object being to collect into one mixture as many poisonous materials as possible.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the proposals to poison reached the Council of Ten so frequently that they were obliged to institute a separate register in which all such offers were recorded. As we have already seen, there was in the Ducal Palace a cupboard specially set apart for the poisons which the Ten kept in store. One of the last documents in M. Lamansky's collection relates to the confusion into which this poison cupboard had fallen. It runs thus:—

'1755, 16 December. Seeing that the poisonous substances for the service of this tribunal were scattered about among the shelves of the archives, to the great risk of some accident, and that many of these said poisons were grown corrupt through age, and of several neither the nature nor the dose was known, their Excellencies, desirous of arranging such delicate matter in the good order necessary for its use and security, have commanded the consignments of all these poisons to a separate casket, in which a book shall be kept to explain the nature and the dose of each one for the guidance of their successors.'

And with this document we will close our consideration of the Council of Ten and political assassination. The whole truth is known; nothing further of importance remains to be published on this matter. A few more documents may possibly be discovered, but they will not alter the general aspect of the case. The worst has been said, and no defence is possible. We revolt in horror at the baseness of the means adopted, and we despise the weakness with which those means were put in operation. We are tempted to

affirm the fierce invective of the French ambassador, and to say that Venice was indeed a 'venenosissima ac resurgens vipera.' Nor can we admit the plea of justification—the justification of necessity, which compelled Venice to adopt in self-defence means condemned by the conscience of mankind, though not absolutely in contravention of the ethical standard of that time. Unhappily the curse which attends the employment of immoral and criminal means for political ends is not confined to the mediæval centuries or to the Secret Councils of Venice and Rome. It is the same detestable motive, and the same perversion of the moral sense, which at this moment arm the Irish peasant to murder his neighbour and obtain for him the approval of the population and the absolution of his Church; it is the same diabolical ingenuity which arms the American dynamiter with his fearful weapon against the security of London. It is the same fanaticism of crime which within the last few years has caused the murder of two Presidents of the United States and of Alexander II. of Russia, whose successor is pursued by the insatiable ferocity of the gang of assassins called Nihilists. In all these cases an attempt is made to draw a distinction in favour of political assassination, as if it were less criminal than ordinary murder. No refinements of sophistry, no evasions of truth, can palliate these execrable offences against the laws of God and man, and the only safe rule of policy and justice is that they should always and everywhere be denounced, condemned, and punished with the utmost severity. Those who hope to profit by such practices, and who suffer them to be employed for their benefit, are even more guilty than the wretched instruments who are tempted by money or by fanaticism to commit the crime.

ART. III.—1. *Madame de Maintenon*. D'après des documents authentiques. Par A. GEFFROY, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1887.

2. *Correspondance Générale de Madame de Maintenon*. Par THÉOPHILE DE LAVALLÉE. Paris: 1865.

IN the literary correspondence of Grimm we find at the date of August, 1756, a criticism of M. de la Beaumelle's 'Letters of Madame de Maintenon,' which had been published at Amsterdam in the previous year, in which the writer ventures on the following predictions:—

'People are right in saying that we are now at the right time when the life and the letters of Madame de Maintenon can interest us. Had a few more years been allowed to elapse before their publication, no one would have looked at them. The anecdotes of the reign of Louis XIV. interest us because we are so near his own time; but in twenty or thirty years the peculiarities of his Court will have no more charm for us than have those in the present day which concern Louis XIII. As long as there are men on this earth, two things only will make them live in our recollection, genius and virtue. To relegate Madame de Maintenon to the class of mere anecdotes is to condemn her; it means that, however extraordinary was the part she played, her memory is not worth preserving, and this is the truth.'*

It is interesting to note how the second of Grimm's professed titles to celebrity—i.e. 'virtue'—is precisely the ground upon which M. Geffroy is, as it seems to us, justified in publishing a fresh life and a selected choice of letters from Madame de Maintenon in the present year—that is to say, one hundred and thirty-seven years after Grimm's declaration that 'her memory was not worth preserving.'

We lay some stress on this point because it is a fact that as time goes on and conflicting passions are gradually less loudly heard, we find at every progressive stage of historical inquiry greater justice rendered to the woman whom Voltaire called 'la femme la plus décente et la plus polie en Europe;' whose mind Madame de Sévigné described as 'amiable and marvellously straight;' of whom a foreign envoy at the Court of Louis XIV., Count Spanheim, said that 'no one possessed more virtue, more cleverness without affectation, more honesty, more piety;' of whom on his death-bed the King himself declared to the Duke of Orleans, his nephew, that he had never received from Madame de

* Correspondance de Grimm, vol. iii. pp. 263-4.

Maintenon 'any but good advice;' and to whom Valaincour, the successor of Racine at the Academy, was able truly to write: 'You are of those whom great occupations do not lead to forgetfulness of the small ones . . . who seem to have no other object in this world than to prevent all the evil that can be prevented, and to do all the good that can be done.'

It would seem as if history were renewing with Madame de Maintenon the very part Louis XIV. played in regard to her. Having begun by hating her, he ended by marrying her, and predeceased her after thirty-two years of conjugal happiness. 'At first he could not bear her,' says St. Simon; 'what he sometimes gave her, which was always very little, was only by an excess of goodnature, and with an evident feeling of regret he took no pains to disguise.'*

In the same way, jealousy and other causes made her hated by her contemporaries, who, if they bestowed praise upon her, did so reluctantly and sparingly; and yet little by little the notion has arisen that justice has not been fully rendered to this remarkable woman, and efforts are now made to give her with a lavish hand the praise so grudgingly dealt before.

It would not surprise us if the next time Madame de Maintenon's merits are discussed in these pages it is for the purpose of assenting to the proposition laid down by some future historian, that, her 'virtue' being established, she has also a claim to be remembered on the score of 'genius;' and we are certainly prepared even now to believe that her memory will in all likelihood rival that of the great sovereign of whom she was so long the consort. The very pages of this Journal are witnesses of the gradual change which has come over the minds of impartial reviewers of her life and works. In 1814 an article on M. de Levis' book entitled 'Souvenirs et Portraits, 1780-1789,' contains the following comment on St. Simon's description of Madame de Maintenon as 'le Sully d'un tel roi:—

'This connexion was more fatal to the King than even his earlier and more sensual indulgences; and it is impossible not to observe that whilst he indulged in the voluptuous embraces of Madame de Montespan, he left to Colbert the management of his happy and flourishing kingdom; but once become the slave of this "female Sully" and the crafty confessors in her suite, he consented to religious persecutions, to the extermination of the Protestants, to the dishonour of his own name, and to the commercial ruin of his kingdom.'

* St. Simon, vol. xiii. p. 12, 1857.

In 1826, however, a review of Madame de Maintenon's letters to the Princesse des Ursins, just published in Paris, summed up her character more correctly, and did her more justice.

'Though her life was a romance, her character was prosaic. It cannot be supposed, indeed, that she was not a most uncommon woman. But her superiority consisted not in rare qualities, but in the possession of a high degree of those which are common to the majority of sensible persons. . . . She set a just and therefore the highest value on a good name, on the cultivation of the understanding, the moderation of the desires, on the government of the temper, on peace of mind, on the approbation of conscience, on the prevalence of that benevolence which constantly cheers and sweetens the mind. Her religious principles, though merely prudential, were sincere.'

If to these flattering observations we add her favourite precept to the ladies of St. Cyr—'On ne sait pas combien il est habile de n'avoir rien à craindre'—and M. Geffroy's pertinent remark that to understand Madame de Maintenon 'she must not be separated from the times in which she lived, that is, from the seventeenth century, when there existed "une dévotion sincère et exacte"'—it will be conceded that the way is not ill paved which leads us to the conception of a highly virtuous woman.

That the exceptional circumstances which attended and surrounded her advent to power have done much to heighten our interest in her acts and utterances it is needless to deny; but that her very rise and her demeanour when in the height of power never once altered the even tenor of her calm and virtuous disposition, is a fact in itself so striking, and at the same time so rare, that it deserves to attract notice, while the continued revelation of her good deeds in the midst of a corrupt Court must add to the lustre of her great reputation.

Three persons are responsible for that reputation having ever been attacked, and many causes contributed to her not being appreciated as she deserved by her contemporaries. The Princess Palatine, second wife of Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV., was incessant in her loud complaints against the woman whom she styled 'the King's concubine,' and filled Germany as well as the Court with her vituperative remarks against one who had risen from such humble beginnings to so exalted a station, and who had been instrumental in bringing about the marriage of her own son, the Duc de Chartres, with the king's second daughter by Madame de Montespan—Mademoiselle de Blois.

St. Simon's hostility was based on nothing more tangible than the gossip of antechambers, where, if anywhere, he must have heard, as M. Auger forcibly puts it, 'the clamour of disappointed ambitions and of that numberless class to whom all greatness is irritating and who are specially annoyed at the sight of sudden success.' It is also deserving of remark that as St. Simon was born in January, 1675, and was therefore forty years younger than Madame de Maintenon, he cannot have been more than nine years of age when the King married her, and that this disparity in age with the lady he so persistently reviles explains how he never had an opportunity, until quite in the later days of her married life, either of seeing or appreciating her at her real value. The fact, also, that he irritated the King in 1702, when, at the age of twenty-seven years, he resigned his commission in the army on account of some slight which he believed himself to have received as 'Duc et pair de France,' and brought upon himself Madame de Maintenon's judgement that he was 'vainglorious, fault-finding, and full of crotchets,' explains how, unable to visit his wrath on the sovereign, St. Simon naturally poured his resentment on the being whom he knew to have most influence on the King. His testimony, therefore, being so biassed, loses much of its weight and importance.

But of the man who has done her reputation most harm, and oddly enough without any malicious intention of doing harm—of La Beaumelle—it is less easy to speak with equanimity, for, in the publication of what he was pleased to call the letters of Madame de Maintenon, his sole object appears to have been to promote his own interests by investing his work with a character of romance sufficient, as Grimm remarked, to condemn for ever that celebrated person. La Beaumelle's history is curious. Born in 1726, in Languedoc, of a Protestant family, he studied at the college of the Jesuits of Alais previously to preparing himself at Geneva, in 1745, for the Calvinistic ministry. At the end of a few months La Beaumelle gave up his theological career to proceed to Copenhagen as tutor to a young Danish nobleman. A year later he obtained from the King of Denmark the foundation of a professorship of French literature in the University of Copenhagen, and was appointed to its chair. Clever, ambitious, and especially quick at making use of opportunities, he conceived a project of issuing a complete edition of French classics, and made this an excuse for visiting Paris and becoming acquainted with the noted

literary celebrities of the day. In Paris he contrived to gain admittance to Louis Racine, the son of the great poet, and himself a poet of no small talent. Racine had a valuable and extensive library. Among these works was a collection of letters, partly genuine partly copied at St. Cyr, from Madame de Maintenon to one of her intimates, together with a series of anecdotes mostly taken from the memoirs of Mademoiselle d'Aumale or from what he had heard at St. Cyr, where naturally the son of 'Esther' and of 'Athalie' was a *persona grata*. To all these Racine had added a notice of Madame de Maintenon's life, and he treasured the whole with a view of some day publishing his humble tribute to the memory of one he so cordially admired. When La Beaumelle called he was naturally shown this interesting collection; and quickly appreciating all the benefits to be derived from their early publication, he induced Louis Racine, with much difficulty, not only to lend him the manuscripts, but also to barter them in exchange for 'books, curiosities, tea, and furs' from Holland. In 1751 La Beaumelle proceeded to Berlin, where he called on Voltaire, and, apparently with somewhat cool impudence, endeavoured to get from him a sight of his manuscript letters of Madame de Maintenon; but the crafty philosopher was not the timid Racine, and at once took umbrage. 'I remembered,' he wrote, 'that a certain manuscript of the letters of Madame de Sévigné, which had been lent to him (La Beaumelle) by Thiériot, had found itself printed at Troyes. I therefore refused him mine with all the politeness imaginable, and as if I had not recollected this anecdote.'

By way of revenge, La Beaumelle, a few days later, sent Voltaire a book of his which was creating some stir, and was entitled 'Mes pensées.' On opening the volume Voltaire read as follows: 'There are greater poets than Voltaire, but there never were any so well rewarded.' This was enough to ensure Voltaire's enmity for ever, and while La Beaumelle soon felt the brunt of it by being ignominiously expelled from Berlin, it followed him to Paris, where his appearance in 1753 was the signal for his imprisonment in the Bastille. But in the meanwhile La Beaumelle had had time to publish his first series of Madame de Maintenon's letters, together with an incomplete notice of her life, owing to the dilatoriness of Louis Racine in sending him replies to the numerous questions he had addressed to him. After a time, however, La Beaumelle made good the delay by inventing letters or adding to those he had whenever his

purpose required it; and we can imagine his delight on hearing the powerful Voltaire's early comment on their appearance before the literary world: 'Fortunately these letters confirm what I have said of her. Had they not done so, my work was lost.' Voltaire himself, the great historian and critic, lent La Beaumelle's inventions the authority of his name, judgement, and approval. That authority was quite sufficient to secure the popularity of the book, even though Voltaire might pertinently inquire: 'How is it that a certain La Beaumelle, preacher at Copenhagen, since academician, buffoon, gambler, rascal, possessed of cleverness however, has been the possessor of such a treasure?'

Voltaire's astonishment was perfectly justified, for in 1752 neither the memoirs of St. Simon, nor those of Madame de Caylus, nor those of the Maréchal de Noailles had yet appeared. The memory of Madame de Maintenon, as Lavallée observes, 'was still tainted by the calumnies of the Dutch writers of fiction, by those with which the pamphlets of the Protestants teemed, and by those of which the songs at Court were full. No one dared or ventured to take her part. Even her own family preferred keeping silent to encountering public opinion.' Much had to be done before the chaff could be separated from the wheat. Voltaire had grasped the fact, and had, by the aid of a few documents, made an admirable beginning. He had understood how necessary it was for the historian to discover such authentic and undoubtedly genuine documents as would set aside for ever the utterances of a Princess Palatine which hatred and jealousy alone had suggested, or those of a Duc de St. Simon which could only be the reflection of the envy of disappointed courtiers; but he could not make out how a total stranger like La Beaumelle should have become possessed of valuable and apparently genuine documents which he himself had been unable to procure. He therefore set to work to find out, and was able very soon to write: 'I always had a notion that this La Beaumelle had stolen those letters. He is the most audacious scoundrel I ever knew.'

A copy of La Beaumelle's book fell into the hands of Louis Racine, who had not much difficulty in recognising his own property, which however had considerably increased in bulk since it left his hands. He therefore carefully perused the work, and became at once aware that his manuscripts had been grossly tampered with. He made an infinite

number of marginal notes, and this copy, in the possession of the Noailles family, has proved the basis of that rehabilitation of a great character upon which so many have now worked, and few more successfully than M. Geffroy, the able author of the volumes under consideration.

In Racine's copy of La Beaumelle's edition of the letters there are marginal notes showing that out of 298 letters published only 163 have a claim to qualified authenticity; that sixty letters addressed to Madame de St. Géran, Madame de Frontenac, and Madame de Fontenay were pure inventions, and that seventy-five others were wholly unknown to Louis Racine, who had never heard of them. As an illustration of La Beaumelle's trust in the credulity of his readers, M. Geffroy justly points out that Madame de St. Géran was exiled in 1697 on account of her light conduct; and that it seems, if it were not even actually proved to be so, an impossibility that a prudent, wise, and religious woman like Madame de Maintenon could have selected so frivolous a person to confide to her the secrets of her intercourse with the King, when it is known and regretted that she took such immense pains to obliterate every trace of her exalted position as his wife. In an authentic letter to the Duc de Noailles, Madame de Maintenon writes: 'Madame de St. Géran, with whom I had not spoken for years, requested an audience, assuring me that she intended to reform. I spoke to her with great frankness as to her conduct.' Yet, asks M. Geffroy, are there two or three books at the utmost which in the present day abstain from heaping on Madame de Maintenon calumnies invented by La Beaumelle? and has not the time arrived when safe and authentic information should be furnished to the historian of an epoch wittily described as 'plus célébrée que connue'? or an end be put as concerns Madame de Maintenon to vague and uncertain opinions, mostly founded on shameful falsifications of facts, which still command ridiculous credence?

Such an object is of course desirable, but can it be obtained? The only letters that could help the historian are said to be destroyed. All her correspondence with Louvois, with the Duc du Maine, with M. le Ragueois, with Madame de Montespan, with the King, appears to be hopelessly lost, and all that remains bears upon her private relations with her personal friends. Had M. Geffroy attempted a complete biography on the very lines he sets forth, he would have made a valuable present to the world; whereas 'a choice selection of letters, in order that the reader may find presented

‘to him all the aspects of a character more varied than ‘is generally believed,’ only makes the reader wish that more ample materials were before him.

We would gladly also have hailed a less apologetic tone when speaking of the two great events in Madame de Maintenon’s life: her acceptance of the charge of Madame de Montespan’s children on conscientious grounds, and her supplanting that lady in the King’s affections. Though a great character, she was yet a woman; and to our mind one of the chief charms of her letters is that they all betray a little feminine weakness amidst a flood of wisdom.

The blot upon her memory is undoubtedly her presumed fanaticism in the persecution and conversion of the Huguenots. M. Geffroy’s defence of her action appears to us very weak—weaker even than Voltaire’s somewhat satirical exclamation, ‘Why do you tell me that Madame de Maintenon ‘had much to do with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? ‘She had no part in it at all. That is a certain fact. She ‘never dared contradict Louis XIV.’ * For while he insists on her great influence for good upon the King, and shows that imperiousness was not foreign to her character in some of the aspects of it, which he is anxious to present to our eyes, he does not exonerate her otherwise than by casting blame on St. Simon. After she embraced the Catholic religion she undoubtedly professed it with indiscriminating fervour and intolerance. Yet it is curious to remark how much of the austerity of the Huguenot party clung to her throughout life, and perhaps embittered her feelings against her former friends.

Madame de Maintenon’s life is soon told, and no one can describe it more tersely than Ste.-Beuve.

‘She was thrown young and poor into the world, with no gifts but beauty and her title of demoiselle. Exposed in childhood to the persecutions of bigoted people—who found it difficult to convert her—she became later on, as the wife of the libertine Scarron, the object of the attention of very great people, who were altogether unable to seduce her.’ †

The misery of her early life, the severe religious training she received at the hands of her Huguenot aunt, the ridicule she saw herself exposed to, though young and pretty, as the wife of such a buffoon as Scarron, all acted powerfully on her sensitive nature, and created in succession a feeling of gratitude to those who showed her kindness, a desire to

* January 17, 1753.† ‘*Premiers Lundis.*’

return the kindness when she had the power, and, when age and opportunity had disappeared, an anxious wish to leave the world behind her. This feeling existed in the same degree in regard to her spiritual conduct: gratitude to God for coming safely out of her worldly troubles, a wish to make others feel the same gratitude, and, lastly, an overwhelming desire to die in a state of grace and quiet preparation for the world to come. The misery of her early days made her appreciative of kindness received and of the value of kindness bestowed. The use of religion as a consolation in affliction, coupled with the strict Calvinistic notions of respect, propriety, and reverence she imbibed in her early education, led her practical mind to cultivate piety as a necessity of humanity, while her upright nature coloured the necessity with the halo of self-sacrifice in return for never-ending benefits. Her whole life was spent within these lines, and it is interesting to mark them in the letters before us. It is psychologically interesting to note how at every age her powers of observation were keen, just, and direct; how at all times she was scrupulously attentive to 'les convenances;' how after her secret marriage she was able, by a close attention to small details, to hide the equivocal nature of her own position. Her life, as Ste.-Beuve says, 'was one long fight against herself; her prudence was never at fault; her devotion to her husband's will amounted to superstition;' and the fear of displeasing her great benefactor made her reticent where a word from her lips might have saved Racine from disgrace. That word also might have irritated her husband; she could not bring herself to pronounce it. All this does her honour; but if she could be submissive to authority she insisted on submission where she was the one to command. If she was taught to be pious, she would teach others to be the same; if she had to practise economy, she would preach economy. And therein lies a special feature not specially noticed before in her character, that no experience did she ever learn that she did not immediately turn to instructive account.

Granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the celebrated Calvinistic companion of Henry IV., and daughter of Constant d'Aubigné, whose gambling propensities and debauched habits caused him to be disinherited by his father, Françoise d'Aubigné was born in the prison of Niort in 1635. Although baptised a Catholic, she was educated by her Huguenot aunt, the Marquise de la Villette, previously to going out to Martinique; though her letters scarcely ever refer to a

period 'when her mother was so harsh to her that she 'scarcely remembered her kissing her more than twice.' In 1647 she arrived with her widowed mother at La Rochelle, where they remained a few months living on alms; and in so reduced a condition were they that 'Françoise and her 'brother Charles took it in turns to go to the Jesuits' college 'and bring back from it a little meat or a little soup.'*

In 1648 we already have proof of her grateful heart, for having successively passed from the hands of a Catholic aunt, Madame de Neuillant, into those of the nuns of Niort, and thence back to her mother in Paris to the Ursuline convent of St. Jaques, Françoise d'Aubigné appeals to her Huguenot aunt De Villette to have pity on her present condition. 'The memory of the singular favours you were 'pleased to shower on poor little abandoned creatures makes 'me supplicate you to get me away from this place, life in 'it being worse than death.' She was not taken away, but, 'at her request, a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister having been brought together in the parlour of the 'convent to discuss theological questions before her,' she gave her vote to the Catholic priest and became a Catholic.

In 1650 her mother died, and in May, 1652, she married Scarron, who had known her at Martinique, who 'had 'guessed that the little girl with too short a dress, and 'who cried on seeing him, was as clever as she looked;' who, when she became an orphan, had offered to pay the money necessary to place her in a convent, or to marry her, though he was forty and she was only sixteen, and who, notwithstanding his looks, the absurdity of his personal appearance, and the coarseness of his jokes, was a well-known literary personage, and the architect of her great good fortune.

M. Geffroy remarks on the strange circumstance that no authentic documents tell us anything of her life during the years of her marriage, when, however, she must have become known and appreciated, and laid the foundations of those great acquaintances which served her so well thereafter. Indeed, in 1660 she must have been already well known, to be asked to witness the triumphant entry into Paris of Louis XIV. and his queen, Marie Thérèse, from the balcony of the Hôtel d'Aumont, 'in company with the Queen 'Dowager, the Queen of England, Princess Henrietta, Car-

* Père Laguille, 'Archives littéraires de l'Europe,' vol. xii. (1806), p. 363.

'dinal Mazarin.' Her youthful admiration for the King betrays itself in her letter to Madame de Villarceaux: 'The Queen must have gone to bed last night rather satisfied with the husband she has chosen.'

In 1660 she was left poor and a widow. 'M. Scarron has left 10,000 francs worth of property, and 22,000 francs worth of debts. . . . If I go to law I may get four or five thousand francs in all. . . . You will see that I am not destined to be happy, but we devout people call these troubles visitations of the Lord.' She did not intend to be 'unhappy' long, for in December, 1660, she writes that 'Mesdames de Navailles and De Montausier are trying to get a pension for her from the Queen.' Many years later, in 1716, she wrote that 'it was at the request of the Marshal de Villeroy that the pension she got, and which ceased for a few weeks in 1666 on the death of Anne of Austria, was re-established in her favour.' M. Geffroy, commenting on that gratitude which we believe was her special characteristic, sadly remarks: 'This was perhaps the origin of that continued favour enjoyed by the Marshal, and which proved so disastrous to France.'

Of the years between the death of Scarron and the beginning of his widow's friendship with Madame de Montespan we possess scant information. From fragments of conversation held by her with her friends at St. Cyr, all we gather from her own lips is that 'as a child she was what is called good;' that when bigger 'she was loved by her masters and companions at school;' that in the world 'she was sought by everyone—men and women,' and that when youth had gone 'her favour at Court began;' and she attributes all her success to her great love of being honoured and esteemed. When a widow 'she wanted nothing; she was surrounded by agreeable people anxious to be civil to her, but she preferred being as much as possible with Madame de Montchevreuil, as she could be of use to her;' for she remarks 'There is no greater pleasure than to oblige.' In fact, she once said 'To oblige is to merit a good repute,' and 'The love of such good name, though perhaps mixed with pride, and therefore subject to correction, is the supplement of piety in preserving young girls from greater evils.'

The Marquis de Villarceaux and the Marquis de Montchevreuil were relations, and lived in neighbouring country houses. For reasons of a pecuniary character, no doubt, they agreed to live together in one house, and there the

widow Scarron made the acquaintance of Madame de Brinon, afterwards first lady president of St. Cyr. In a letter of September, 1669, published for the first time, and addressed to Madame de Brinon, Françoise Scarron regrets not being able to go to Montchevreuil and console the virtuous old Marquise, 'who knows that acts of faith and of 'resignation to the will of God have greater merit than any 'other,' because 'she does not quite know when she can 'leave Paris.'

She was then living at the Hôtel d'Albret in Paris, where she was much considered by César de Miossens, Maréchal d'Albret, an old friend of Scarron, and by his wife, a lady of a dull and harmless disposition. Madame de Maintenon once said of her 'that it is better to be bored with women 'like her than to rejoice with others.' At this house, however, the Montespanns were wont frequently to visit, and Madame de Montespan remained in favour even after 1668, when she was officially recognised as the King's mistress. In 1669, Madame Scarron became secretly governess to her children by the King, 'because (says Madame de Caylus) 'they were mutually pleased with one another, and each 'found the other as full of *esprit* as herself.'

In confirmation of this, the letter found in the 'State 'Archives' by M. de Geffroy has its value, and it is interesting to note how Madame Scarron's great desire to serve those who had been kind to her or whom she loved was probably the sole motive which led her impulsively to accept a charge which afterwards, as the desire to serve and oblige went on diminishing, created so many scruples of conscience.

At the date of July 19, 1671, she is installed in her new position, and writes from Paris to the Maréchal d'Albret all the news of the Court she can gather; but as 'I spend all 'my days working at tapestry and shut up in my room I 'am badly informed of what is going on.' On September 3 she expresses the opinion that 'were it not for the pleasure 'she had in the friendship of their common acquaintance '(Madame de Montespan) she would give way to impatience, 'as when she is not present she has little to console her.' On September 10 she goes to Versailles with Madame de Vivonne, sister-in-law of Madame de Montespan.

'I found our friend handsomer than ever and in good health. She received me as well as I could wish, and I had the honour of meeting people in her room "qui me firent assez bonne mine." . . . I even had the honour of going out driving in the King's suite, which surprised

the courtiers and myself, for I had not had previous warning, and never expected such a favour.'

These letters only point to her new position without asserting it, but in later years, at St. Cyr, Madame de Maintenon commented on the singular life she was made to lead at this time.

'I had to do the work of upholsterers and workmen and go up ladders, no one being allowed inside the rooms. I did everything myself, the nurses being forbidden to help, lest their milk might suffer. Sometimes I spent the whole night with one of the children if sick in a small house outside Paris, and returned home in the morning by a back door, so as not to be observed. When I had dressed I drove to the Hôtel d'Albret or Richelieu, that my friends should not perceive any difference in my habits, or even suspect I had a secret to keep. I wasted away, but no one could guess the cause of it.'

This statement, which M. Geffroy accepts, is not reconcilable with the letters to Maréchal d'Albret, which, if they do not actually tell, most decidedly hint, the secret she is keeping, and which she knew the Marshal was too much of the courtier not to respect.

In 1672 no royal order had yet appeared legitimising the charge over which the widow Scarron watched so conscientiously. Madame de Coulanges informed Madame de Sévigné that 'aucun mortel, sans exception, n'a commerce avec elle; c'est une chose étonnante que sa vie.' On December 20, 1673, the bastards were recognised by the King, and a few days previously Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter that Madame Scarron had 'a fine country house, near to Vaugirard, with carriage, horses, lackeys; that she was modestly but magnificently dressed; was amiable, handsome, good, and somewhat slovenly; a pleasant talker.'

From this time dates that second period in the development of her character to which we have alluded. Gratitude to her benefactors has alone up to this time been the prime motor of all her actions. Henceforward she is to taste power and to use it for the benefit of those she has learnt to love. She openly appeared at Court as the governess of the King's illegitimate children; but the ample reward she now clearly was entitled to dimmed the purity of her original motive in accepting the charge; and though she received the salary of dependence, her conscience was not at ease. The Abbé Gobelin, a simple, timid, but honest priest, was her spiritual adviser. To him she confided her scruples, while somewhat cleverly saddling him with the responsi-

bility of her own acts. 'You will remember that you desire me to remain at Court, and that I will leave it as soon as you advise it.' To him also she communicates all her troubles at this period of her existence.

'I have an extreme desire to buy an estate, but cannot succeed. . . . Madame de Montespan and the Duchesse de Richelieu are anxious I should marry a disreputable old duke (De Villars), but I have trouble enough in a position which is *envied* by everyone to seek it in one which is the cause of the misfortunes of three-quarters of mankind. But I have not stopped all negotiations, as I wish Madame de Richelieu to see the coldness and indifference of Madame de Montespan to all my most important material advantages. . . . How stupid it is to love with such excess a child which is not mine (the Duc du Maine), of whom I can never dispose, and who will never give me in the future anything but sorrows, which will kill me! Truly, I must be a slave of habit not to change a condition which would set me at rest.'

These complaints are very significant of the struggle Madame Scarron at this time (1674) was mentally carrying on between her desire to convert her precarious fortune into one which might insure her independence for life and that nobility of her nature which could not brook the imperiousness of the haughty Montespan. Prudence was evidently the keynote of her conduct. In August 1674 she writes to the Abbé Gobelin 'that she has had an explanation with Madame de Montespan, that she has roundly accused the favourite of setting the King against her;' that 'she may have spoken too freely, though it is not possible for her to speak otherwise than with sincerity;' and that 'she is determined to leave them at the end of the year,' though 'in the meantime she intends to pray God to guide her in what she had best do towards her salvation.' Then comes a fresh combat between the fear of being selfish and her love for the children of whom she has charge and the duties she considers she owes them. 'I sometimes resolve to leave these children to the care of their mother, but I fear to offend God by such abandonment, and then I double my attention to them, which naturally increases my love for them; so you see my condition is one of trouble.'

A climax seemed to have been reached on September 13, when, writing to her usual confidant, the poor widow Scarron informs him:—

'Madame de Montespan and I have had a very lively explanation this day. I cannot stay in a position which exposes me daily to such adventures. I know I can work for my salvation here, but I could do so better elsewhere. I cannot comprehend that God's will should be that my sufferings must be caused by Madame de Montespan. She is

incapable of friendship, and I cannot do without it; she cannot find me so opposed to her wishes without hating me. She can tell the King what she pleases, and I am on the footing of an eccentric being that must be humoured. I dare not speak to the King, because she would not forgive me; and were I to do so my gratitude to Madame de Montespan does not allow of my speaking against her. Thus there is no end possible to my sufferings.'

At the beginning of October, however, her spirits appear to have revived.

'I am impatient to inform you that the King has given me another hundred thousand francs, and thus I have two hundred thousand at your command. I know not whether you are satisfied, but I am; and I shall require to change very much before I ever ask them for a penny. It is enough for necessity; any more would only gratify avidity, which never has any limits. Still, I have not changed in regard to my desire to leave. I am useless here, both to myself and to others.'

In November she informs the Abbé that she is buying a 'beautiful and noble' property called Maintenon, 'fourteen leagues from Paris, ten from Versailles, and four from Chartres, yielding an annual rental of between ten and eleven thousand francs, the purchase price being 250,000 francs.' In January, 1675, she expresses herself 'much satisfied with' and anxious to be already installed in her new house, it 'being true that the King has given her the name of Maintenon.' In February the hostility between Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon becomes accentuated: 'Terrible things take place here; the King was witness of them yesterday. I cannot bear it long;' but in the following month she was able to write, 'If anyone of good sense and known piety would counsel me to stop where I am, I would do it at any cost; ask God to bless my views;' and in April, before proceeding to Barèges: 'I saw the King yesterday. Fear not, it strikes me that I spoke to him as a Christian and as the true friend of Madame de Montespan.' At Easter, Louis XIV. and his beautiful mistress separated under the pressure of religious influence. Bourdaloue and Bossuet, friends of Madame de Maintenon, had won the day. Madame de Montespan retired to the country, the King went to Flanders; but on that occasion began the long correspondence with Madame de Maintenon which would have been so invaluable to our knowledge of his reign had it been preserved. On his return from Flanders in October the effects of Bourdaloue's preaching had worn off, and the King, who had been adjured not to see his favourite, could not resist the temptation, 'et il en advint Mademoiselle de Blois et M. le Comte

'de Toulouse.' But the two years that followed this reconciliation, if brilliant and happier for the favourite than any since she had become the King's mistress, did not diminish the consideration of the King for Madame de Maintenon. He talked of her openly as 'his first or second friend,' and sent Le Nôtre to 'adjust the beautiful and ugly' grounds of Maintenon. Even Madame de Montespan, seeing the impossibility of turning away the King's liking for Madame de Maintenon, 'sent her each day some present, and sought 'refuge in her house to give birth to Mademoiselle de Blois.'

It is the last flickering light of that vicious passion. Madame de Montespan's influence was gone, but she found refuge with the governess of her children away from that palace of Clagny, upon which her royal lover had lavished his wealth, in order that the mother may come in for some of the sympathy which the King's children must command. At this crisis in the favourite's life, Madame de Maintenon is not forgetful of the past or of her real feelings. She may have disliked a triumphant Montespan, but she is all in all to the Montespan distressed and abandoned.

In May, 1677, Madame de Maintenon writes to her brother:—

'I have still here Madame de Montespan and M. du Maine. As soon as practicable I shall send for Mademoiselle de Tours, and all this goodly company will remain here till we leave next month for Barèges. . . . The King arrives at Versailles on Monday, and we go there next Sunday. Although some people may have fancied they had got rid of us, you who know us will believe that we are not so easily got rid of.'

Nor, indeed, was the voluptuous Louis XIV.'s love of other men's wives so easily extinguished; but all has an end, and the beautiful Duchesse de Fontanges, whom people have accused Madame de Montespan of having assassinated, was the last of the Grand Monarch's recognised mistresses. It may be that the criminal suit against La Voisin, which was quashed by order of Louis XIV., revealed to him the part taken in the death of Madame de Fontanges by Madame de Montespan, and indirectly awakened some remorse at being the author of that death through the jealousy he had aroused. Certain is it that, disgusted with the turn matters had taken, and yet bound by habit to seek in woman that companionship without which he could not live, his thoughts turned more and more to Madame de Maintenon, whose gentleness, caution, and soothing friendship appeared to him at that moment full of indescribable charm. In July,

1680, Madame de Sévigné writes: 'Madame de Coulanges is ever more astonished at the favours shown Madame de Maintenon. No friend shows her so much attention; she lays before his eyes a new and, to him, unknown country—that where friendship and conversation unite without restraint and without chicanery; he is quite charmed.' In September she adds: 'Courtiers now call Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Maintenant; she spends every evening from eight to ten with the King. M. de Chamaran de fetches her and brings her back in the face of the whole Court.' On the other hand, Madame de Maintenon noted exactly the feelings which her rising favour created. In July she writes to her brother: 'Neither speak well nor ill of me, and especially do not get angry; people are furious, and, as you say, they catch at anything to harm me; if they do not succeed, we can laugh at their efforts, and if they do we must bear the result with courage.' At this time she was lady in waiting to the wife of the Dauphin, and had given up the charge of the King's children.

A point of some importance which M. Geffroy has the credit of raising, by the order in which he has placed the correspondence with her family, respecting their change of religion at this period, ought, however, to be more prominently set forth. M. Geffroy seems to think that Madame de Maintenon's zeal for the conversion of her family was due to the fact that, having at last obtained a position of security, she had leisure to think of it and time to bring it about so as to secure their worldly interests as well. That she wished to befriend them is undoubted; but a phrase in her letter to M. de Villette of April 5, 1681, is indicative of the purport of those nightly two hours' conversation with the King, mentioned above by Madame de Sévigné. 'If God preserves the King, there will not be a Huguenot left twenty years hence.' This is unquestionably a quotation from the King's own mouth, and as such is very suggestive that she did not play in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes that inspiring part which many have saddled her with. But that she took it as a warning upon which the King wished her to act, and that his wish became henceforward her will, is only an explanation why she tried at once to convert her family, 'so as to show them the same treatment she had received from her aunt, and thus mark to them the tenderness with which she loved that aunt,' and why eventually she never opposed an edict which her common sense told her was iniquitous. The fact is even more

interesting when it is borne in mind that the twenty years predicted turned out to be five years only; and the earnestness of the King in this matter must have sufficiently impressed her to have recourse, as she did, to measures which in these days would be liable to criminal prosecution. Whatever cause, however, produced it, her zeal in the conversion of the Huguenots was indefatigable. 'I have great pleasure in the conversion of M. de Vaux; Poignette is a good Catholic; M. de Marmande also; M. de Souché abjured two days ago. You can see nobody in the churches but myself leading some Huguenot.'

On July 30, 1683, the Queen died, aged forty-five, attributing to Madame de Maintenon the great change which had come over the King in the last years of her life. One of the most creditable signs of her benign influence was the fact that she had brought about a degree of harmony and good feeling amongst the members of the royal family, and especially between the King and his much-injured wife, which had never existed before. 'Her death,' says Madame de Caylus, 'moved the King rather than afflicted him.' At her death Madame de Maintenon wished to withdraw from Court, whereupon M. de la Rochefoucauld took her by the arm and pushed her into the King's presence, remarking: 'This is not the time to leave the King; he wants you.' In the following week the Court went to Fontainebleau, where, according to Mademoiselle d'Aumale, 'the King gave Madame de Maintenon the Queen's apartments, held his councils in her room, and could not bear her out of his sight.' Madame de Maintenon confirms this in a letter to her brother of August 7. 'The reason you cannot see me is so useful and glorious that you can but rejoice over it.' Towards the end of the month the world began to gossip, and Madame de Maintenon was not above noticing it. 'Go and see Mademoiselle de Scudéry and tell me all the good and bad you hear.' 'There is nothing to answer on the subject of Louis and Françoise; it is nonsense. I wonder, however, why she should not wish it; I should have thought that in this matter the exclusion would have been on the other side.' It may be well to remark that in translating 'sur l'article de Louis et de Françoise' 'on the subject of' we have given M. Geffroy's meaning; but had we ourselves come upon this letter to Madame de Brinon we should have thought that the expression refers to some printed squib of the period, the allusions to Louis XIV. and Françoise de Maintenon being so patent. In September

her spirits rise and fall with the King's health: 'You will judge by my good spirits that the King's health is not bad.' In the same month the King's return to pious ways has converted the Court. 'I think the Queen has asked God for the conversion of the whole Court; that of the King is admirable, and the ladies who seemed furthest from it now never leave the church. Ordinary Sundays are like former Easters.'

It is difficult, on reading this, not to remember La Bruyère's remark: 'C'est une chose délicate à un prince religieux de réformer la Cour et la rendre pieuse.' But it is undoubted that Louis XIV., under the earnest guidance of Madame de Maintenon, who in January, 1684, became his legitimate wife in the presence of Bontemps, the King's first valet, Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, Louvois, and the Marquis de Montchevreuil, set to work with equal earnestness to obtain his end. In Dangeau's memoirs we read that on May 21, 1684, the King that morning at church reprimanded the Marquis de Gesvres on hearing mass in an unbecoming fashion; and on December 21 'the major declared that the King had commanded him to give him the names of all those who talked during mass.' This was carrying conversion to its extreme limit; nor would we notice it except that all this excess of bigoted religion on the part of the King, fanned though its beginnings may have been by the sincere desire of Madame de Maintenon to see him reform those evil ways which had been the scandal of Europe and of France, helps to exonerate her in the only act of her life which to us seems to be tainted with reproach. If to a masterful will, before which all France bowed, bigotry was once added, of what avail could have been any advice tendered against the combination of both, even by one so powerful as Madame de Maintenon? On the whole, therefore, and in the absence of all enlightening correspondence on the subject, we are disposed to believe that on the King's return to a moral life he vowed to repair the past by an act of religious intolerance, upon the wisdom of which he consulted no one till the actual time for bringing it into effect, though to those in whom he took an interest he dropped hints of his determination to extirpate Calvinism once for all from his realm.

M. Geffroy gives a few letters from Madame de Maintenon to her brother, from which we cull the following passages as showing the great change in her condition:

'Do not let my present state poison the joy of your own, since it is

a personal adventure which, as you justly remark, cannot be communicated. . . . I cannot have you made a Marshal even if I wished it, and could I do it I would not, as I am incapable of asking anything unreasonable of him to whom I owe all, and whom I have not allowed to do for myself anything which I felt was above me. You may suffer from these sentiments, but no doubt had I not also the honourable feelings which dictate them I should not be where I am.'

The foundation of St. Cyr, which is the great work of her life, was begun in the very first year of her marriage—indeed it was her wedding^{*} present. The remembrance of all she had suffered in her early years had made her some years previously enter into the great advantages of an institution for the education of the poorer daughters of the nobility, and with the assistance of many charitable ladies she had founded the religious establishment at Rueil. The increasing demands for admission caused the King, at the instance of Madame de Maintenon, to give her the residence of Noisy, a dependence of Versailles, when the number of inmates was raised to a hundred, the only condition being that the applicants should be 'demoiselles'—ladies, that is to say, of noble birth. Madame de Brinon was the superioress and the Abbé Gobelin the chaplain. Madame de Maintenon visited this convent almost daily, and reported to the King everything respecting it that could interest him. He ended by being personally interested in its success, and, having taken the institution by surprise, he was so pleased with his visit and with the good it did to so many families that had become impoverished in his service, that he conceived at once the notion of raising the house to much greater proportions by fixing the number of admissions at two hundred and fifty, and St. Cyr, near Versailles, was chosen as a site. Mansard was the architect. The building was commenced on May 1, 1685, and finished in July, 1686, having cost 1,400,000 francs of the time, a sum equal to 56,000*l*. Madame de Montespan's château of Clagny had altogether cost nearly 120,000*l*.

We shall not follow Madame de Maintenon's letters at this stage in her career, the first in the spiritual line which we have pointed out, as the constant repetition of good advice, religious caution, governess's instruction, and salutary corrections rather inclines us to Ste.-Beuve's opinion, that 'elle *'devint ennuyeuse par dévotion,'* though in one of her letters she pleads guilty to the necessity, and still more lest we should ever exclaim with Madame du Deffand: '*Que vous me faites haïr tant de vertus!*' But it is impossible to

refuse our admiration of her style and of some of her charmingly expressed sentiments.

'I have a tender and weak heart for all I love, and what goes on therein is difficult to understand. Sometimes I offer a sacrifice of the King's life. I want to get accustomed to his loss, and I protest to God that I would bear such loss with patience. Then I find (if one may use the term) that I want to appeal to God's honour, and be rewarded by the King's preservation. . . . I am no greater lady than I was in the "rue des Tournelles" when you told me the truth so well, and if the favour I enjoy places the world at my feet, it cannot produce that effect on him who has charge of my conscience. . . . One of the misfortunes of our century is that all wish to rise above their station; you may say that it becomes me little to say this, but God knows if I ever wished to rise above mine.'

Next to sentiments of this kind are delightfully womanlike reprimands to those beneath her in station.

'You believe yourself to be important, and yet the day after my death neither the King nor anyone else will look at you. . . . It is only the good fortune of your aunt which has been instrumental in raising that of your father and your own. You would like to raise yourself even above me! Be humble.'

Yet there is nothing contradictory in her numerous writings. What she has seen in life she has noted. What she has noted she has essentially made her own to use and practise when occasion arose, and it may safely be said that Madame de Maintenon, if not exactly the architect of her own fortune, was so skilful a builder of the edifice that the crowning of it by a master hand was but a natural result under a king in whose reign great things found great interpreters.

Nor do we feel disposed to follow Madame de Maintenon in her quarrels with the Quietists, the Jansenists, the Molinists, or the Jesuits. She sided with the King in whatever views he took; but though she disliked Madame Guyon and her theories about self-abandonment and pure love, she liked Fénelon, whom she was instrumental in raising to the See of Cambrai. 'The King reproaches me greatly for allowing him to make Fénelon an archbishop.' She felt the reproach keenly, and never again placed herself in the position of receiving any.

Her consciousness of power never militated against her innate humility, and she detested nothing so much as to be made a great deal of. Writing to the Archbishop of Paris on July 28, 1698, she says:—

'I am much displeased with the manner of your reception of me yesterday, and I will confidentially inform you that the fuss which

people make about me everywhere has contributed to my retirement from the world. I should have liked to make an exception in your respect, as it seems to me very advisable that I should both appear to be and actually be well with you. But depend upon it, unless you can treat me without ceremony you will never see me outside my own home. On what grounds do you justify so much ceremony, such as receiving me on the hall landing, and accompanying me with all your clergy to my carriage? Are you a follower of favour, or do you think me blinded by it, and likely to be offended if you were to receive me like any other ordinary person?'

Elsewhere she writes: 'I grant that God has given me the 'grace of being wholly insensible to all the honours with 'which I am surrounded, and of deriving from them only 'feelings of constraint and subjection.' Yet at this time Louis XIV. was showing her more favour than ever; for at a famous review and sham fight at Compiègne got up in her honour, Madame de Maintenon, according to St. Simon, was in a sedan chair, the King standing by her side, and every moment leaning towards her to explain the several movements of the troops, while in a half-circle around the chair were the great people of the Court and all the royal princesses. Her efforts to inspire her surrounding with true devotion gave her much trouble. 'Religion is little known 'at Court: no one minds the practices it enjoins, but they 'reject its spirit. The King would not miss a single station 'of the cross or a single rule of abstinence, but he will not 'understand that one should humble oneself and adopt a true 'spirit of penance.' She might have added a true spirit of forgiveness, for it was an essential trait in her own character.

'It seems to me that very little virtue is necessary to have no resentment. A short time ago a poor woman came to me in tears, when I was surrounded by ladies of the Court, and asking me to have justice done to her. "What is it," I asked? "People have insulted me, "and I ask reparation." "Insults! why, my good woman, that is "what we live on here," I replied.'

In a letter to the Abbess of Fontevrault, sister of Madame de Montespan, she asks in April, 1701, for news of her former protectress: 'She is ever present in my thoughts, 'and I wish her all that I wish for myself.' 'Madame,' the Princess Palatine, was her sworn enemy, and according to St. Simon, Madame de Maintenon returned the compliment; yet at the very time that St. Simon places his most striking anecdote concerning the outbreak of hostility between the two ladies, a letter of Madame de Maintenon to the Duchess de Ventadour expresses her great concern at the death of

Madame's father confessor, and an earnest prayer that she may find one who will suit her in every respect. She adds: 'I beg of you not to allow Madame to be disturbed in mind as to the manner in which she received me. The greatest act of kindness she can show me is absolute freedom, and I should consider myself on a friendly footing with her, if she would sometimes send me away, or not talk to me.'

She was, however, conscious of all the annoyance caused to her by the jealousy, the envy, and the ill-feeling which her high favours and exalted position excited in those who surrounded her, and from this time forward all her letters breathe that satiety which bred an irresistible desire to devote the remainder of her life to the cause of God and of education in that establishment of St. Cyr which she acknowledges she loves 'avec une véritable passion.' In 1698 she already writes to the Archbishop of Paris 'that she is little mistress of her time, taken up as it is by people of higher rank with whom she spends it in trifling. It is a veritable martyrdom to which only God can have exposed me, for to produce it it was necessary to know my inmost heart.' In 1701 the feeling becomes more accentuated. Writing to her nephew, Count d'Ayen, she exclaims, 'Que de dégoûts se trouvent en tout!' In 1702 she remarks to her friend Madame de Glapion 'that we cannot find resources in ourselves, however clever we may be, and can only be happy and contented in the love of God.' Again she says to the same:—

'Could I but show you the emptiness of the lives of those who live in high positions! Do you not perceive that I am dying of melancholy, in a station so fortunate one can scarcely conceive a higher? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted the sweets of pleasure; I have been loved everywhere; at a more advanced age I have spent years in the society of clever people; I have reached honours, and I can assure you that all these states have left behind them but frightful emptiness, anxiety, and fatigue, and a longing to know something else. Why? Because nothing satisfies, and rest can only come when we have given ourselves to God. Then only can we feel that there is nothing more to seek, and that we have reached the only good thing which earth can give us.'

In 1703 the Archbishop of Paris, her great friend and ally, was accused of leaning towards Jansenism. He had refused to condemn the 'Réflexions morales sur l'Evangile' of le Père Quesnel, which ten years later, together with the whole Jansenistic school of doctrine, was condemned at Rome by the famous Bull Unigenitus. Madame de Maintenon

tried all she could to warn him, to change his views so as 'to see the King once more in his hands;' but she finally sacrificed him, though she suffered terribly in the loss of a friend for whom she had so tender a regard. 'Our saintly cardinal, who might have been my consolation, has become a source of grief to me.' 'The bishops are destined to be my death. You know how much M. de Cambrai has made me suffer.' Voltaire was right. She knew no other will than that of her imperious husband and sovereign; but all these submissions, all these self-sacrifices, all these losses of what she held dearest, powerfully affected her. Her increasing age besides, while it lessened her power of resistance to the blows of disappointment, only served to augment an ardent longing for rest and peace in the practice of devout piety. 'All my life my health has been poor, and my constitution delicate: age and sorrows do not strengthen it.'

To Madame de Beaulieu she writes:—

'How happy you are to have left the world! It promises happiness and never gives it. The King of England with the Duchess of Burgundy and their suites were playing all kinds of games in my room yesterday. Our King and the Queen of England looked on. All was dancing, laughter, and merriment; yet almost all were keeping down their own feelings—a dagger at their hearts.'

In September, 1704, she writes to the Marquise de Dangeau: 'My heart is so sad, what with the state of affairs and the loss of friends, that I am always in tears.'

To the Queen of Spain she writes in October, 1704: 'It is true, Madam, that I mix myself up in nothing whatsoever, and that I have no power; but it is also true that I take a lively interest in all, and that I ardently desire your happiness, your consolidation on the Spanish throne, and your good name as sovereign.' This assurance appears to us a true definition of her position. Her influence may have been, and indeed was, prejudicially exercised in the promotion of individual interests, such as Chamillart, Voisin, Pontchartrain, and Villeroy; but her opinions were seldom adopted, and hence we cannot admit that to her advice the troubles of the end of the reign of Louis XIV. are mainly attributable, though it has been so stated over and over again by successive historians. She strictly acted the part of a loving wife, for whom the King had the greatest esteem and consideration. She told Madame de Glapion that often when the King returned from the chase he came to her room, and re-

quested the door to be locked and no one admitted. Then she would have to soothe his grief, his temper, his fancies.

' Sometimes he sheds tears, which he cannot control. Presently a minister comes bringing bad news. If my presence is required, I am called; if not, I retire in some corner and pray. Sometimes I hear that all is going wrong; then my heart beats, and I cannot sleep at nights. . . . But God wills it so, as compensation for all the worldly benefits that He has showered upon me.'

To Madame de Fontaines she writes, 1705: ' There is ' much to suffer while we are on this earth; but do not ' despair, God will not always be angry, and I trust will console you.'

At last the husband to whom for thirty-two years she had been an exemplary wife, a silent slave, and the most devoted and intelligent companion, fell ill of a serious illness, and the dawn of rest she had so long sighed for, away from the grandeurs of a Court she could not endure, began to rise. In August, 1715, the King sickened. His wife had a room prepared next to his apartment and nursed him for several nights, sometimes for fourteen hours at a stretch; and after the tenderest farewell, and being informed that ' her presence was no longer necessary,' she retired to St. Cyr. The King rallied, and asked for her, but she had left, and her seeming impatience to leave the King has been made the subject of reproach. M. Geffroy points out that the reproach is unmerited.

The King fell ill on August 15. On the 26th she was on her knees by his bedside while his wounds were being dressed, and Louis XIV. begged of her himself ' to leave him ' and not to return, as her presence affected him too much.' She came back, however, when the King told her that he wished to be left alone and to die in peace. According to Dangeau, she spent almost all the day of the 27th by the King's bedside. On the 28th, in the evening, she went to St. Cyr so as to attend her devotions early on the morning of the 29th. On the 29th she again spent most of the day with the King. On the 30th, however, the King became worse, and having called together all the princesses and Madame de Maintenon to bid him farewell, he ' ordered the latter to ' repair at once to St. Cyr;' and, faithful to that will to the last, she did as she was ordered, and left Versailles for ever.

On September 1 Louis XIV. died, and four years later Madame de Maintenon followed him to the grave at the age of eighty-four years. The last years of her life brought her that religious peace she had sighed for, and the opportunity

which she desired to prepare seriously for a future life. Throughout her existence a unity of purpose is singularly evinced. Worldly care until her worldly position is assured : spiritual care until her salvation by means of religion in a cloister is obtained. Gratitude to man who promoted her worldly interests : gratitude to God when man is no longer a necessity to her. Hope in divine mercy while troubles poured upon her : confidence in that mercy to the last. She never preached a doctrine she did not strive to practise, and we may safely assert that a careful study of her correspondence cannot but lead one to the conclusion that on Grimm's estimate of greatness, quoted at the outset of these pages, Madame de Maintenon's great virtue entitles her not only to be 'remembered by men,' but to be honoured by all who can appreciate how difficult it was in the days in which she lived to spend a virtuous existence in a Court where folly and vice had previously to her advent reigned supreme.

The Regent Orleans paid her a just tribute when, hearing some courtiers speak against her, he rebuked them, declaring that 'she never did harm to a soul, and she always 'tried to keep peace and harmony among all.'

ART. IV.—1. *Directory of Girls' Societies, Clubs, and Unions.*

By S. A. CAULFEILD. London: 1886.

2. *Sex in Mind and Education.* By H. MAUDSLEY, M.D. 1874.

3. *Sex in Education (A Reply).* By ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D. 1874.

4. *Girton College Report, 1886.* 1886.

5. *An Account of the North London Collegiate School for Girls.* By SOPHIE BRYANT, D.Sc. 1886.

SEVENTY years ago, in the pages of this Review, Sydney Smith glanced with his usual good sense and sunshine of style at the controversy then opening between the friends and foes of the higher education of women. From that day to this the battle has waxed fiercer and more fierce. Campaign after campaign has been fought out. Famous leaders have won victories, and anon suffered defeat. Whole armies have seemed to be annihilated, but fresh battalions have taken their place, and the cry on either side has been 'No surrender.' But, on the whole, victory has beyond all doubt been on the side of the friends of progress. Things

which, in the days of Hannah More, were solemnly affirmed to be unwomanly, indelicate, unseemly, and ruinous to the best interests of the fair sex, have been triumphantly achieved, without injury, it is said, to man, woman, or child. The gates of knowledge have been flung open wide, and the fair ideal of Tennyson's 'Princess'—

‘ Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dqwagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as emperor moths’—

has been more than realised. Young and fair maidens have not only donned academic cap and gown, but achieved fame as poets, painters, and physicians, and shone in the list of wranglers, scientists, and logicians. Oh! how I wish, says Lilia,

‘ That I were some great princess, I would build,
Far off from men, a college like a man’s;
And I would teach them all that men are taught.
We are twice as quick.’

The thing has now been done. The college has been built. The ‘sweet girl-graduates’ have stormed the very citadels of learning along the banks of Isis and of Cam, sacred hitherto to the male biped. They may be met with sauntering down ‘The High,’ or taking a constitutional on the Trumpington Road, elate, unabashed, and as graciously fair and womanly as ever.*

The wise and witty canon, were he now to ‘revisit the ‘glimpses of the moon,’ would be lost in amazement at the mighty change which has been effected in the course of a single half-century. ‘Much has been said,’ he remarked, ‘of the original difference between men and women, as if ‘women were simply more quick, and men more judicious; ‘women more remarkable for delicacy of association, men ‘for stronger powers of intellect. Whereas, there is no ‘difference between them but that which arises from dif-

* One only of the great universities, as yet, has fully opened its degrees to women, though signs are not wanting to show that ere long it will be so at both. ‘Two women, the other day,’ says Mrs. Fawcett, ‘were a first class by themselves, in the modern language tripos, no men sharing the honour with them; but while second and third-class men were admitted to the honour of a degree, the women of the first class were excluded.’

'ference of circumstances.' For making this bold, and in those days unheard-of, assertion, he was at once fiercely assailed by many opponents of either sex. 'Jacobin' and 'Revolutionist' were, as he tells us with unrivalled good temper, among the mildest epithets bestowed on him for his wild audacity in fighting what then seemed a hopeless battle; and it is now amusing enough to note how many of the hottest points of controversy have in our day been utterly swept from the field. Women, he went on to say, are excluded from the pursuit of all serious business; it is men, and men only, who are lawyers, physicians, clerks—reverend or lay—or apothecaries; 'all these offices being 'sources of exertion which demand far more time than the 'production and suckling of children.'

But what a change has since befallen us! In this year of grace, 1887, thousands of young women, educated, and of keen ability and business-like habits, are actually employed as Post-Office and Savings-Bank clerks, with profit to themselves and credit to the State.* Lady physicians, skilful and fully equipped with credentials, are within hail of all who need them. Doctors of philosophy and logic; bachelors of arts, science, music, and of law, if rarer, are still to be found in goodly numbers; while ere long there may be, in the new world, if not in the old, some fair dame who can claim the title of special pleader, or the yet higher dignity of Q.C. In America the progress is even more rapid and decided than in Europe.

'Women jurors in Washington territory are counted as more intelligent, clear-headed, and reliable than men. Forty-eight women are now practising in the United States as solicitors; four are now practising in New York as public notaries; three others—Drs. Susan Stackhouse, Clara Marshall, and Mary Willets—are members of the Clinical Board at Philadelphia, where also eight women, as physicians, are making yearly incomes of 20,000 dollars each; twelve of 10,000 dollars; and twenty-two of 5,000 dollars. In Holland, a large number of women are acting as pharmaceutical chemists. 'Nor is this all. Mrs. Frank Leslie, the only woman editor and manager of a publishing house, is called in America the "Mother of the Illustrated Press."

* 'They make excellent Civil servants,' says Mr. Fawcett, 'and their salaries are only about one-third of what is paid to men for similar work. On a recent occasion, when 145 additional women were needed, there were 2,500 candidates for the vacant posts.' About 700 women are employed as clerks at the General Post Office; about 1,000 in the telegraph service, and several thousands in the various telephone offices; and 300 in Industrial Assurance offices.

She has many women contributors, whose work, she says, is as good as that of men, but who are not to be depended on for punctuality and regularity.'

For Sydney Smith, in the dark days of 1810, it was allowable to exclaim, 'Why should a woman of forty be more ignorant than a boy of twelve?' No such query would now be tolerated for a single moment. In the upper and middle classes, of which he wrote, there are no such women now, while his further queries, 'Does a mother's care depend 'on her ignorance of mathematics? Has ignorance been 'the civiliser of the world?' have long ago been virtually and practically answered with an indignant and triumphant negative. No longer would it be allowed him to remark, *en passant*, 'Women have not their livelihood to gain by knowledge;' for thousands of educated Englishwomen are at this present time earning their living by virtue of much and varied knowledge, gathered in the same channels, and by the same means, as men adopt. They have plucked of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and found it to be their only chance of success if they would win their way in life independent of male support. His prophecy that 'when learning ceases to be un-'common, learned women will cease to be affected,' has been amply fulfilled. A well-read educated woman is no longer regarded as a monstrosity; and with the death of the one anomaly the other has perished. But no longer can it be said, as he then asserted with considerable exaggeration, 'So completely has woman been crushed that scarcely a 'single work of reason or imagination written by a woman 'is in general circulation;' far less 'that scarcely one has 'crept into the rank of minor poets.' What would he now say to the works of George Eliot, Mrs. Barrett Browning, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, and a host of other women of genius, who are not only popular, but worthy of their fame. Mr. Smith appears indeed to have forgotten his own contemporaries Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Madame de Staël.

But now, leaving the days of 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' and the argument as to woman's aim and work in life, as it then stood, we come to its second stage, when two doughty champions entered the lists, one being Mr. H. Maudsley, M.D., the author of 'Sex in Mind and Education;' the other, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., herself a brilliant example of the new school of medicine, who writes 'A Reply' to the fiery onslaught of the well-known and skilful specialist. Both are accomplished and able scholars, both speak after

long experience, and both as if absolutely convinced of the truth of their own special views. Their line of argument, fairly and briefly condensed, runs thus:—

Dr. Maudsley dashes into the conflict by charging his opponents, in their excessive zeal for the higher education of women, with becoming not merely enthusiasts, but fanatics, and positively ignoring the fact that there are physical differences in the organisation of the two sexes. It is all very well, he says, to treat this difference as a mere affair of clothes; but the male organisation is one thing, and the female another. There are, too, special and peculiar demands on the strength of woman to which man is not liable, and which at times try her utmost resources. She is not *then* capable of further endurance without danger of utter exhaustion; and, if the mental training of men be planted on women, it cannot be done without positive injury to their general health and strength. Against this no special exceptions are a valid proof.

Having laid down these premises, he widens the field of contention by boldly asking, ‘Is it well for women to contend ‘on equal terms with men for the goal of man’s ambition?’ a question which, as our readers see, lies at the root of the whole matter. In reply to it, the friends of progress say, ‘Not only is it well, but supereminently good and necessary;’ whereas the learned doctor contends that, so far from being well, it is fatally evil. In support of this view, as we are free to admit, he makes many ingenious and sensible remarks, based on his own medical experience. He argues that the vital energies of women are at certain times so heavily taxed as to be incapable of further strain. Women, he says, are marked out by Nature for different offices and work in life from men; their success is improbable, if they venture on the same course and at the same pace with masculine rivals; there being sex in mind as distinctly as sex in body. His generalities are true enough, and patent. Most people, e.g., know that the brain is the highest organ of the body, and yet is affected by the ill condition of any other organ. Everybody, male or female, knows what it is to have a liver out of order, to grow gloomy, to indulge in savage tempers, thoughts of suicide, and despair. If the heart be out of order, idle fears and groundless apprehensions spring up and haunt one as a cloud, night and day, with—says Dr. Maudsley—a morbid condition of certain special organs, to which women are more liable than men. Hence arises the necessity of recognising sex in education. ‘If this necessity

'be defied, the price of female intellectual work will be the 'peril of giving birth to a race of puny and enfeebled 'children.' And in support of this opinion he quotes the *dicta* of some Transatlantic medical men who say that the race of American women is gradually deteriorating and becoming incapacitated for their natural functions; 'and that 'if this deterioration goes on for fifty years, wives who are 'to be mothers in the Great Republic must be drawn from 'homes across the sea.'

A girl of fifteen, we are told,* sets to work; by degrees goes through her school and college course, is ambitious, diligent, and eager, heedless of a strain on her strength 'that would make the stroke oar of the university boat 'falter;' triumphs over many competitors, male and female, is crowned, and all seems well. But sooner or later the penalty is demanded: health slowly fails; Nature cannot be defied; she grows full of aches and pains, and leaves college at last a good scholar, but an ailing woman, having never reached the ideal of perfect womanhood. Sex lies deeper than culture. You may hide Nature, but she is not to be extinguished.

Such is the stern indictment to which Mrs. Anderson has to reply; and she does so—with readiness, skill, and logical force. Both as regards girls and women, she says, it is the assimilation of their education and the equality of their aim with those of boys and men which Dr. Maudsley specially condemns. But surely the question depends on the nature of the course and the quickness of the pace, and the fitness of both for women, and not at all on the likeness or unlikeness existing between men and women. So far as education is concerned, it is unquestionable that, were men and women ten times more unlike than they are, many things would be—nay, must be—equally good for both. If girls were less like boys than the anthropomorphic apes, 'nothing but experience and the fruits of experience can prove that they 'do not benefit by having the best methods and the best 'tests applied for their mental training.'

But where are there now any such fruits of experience? Where are the hapless, broken-down women of whom Dr. Maudsley speaks? There is no trace of them at Girton or Newnham among students or professors, graduates or undergraduates. None in the honour list of the London University, or in the Oxford or Cambridge examination lists, though thousands of candidates have gone up from collegiate schools and have come away unbroken in health

and spirit. Of these thousands, a large number are now actually at work in the world, waging the battle of life as bravely as if they had never touched an examination paper. As far, therefore, as facts go, the indictment simply fails for want of evidence. It is true that literary and scientific culture are but two elements in education, and by no means the two most necessary; but if a given course of study be as likely to strengthen the mind as good food is to strengthen the body, while tending to develope habits valuable alike to both sexes, and if the pace be moderate, 'what good reason is there why the "physiological function" of women should unfit them to run it," any more than it prevents them from eating bread and beef with as much benefit as men?'

The question is scarcely settled by the physiological considerations on which Dr. Maudsley rests his argument. He has not even attempted to show how the adoption of a common standard of examination for boys and girls—with a fair range of choice of subjects—is more likely to interfere with a girl's health than an inferior examination for girls only. Either plan would hurt her, if unduly pressed; neither would be injurious if duly managed. As to the special point of physiological functions, Mrs. Anderson argues still more boldly, thus: While people, she says, are well, their bodily functions go on more smoothly without attention than with it. Are women an exception to this rule? Let facts, again, speak for themselves. Healthy girls and women as a rule disregard these functions completely; and among those of a lower class, where all available strength is needed for daily toil, the process goes on without interruption and without ill effects, as every domestic servant well knows. The cases in which it interferes with active work of mind or body are absolutely too rare to require notice. During early womanhood, no doubt, care is demanded, and in the best of English public schools due care is as freely given as in private schools and homes. Teachers need this warning far less than parents.

Were matters any better under the 'old' system? Surely not, she urges; and the 'new' has brought about countless improvements. The period devoted to education is prolonged, and at the critical age less pressure is applied. Girls are no longer kept standing for hours at a time, or sitting without support for their backs; school hours and terms are shortened; and, above all, physical exercise is no longer limited to the daily, monotonous, humdrum walk. Instead of it girls *now* have active games, gymnastics, and a daily

bath. 'No good results,' says the London Association of Schoolmistresses, 'can be obtained by sacrificing one part of our nature to another. If study leaves no time for play, there must be too much study going on. The lessons must be too many or too long, and ought to be at once curtailed.' What more, says Mrs. Anderson, does Dr. Maudsley want?

As to the query, 'Is it well for women to contend on equal terms with men for the goal of man's ambition?' They have never had the chance, it may be replied, of contending on equal terms, but are heavily handicapped all through the course. In addition to their assumed physical and mental inferiority, they have had to start without any such previous training as their rivals have enjoyed; and even the little allowed to them has been in an atmosphere of prejudice and hostility, which taxed both strength and endurance beyond any amount of mental work. Besides, university work does *not* come on at the age condemned by Dr. Maudsley; for no one proposes that girls of seventeen or eighteen should try for a place in the Cambridge honour list; 'but that, after plenty of healthful work and healthful play, when her development is complete, and her constitution is settled, a girl should at nineteen begin her college course, and end it at two or three and twenty; a totally different plan from that pursued in America.'

As to Dr. Clarke's strong words 'against the peril of continuous mental work,' a far larger number of young women break down in nervous and physical health from mere want of adequate mental interest and occupation in the years immediately succeeding school life; sinking slowly into a dull, apathetic existence—morbid, hysterical, and self-absorbed. And even supposing that American girls and women do break down in the ways he describes, 'the real question is, what causes this condition of things?' If the abundant testimony of independent witnesses is to be trusted, the evils complained of are, in by far the larger majority of cases, to be found among the idle women of fashion—guiltless of ever having passed a single examination—rather than those who have gone through a course of hard work. Nor is it less notorious that the American type in both sexes is a highly nervous type; and, if Dr. Clarke's explanation of its existence among American women be correct, what is his explanation of it in the case of men?

Be that, however, as it may, it is hardly fair to apply, as Dr. Maudsley does, what was written against one plan of education to another plan unlike it in almost every

important particular. In many vital points the English system is just that which American doctors insist on as absolutely necessary. The great strain of educational effort in America comes on *before* a girl is eighteen. At Girton, girls under eighteen years are not admitted, and the final examinations are three or four years later. The public recitations, the long hours of standing they involve—so condemned by Dr. Clarke—are unknown in England, except in the worst old-fashioned schools. American schools demand eight or ten hours' study *per diem*, leaving no time for physical exercise; while in England we ask but for six, including music and needlework. Under any system there must be some failures, physiological and moral, but neither confined to one sex.

The controversy had reached this point when an article appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century' for last May, by Mr. Romanes, on the mental differences between men and women, which appears to us to state with great fairness and ability what may be termed the just medium between the parties. This writer dismisses at once the absurd theory that the mental faculties of the two sexes are identical, though he by no means denies that they may be equal, each having their own peculiar and distinctive qualities. Starting from the fact that the average brain-weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men, he observes that on merely anatomical grounds we should expect a marked inferiority of intellectual power in the former, and this displays itself most conspicuously in a comparative absence of originality. The female intellect is essentially receptive—prompt and subtle to take in all outward impressions—but it is a matter of ordinary comment that in no one department of creative thought can women be said to have approached men, save in fiction. That is the verdict of Mr. Romanes, with which we agree; and he supports it by some judicious arguments, in no way adverse to the laudable efforts now made to improve the education of women as much as possible.

Thus, then, taken generally, stands the argument between the friends and foes of progress, of which our readers will be better able to judge when we have laid before them the more immediate object of the present article. That object is to show, as far as can be ascertained, the real *status* of things as regards a girl's work and life: the curriculum of study through which she passes, her amusements, the literature

provided for her leisure hours—in a word, her general training for the battle of life.

Time was when such words as ‘the life and work of a girl’ would have suggested to most readers a topic of second-rate importance, and, on the whole, a dry and matter-of-fact affair, stereotyped into one narrow and ungenial mould. She was at school until seventeen or eighteen, superficially instructed, after one certain prescribed form, in a fixed course of subjects; to which—if the child of rich parents, and able to pay for extras—she might add a smattering of such accomplishments as ‘Poonah-painting,’ prim dialogues in ‘Parisian French,’ ‘calisthenics,’ ‘conchology,’ and the ‘use of the globes.’ And this without regard to any special tastes, inclination, aptitude, or ability. Nobody *then* ever dreamed of her being educated in the same sense as her brother at Harrow or Westminster, the county grammar-school or even at Dr. Swishtail’s academy. Her business was not to cultivate her intellect, but to acquire a ladylike appearance, manner, and tone; to write and spell correctly; execute the ‘Battle of Prague’ on the piano; and to behave at all times with propriety. Her mission was to make an eligible marriage,* if possible a rich one, and to subside for the rest of her life into a state of thankful inferiority to that member of the nobler sex who became her husband, and required her services as a wife, a mother to his children, and, if need be, a nurse to himself.

‘Man must be pleased; but him to please
Is woman’s pleasure: down the gulf
Of his condoled necessities
She casts her best, she flings herself.’

Her highest ambition must be to look to his comfort, the punctuality of the dinner-bell, the succulence of the roast mutton, and the good order of the household, the cares and anxieties of which are her special concern. Beyond this, she was taught to think, and trained to believe, that her duty did not extend; and it was dangerous to attempt to stray. If the scheme matrimonial was a failure, or came to grief, after careful and unwearied effort, and much patience, as in many

* A glance at the ‘Census Paper’ will show beyond doubt that a very large number of women in England *must of necessity remain spinsters*, the fact being that, *after twenty years of age*, for every 100 men there are at least 106 women, making the total redundancy of unmarried women in the whole population at least one million and a quarter,

cases was inevitable, she must be content to wither quietly into an old maid; cultivate *potichomanie*, knitting, and tatting; the gossip of tea-parties; the joys of embroidery and botany, or the art of drying seaweeds.

All this, however, belongs to the days of long ago, when George III. was king, rather than to the present time, when, with totally different aims, hopes, and ambitions, there are scattered widely through England some fifty or sixty collegiate, or so-called 'high' schools,* where girls of the middle and next upper class are being educated, and of which we now propose to give some account. In these schools are to be found, in round numbers, from twenty to twenty-five thousand girls, between the ages of twelve and seventeen or eighteen years, the majority of whom are there for the express purpose of being trained and fitted not simply for home duties, but to win and to keep a place in the great battle of life in the world; and, if not to become independent of parents and guardians, at least to avoid being a burden to them. It is evident, at a glance, that any such body of educated women as these must become a mighty factor in the future strength and well-being of the country at large. Its existence must more or less affect for good the class immediately above it in rank and position, and help to raise that below it; all being alike parts of the same great body.

A glance at the general curriculum of one of the chief of these schools † will suffice to show the character and aim of the work done there, and serve as a type of what is, or will probably be, done by the others. It contains, in round numbers, about 1,000 pupils, a very large proportion of whom are day scholars. School work begins at 9 A.M., opening with prayers in the great hall, and ending at 1.30, with an interval of half an hour for drill, and lunch at 11.15. Music and drawing are relegated to the afternoon for all who learn them, after dinner or a meat lunch, which is indispensable. One whole holiday is given per week, with ample vacations at midsummer and Christmas. 'Object lessons' are given in science, natural history, and botany for younger children, and of a higher grade to senior classes. Lectures on heat, electricity, hydrostatics, mechanics, astronomy, practical chemistry to the sixth form, arithmetic, geometry,

* Of this number about forty belong to the Girls' Public Day School Company (Limited), with a capital of 100,000*l*.

† The North London Collegiate School, Camden Town.

and algebra, according to special needs and abilities. The English language is studied analytically, lectures being given by special teachers, and weekly written papers being required on given subjects; or from Shakespeare's plays, or translations. French is taught in all the classes, and German in all above the first; Latin is made a careful study by the fifth and sixth forms; and Greek by a few special students. Elementary physiology, as far as it relates to health; domestic economy, cookery, history, and geography, each and all hold their due place at special times; while throughout the whole year courses of lessons are given on the Old and New Testaments, besides a weekly religious address by a clergyman. In the upper forms the Church Liturgy is studied, or the substitute allowed by the Cambridge local examiners, with a conscience clause for those wishing to be exempt. Three terms divide the year, the fees for each term averaging 5*l.* 17*s.* The staff of teachers are chiefly ladies, of whom nine are graduates. The lectures vary in length from forty to sixty minutes. Both lower and upper schools are examined annually by University men, as for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations.

Rewards and punishments are employed as auxiliary motives; there being a registry of marks for every portion of school and home work; annual prizes (of books) for conduct and general progress; a few competitive prizes for the highest place in the class; exhibitions and scholarships; all in view of the Cambridge Local Examinations, the College of Preceptors, or the Matriculation Examination of the London University. Discipline, order, punctuality, accuracy, neatness, are based on a sense of personal responsibility. Moral influence enforces the laws, and every girl is trained to conquer self. This is the atmosphere of the whole school, which she must breathe under the guidance of sixth-form prefects and monitors.

Thus has a great school of a thousand scholars grown slowly up into what it now is, but yet, we are specially told, is still open to ripe change of practice, and to developement of principle. It works on in hope. The whole of the extensive building—containing, besides the great hall, libraries, music-rooms, laboratories, and fourteen class-rooms, each fitted for thirty-two students, with separate desks and chairs—has a bright, cheery, and inviting appearance. The Kyrle Society has been busy in every nook and corner; pictures and window gardens deck every room, and the whole aspect of things is such as becomes the abode of 'sweetness and light.'

Much the same may be said, in commendation, as to the general routine of work, structure of building, and management at the Mary Datchelor and other prosperous high schools.* There is a healthy and happy tone of vigour and brightness on the faces of thousands of the young disciples, the best and most direct answer to the grave charge—more than once made—of over-pressure and over-work. Against the management of such schools no more fatally perilous charge could be made; and in no respect will the authorities show a higher wisdom than by rendering any justification of such a charge an absolute impossibility.

Supposing, then, that a girl of eighteen has passed through the usual course of some such school as we have described, and desires to advance to a higher stage, there are now open to her four collegiate halls, affiliated to the several Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, at which she may carry on her studies on the same lines as the ordinary members of either University. Girton, say the founders, is designed to hold in relation to girls' schools and home teaching a position analogous to that occupied by the Universities to boys' schools. Since the foundation of the college † 231 students have been in residence, of whom 112 took honours at the University, 40 in classics, 32 in mathematics, and 42 in science and history; while 27 took the ordinary degree of B.A., and 62 are now completing their course. This is a high standard of success, but that at Newnham has been equally brilliant. Out of 474 students who have passed through the course, 400 have graduated in the classical, mathematical, science, or history tripos.‡ Both the smaller foundations of Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall, at

* It would be well if this agreement in general principle and practice extended also to the choice of books, English, French, Latin, and scientific, in which, alas! each school chooses for itself, the result being a wide and strange medley. One prospectus names as many as forty books, at a total cost of eight guineas, and includes a Euclid by Mrs. Nops, and other manuals by authors doubtless as excellent, but unknown to fame.

† Girton College was incorporated in 1872; Newnham Hall, Cambridge, founded in 1873; Lady Margaret Hall, and Somerville Hall, both at Oxford, in 1879; the number of students being, respectively, Girton College, 74; Newnham Hall, 113; Lady Margaret Hall, 25; Somerville Hall, 24, their full complement; total, 236.

‡ Out of the whole number of students who have graduated in honours, upwards of 100 have become headmistresses of high schools, or special teachers in other collegiate institutions.

Oxford, are beginning to tread in the same steps as Girton and Newnham, and, being conducted on similar principles, will doubtless attain no less brilliant success. The list of tutors and lecturers at Cambridge includes the names of many eminent University men, as well as of women who have appeared in the honour list; the students being also allowed to attend lectures in the Cavendish laboratory, as well as some others, elsewhere, on education.

What a girl's college life is like is as yet, of course, a matter of which little is known outside the circle of friends and acquaintances. It is a mystery into which even Mrs. Edwards, in her amusing novel, 'A Girton Girl,' has scarcely done more than peep; though she does say 'that, however deep the foundations of Newnham and Girton may be, the foundations of the Gog-Magog Hills are deeper! Girl wranglers may come, girl optimists may go, the heart of a woman remains unchanged.' Yet a glimpse of it has been offered to us by 'A Girton Girl,'* and shall be sketched for our readers, as far as possible, in her own words.

The first thing in the routine of the women's colleges, which an Oxford or Cambridge man would notice, is that the arrangements as to meals, &c., involve much more of 'common' life than is the case in the University. To quote the phrase of an undergraduate, 'The men live on staircases, the women in corridors.' Yet, though this is the case, each fair student, once within her own rooms, has almost absolute freedom as to the disposal of her time; the only restriction, perhaps, being one of the students' own voluntary enactments—viz. that music 'and noise generally' should be confined to certain hours. She has two rooms, provided by the college with all necessary furniture, which may be increased at will by the student, with, in most cases, a charming result—flowers, pictures, bright draperies, cosy armchairs, and often a piano—thus making the study home-like and attractive.

There is no fixed hour for rising; but in the summer term early breakfast-parties are much in vogue, as many students get up to work before the college breakfast hour, and as a rule are not inclined to burn the midnight oil. The real day begins at 8 A.M., when prayers are read in the college library, at which, though the attendance appears to be optional, the majority of the students are present. Then comes breakfast in hall, which, however, does not seem to

* 'A Girl's College Life,' by a Student at Girton.

be a very social meal, each girl helping herself, we are told, and reading newspapers and letters, before she hurries off to work in her own room. Some—natural science students—drive into Cambridge for practical work in the laboratories; while others, after an interval of chat, settle down for four or five hours of downright steady work elsewhere, before lunch—an informal meal, again, to be had in hall at any hour between twelve and three. That over, next comes the pleasant time for exercise—a good ramble over the fields for flowers and berries; a game at tennis or racquets; pianos are to be heard in the building, or the rarer sound of a violin. Thus refreshed, the young students are ready for the afternoon lectures, delivered by male professors who come out from Cambridge for the purpose; and so the day wears on apace. About 4 P.M. the cup of afternoon tea finds its welcome way into most rooms, giving a zest to the solution of some final problem, before the formal dinner in hall at six, when, however, evening dress is not worn save by the ‘donnas’ at the high table. The meal itself is brief, the ‘head’ rising at about 6.30, when the whole bevy disperse for a gossip with friends, a chapter of a new novel, a solitary stroll in the grounds for the sentimental, or another hour’s work for the studious. Later on follow meetings of such societies as rejoice in debate, choral singing, poetical readings, and ‘above all, that specially delightful feature in Girton life—tea-parties for special ‘guests, old college chums,’ *noctes cœnæque dearum*, when ‘the sweets of the night come in.’ As to the hour of repose, each girl follows her own dainty will, though in some colleges the students are forbidden to be in each other’s rooms after eleven, without special leave.

Thus fly on in even course the golden periods of a girl’s academic life, varied perhaps by visits to or from special friends in Cambridge (excluding the junior members of the University), or by some special event in the routine of college work—a Greek play, an intercollegiate tennis match, an alarm fire-brigade practice, or a prize day—until the welcome Sunday comes to wind up and crown the week. On that morning ‘most of the students attend some place ‘of worship;’ later on in the day many are off to the University sermon and the service at King’s Chapel. But a good deal of writing goes on among the students themselves, or between Girton, Newnham, and other colleges, and many letters are written. At Girton, evening prayers are read, with a sermon by one of the lecturers from

Cambridge, the musical part of the service being rendered by a choir of students, 'when nearly everybody attends.'

No sketch of Girton, however, is complete without a special note as to the expense of the whole course. The fees, which include all non-personal expenses, are 35*l.* a term, making a total outlay for the three years' course of 315*l.*, which covers all the University and college charges of every kind. It may, therefore, be taken roughly that candidates for Girton must possess *in esse* or *posse* at least 350*l.*; a fact which must tend considerably to limit their number to a comparatively small class. It is true that scholarships and exhibitions are attached to most of the colleges, but the gaining of these demands in most cases special training and special cramming, and private tutors are costly and beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. It must be added that the period of residence extends over only half the year, so that the expenses of the other half, as well as the cost of dress, travelling, &c., remain to be provided for, and the actual cost of a Girton student is not much below that of a young gentleman at college.

Such, mainly, in her own words, is a brief sketch of 'A Girl's Life at Girton,' to which she appends a final remark or two on the question as a whole. The movement has now gone on so far and so widely that there are already at Girton as many varieties among the students, as in the wider world of the University. They are not now, even if so at first, 'all reading men,' or, rather, reading women, preparing for professional life, or filled with special enthusiasm for study, and a sacred thirst for knowledge pure and simple; but, as among men, some inclined for the earthly joys of idleness, and some for diviner things, some who 'sap,' and some, as 'Mr. Foker' once put it, who 'sup.' There are sets, too, among the ninety girl undergraduates, as among their male rivals; but the general spirit of the place is clearly for work. Social distinctions (so thinks our guide) count, perhaps, for more than among men at college, but far less than among women in the outer world. As to the broad tone and spirit of the college, though not strongly Conservative, it would yet be unfair to suppose that any general spirit of revolt from the old ways of thinking obtains, and still more so to imagine that the moral atmosphere is against religion. In this respect the little world of Girton would seem to be much like the greater world of Babylon; while, in proportion, the more earnest spirits of the microcosm have greater power and influence.

So far, then, we have the fair picture of Girton from a friend and a disciple, writing of the things which she has practically known and still loves. It is well, therefore, to hear also the words of a woman who is neither a friend nor a disciple of Girton or of the movement which gave rise to it, but whose caustic pen has already made its mark in the world of women in the well-known 'Girl of the Period.' We mean Mrs. Lynn Linton.

'For well-paid intellectual work,' she says, a good education is naturally the first necessity. But, for all that, many girls go to Girton and to Newnham who do not mean to live professionally by their education; girls who want to escape from the narrow limit of home, and yearn after the quasi-independence of college life, to whom the unknown is emphatically the magnificent, and who desire novelty above all things, leaving but a remnant of the purely studious—those who love learning for its own sake only, independent of gain, κῶδος, freedom, or novelty. And *these*, she adds, are women 'who would have studied as ardently and with 'less strain at their own homes, with a longer time spent 'over their education, and their health not injured by doing 'in three years the work of six, become Somervilles, Herschels, and Burneys.'

But surely, if the deduction intended to be drawn from this assertion is that no women can ever hope to become Somervilles or Herschels but those unable to obtain University training, it is one which needs no refutation; while, if it be meant to apply to women only, it is of far too narrow and partial a construction to be true. If, again, the students at Girton are said to be actuated by sordid, base, and silly motives in seeking for higher education, it is only reasonable to ask for some proof that such is the case. If any are thus actuated, the real question is, How many? And on what evidence does the charge rest? The author adduces no evidence to prove that any students are thus actuated.

If the accusation be true, and thus fatal to Girton's success, no less fatal must it be to the value of all university training whatever—for young men at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere. It either proves this, or it proves nothing; sordid and silly motives being an infirmity to which both sexes are equally liable. In her eagerness to slay the enemy, Mrs. Lynn Linton has caught up a weapon with a double edge, and damaged her own cause. Nor is she more logical or more lucky in the further assertion that it is mere folly to send to Girton girls who 'may marry, and so render the

‘whole outlay of no profit or avail.’ If we look into the lives of famous literary men, the husbands of literary women, whether ancient or modern, facts point the other way. Surely marriage is not to be confined to the propagation of ignorance. A woman can hardly be doomed to perpetual virginity simply because she is able to initiate a daughter into the mysteries of a quadratic equation, or help a son to cross the perilous ‘pons asinorum.’ Her husband will not love her a whit the less simply because she can appreciate the point of his favourite quotation from Horace. Her knowledge of mathematics will not prevent her love for her children; and if able to read Greek, she will still be able to distinguish between packthread and silk. An acquaintance with Greek iambs is hardly fatal to the making of a rice pudding, or with the *cæsura* any bar to the darning of a stocking. The sage of Bolt Court, indeed, once solemnly warned Boswell that a man ‘in general is better pleased when ‘he has a good dinner on the table than with a wife who can ‘talk Greek.’ But why should he not enjoy both these sources of pleasure? Every girl at a high school nowadays takes lessons in cookery, and may learn how to roast a leg of mutton before she touches an irregular verb. The veriest polyglot of a linguist may know how to cook a calf’s head—tongue and brains included—as skilfully as she can handle a Greek root.

Yet we are told that ‘marriage knocks the whole thing ‘to pieces,’ as if no woman were fit or worthy to enter the temple of Hymen unless badly educated or half-witted. If, indeed, it be true that ‘the great mass of women think ‘that they know better than they can be taught,’ let them be sent to Girton, where in six months any such idle conceit will be swept clean out of their heads, and *scire se nescire* become their highest wisdom. While if, again, they ‘refuse the testimony of facts, and for them the logic of ‘history has no lesson,’ no surer cure for such perversity can be devised than a course of Darwin, Seeley, or Sidgwick.

There are yet, however, two final clauses in the indictment which must be noticed before passing on to another section of our subject. ‘Goethe’s mother,’ we are told, ‘could not ‘have written “Faust,” but she produced the man who did ‘write it,’ meaning us to infer that, being as a woman deaf to the evidence of fact, and incapable of understanding the logic of history, she could but accomplish the smaller achievement of bearing a son. ‘Yet,’ says Carlyle, no mean authority, ‘it must have been from his mother that Goethe

‘inherited his inborn genius, she being by far the more gifted of the parents—a woman of high spiritual faculty and worth.’

But there is yet a fiercer and more sweeping charge against all those women who have joined the movement for ‘the higher education’ which it is impossible to leave unnoticed, the rancour of which, coming, as it does, from one of their own sex, it is hard to understand.

‘They (says Mrs. Lynn Linton), wishing to reorganise society according to their own desires, have thrown off all sense of discipline in their own lives, and the once feminine virtues of devotion, patience, self-suppression, and obedience, as so much finery of a decayed and dishonoured idol!’

To so grave and astounding a charge as this it is not for us to reply, though we may venture to commend to the maker of it certain gracious words from the cover of the ‘Girton Review’—

Ευναϊκὲς ἔσμεν, φιλοφρον ἀλλήλαις γένος—

whose happy message does not seem as yet to have reached her. It is not for us to defend the founders of Girton against such an accusation as that just quoted. They are well able to speak for themselves. Their cause is now fully before the world, and the life, work, and tone of girl graduates at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere must speak to the world as only facts can speak. There is certainly no necessary or natural connexion between the odious class of women who plunge into the excitement of politics and who appear on platforms with the exaggerated fury of party passion and extravagant opinions, and those who are trained in a better and wiser school by the culture of literature, art, or science.

Meanwhile we pause for a moment by the way, to enforce one point which the advocates of the higher education of women seem to treat as a question of secondary importance, and that is the question of marriage. It may be true, as statistics warn us, that a considerable number of the present generation of marriageable women cannot enter the happy state of matrimony. But a very large majority of them will become wives and mothers. It is their destined vocation, for which they were created, are born, and intended by nature; for which they are specially fitted by a character and intelligence in some respects differing essentially from those of men. The highly educated class of women must, by the very nature of things, after all, only constitute a

comparatively small class; and even of these only a few will 'dwell apart as stars and be content.' The great body will have to live by the work of their hands, as well as that of their brains; and marriage is the centre to which all these will gravitate. The bearing, the nurture, and education of children, and the government of a household will become, and must become, to most women the great and absorbing duties of life, in discharging which they will not only find, but rejoice to find, springs of pure hope and pleasure, tenderness and deep love of priceless and lasting value, and at last all the treasures that lie hidden under the word 'home.' This we take to be the keystone of the whole arch of woman's education, of which no true educator can possibly afford to lose sight.

That these girls' colleges are as yet only in their infancy, and on their trial, that some of their works and ways are marked by dashes of flippancy and feminine caprice, or of petty triumph at their success, is apparent at a glance. One lady, for example, who figures as 'our own London correspondent,' soars into a perfect rhapsody of exultation at the result of some recent London University examinations, 'in which the women students had beaten the men out of time altogether. I am ashamed,' she adds, 'at the amount of crowding my soul insists on perpetrating. It begins to look as if men, after all, were the inferior sex; and reminds me of the first girl examined for a degree at one of the American colleges.' The examiner, it seems, set for translation a passage from the 'Antigone,' in which comes the phrase, 'Seeing, then, that we are women, ought we not to be modest, and not try to compete with men?' In dealing with these words, 'knowing herself to be far ahead of all the men in the class,' this audacious girl introduced into her paper the following dash of retort: 'Seeing, then, that we are men, ought we not to be ashamed of being vanquished by a woman?' What effect this had on the mind of the examiner we are not informed, but our own correspondent's share in the matter belongs to the order of hysterical high-faluting, at which the enemy will exult, but of which Girton will do well to keep utterly free.

As to the simple results of the London University examination itself, they show some striking figures. For the matriculation examination there were eleven hundred candidates—150 women, 950 men. Of these, 100 women passed to 515 men—*i.e.* two-thirds in the one case to little more than a half in the other. Nor is this all, for in the honour list

one-fifth were women, while one-ninth were men. Facts of this kind must speak for themselves, as evidence that the new *régime* is already bearing real fruit. It is early days as yet to speak of old University women, but some women are beginning already to talk of 'Alma Mater,' and to claim for past students a share in that subtle charm which many an Oxford and Cambridge man attaches to college life, and looks back upon with pride and pleasure. And, so far, all may be well. But, if women would win for themselves a true place, and prove themselves indeed worthy of it, it must be by utterly abjuring all such trashy nonsense as 'crowing' at success, however earnestly their soul may long for that masculine accomplishment. Nothing can be gained by flippant outcries of gratulation, or shouts of *Eὖγε, Eὖγε*, over every morsel of success; far less by screaming

'Fœmineo generi cedere cuncta decet.'

If the destiny of woman be in any degree to regenerate the coming age, and to infuse into a race yet unborn a nobler, more gracious, and less sordid spirit than that of the present era, there is but one pathway to success. Women must win their way, maintain and hold it, dauntless to the end, not by trying to become men, but by being more than ever women—women in the truest sense—by self-respect, discipline, and self-restraint, by search for the truth, by purity of aim, by faith in all goodness, and by the radiance of a spotless life. The fight may be no easy one; the victory will be certain, final, and complete. If they need encouragement by the way, let them take it from the Laureate's words:—

'Work out your freedom, girls.

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;
 Drink deep! until the habits of the slave,
 The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
 And slander die.'

We turn now to another section of our subject which at all events shows how widely the movement for higher and more systematic education has stirred even the quiet domains of home life. Within the last few years there have suddenly started up into active life some sixty or seventy 'Girls' 'Clubs,' or 'Reading Societies,' scattered here and there through the country, for the express purpose of encouraging habits of regular, diligent study. The founder, in each case a private lady, draws up the rules, and acts as president or secretary, carrying on the correspondence with the various

members. These societies are alike in aim and general management, so that one will serve as a type of the rest. 'The Utopians,' for example, pledge themselves to read, for one hour *per diem*, some standard book (English or foreign) of science, art, history, biography, philosophy, travels, or essays, not after 10.30 P.M. Novels, magazines, and poetry do not count. The session lasts for about six months, and a fine of 1*d.* is incurred for every quarter of an hour omitted, or 2*d.* for a whole day of idleness. The entrance fees and fines all go towards providing prizes, which are awarded in exact proportion to each member's freedom from fines. Every girl is bound to send in a monthly account of her total work, and every wasted hour—for which her bare word is accepted. Essay clubs, and magazine societies, as their name implies, produce essays, poems and stories, criticisms, and paintings, all of which are examined and weighed by an appointed judge with full power to reward or condemn. In a similar fashion, other clubs devote themselves to languages, quotations, handwriting, early rising, music, etching, skating, &c., as Miss Caulfield explains in her useful little hand-book, 'The Girls' Directory.'*

It may be that from such societies as these no great, immediate, practical result is visible, or to be expected; but their general tendency is in a right direction, and it is no small good if they lead girls, after leaving school, into regular habits of industry, discipline, and economy of time, as well as to a higher range of literature than the trash of modern novels and the dregs of Mudie's catalogue. For

'the choice of books, for leisure time, is more or less the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal. If any girl kept a true register of all the printed stuff she consumes in a year, all the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, memoirs of the memorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all, what a mountain of rubbish would be the issue!'

If, as statistics tell us, there are upwards of fifty thousand girls in England, of the middle class, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, the question of what kind of books and of literature is provided for their especial benefit is one of vital importance. Taken as a whole, and when compared with that provided for boys of the corresponding class, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as meagre and

* For still further information as to women's work, of all kinds, *vide* the 'Englishwoman's Year-Book' for 1887, an admirable summary.

unsatisfactory. There is no one special periodical or journal, no one set of books, worthy of the name or of the cause. They have no Jules Verne, nor Ballantyne, nor Stevenson, nor Rider Haggard. It will be said, no doubt, they have Walter Scott, both poetry and prose, Shakespeare, Charles Lamb's *Tales*, the *Lives of Famous Women*, and innumerable handbooks of history. But all these belong more or less to the genus of schoolbooks, given as prizes at the yearly examination, and therefore apt to be regarded as tasks. Even Walter Scott—alas that it should be so!—is sometimes counted as old-fashioned, ponderous, and unexciting by the modern schoolgirl. She shares in the common craving for something more racy and sensational—more like what her brother rejoices in after school, when 'Monte Cristo,' or 'King Solomon's Mines,' keeps him a willing prisoner by the fireside, and makes him forget the very existence of the Latin primer. Her books are, for the most part, mawkish and sad in tone, deficient in backbone, and full of pictures of life, where most of the virtuous people die young, because they are too good to live, and most of the wicked, because they are too naughty to escape death. It is, however, a false and narrow view of literature to suppose that a class of books must be called into existence for a particular class of readers. The great landmarks of literature are common to all. Life is too short for us to make acquaintance with half the books which every well-educated person ought to know, and the first condition of a vigorous mind is to drink deep at the fountains of knowledge and truth.

As for the sorrows, miseries, and evils of real life, the sudden deaths of heroes and heroines, and the manifold calamities of this naughty world, soon enough in all conscience will women become practically acquainted with the sad mystery in all its bitterness, and find out that, incomprehensible or not, it must be faced and endured. Time enough for that when it comes. Meanwhile, a schoolgirl's life in these days of eternal cramming, over-pressure, and competitive examinations has need to be made strong with eager and bright hope—hope in the present, hope for the future. What fiction she has—and have it she must and will—should be of the best possible kind, radiant with the vigour, grace, and sparkle of truth and beauty. And these are especially to be found in the great poets and dramatists of England, Italy, Germany, and France. It is pitiful to waste the best hours of life on paltry and trivial publications.

In looking back over the whole domain through which this brief sketch has led us, it is clear that, great as the progress of the whole movement has been—for good—and excellent as some of its features are, much yet remains to be achieved. The Association for promoting the Higher Education of Women should certainly decide on some one list of approved books for students in collegiate schools, written by well-known, tried scholars and proficients. Certain general rules should be laid down as to the exact proportions of time to be devoted to the different branches of study; the number of hours *per diem* for mental work, for physical exercise and the gymnasium, for rest, for play, for downright idleness. For life is not altogether and only a pursuit of toil; there are golden hours in it, when one may feed the mind with a wise passiveness:—

The grass hath time to grow in meadow lands,
And leisurely the opal, murmuring, sea
Breaks on its yellow sands.

Certain recommendations, also, should be made for the treatment not only of the intellectual and specially gifted scholars, but of the dull, the stupid, and the lazy, whom some teachers are apt to consign to the tender mercies of their own laziness. Above all must some effort be made to raise the character, range, and tone of schoolgirl literature as a whole, and in every possible way to encourage the choice of really good books. The yearly prizes should include not merely the so-called 'standard works,' but some at least of a lighter and more attractive kind, such as a girl, after a long day of hard work, will turn to as a relief, and read with delight.

One word more of caution to those who are now toiling for the higher education of women, and our task is done.

In the midst of all the toil there is—and naturally enough—a very considerable amount of talking—talking specially as to what the next generation of women will be like. The coming fifty years may possibly bring about changes even more startling than any yet achieved. But no true friend of the cause may safely speculate as to these, much less reckon on them as certain, but rather beware of all undue haste and pressure. The wave that has now suddenly risen and advanced so far, may possibly subside and recede with equal suddenness. All great movements are slow. Even ripe fruit must have time to mature. Good fruit deserves it; inferior fruit demands it. Forcing the pace is a certain element of failure at one part or other of every race, and

disaster, whether midway or near the goal, equally ruinous. It is said by some enthusiastic and sanguine toilers that the day may possibly arrive when among the world's famous ones will shine the names of some few women as scholars, scientists, philosophers, or poets. There may hereafter be found among senior wranglers some one 'Newtonia;' 'Hypatia,' among crowned doctors of philosophy; or on the banks of Isis an 'Athanasia' to found the new religion when the crumbling theories of Mill, Comte, and Spencer are as a dream of the past. There may not impossibly be, as yet unborn, some one 'Olympia Morata,' 'Una,' 'Minerva,' 'Virginia or Gloriosa,'—greater than Eld has known. Alas! also, there may still exist Perdita, Anonyma, and Abandonata; the world will maintain its wonted course, and there still may be fresh Lucrezia Borgias, Jezebels, and Delilahs or Messalinas, of undying infamy, for such are they in whom passion has overcome the love of truth and the sense of duty.

But, be this as it may, whether such dreams and visions as these be true, or end in idle smoke, human nature abides unchanged. That which the Creator at first planted in the creature of His own hand can never be eradicated. The place assigned to woman, in the eternal decree, is hers, and hers alone. Her function, her very name, is 'Eve,' the mother of all living. Hence, deep down in the heart of every true daughter of Eve lies the hope, the passionate desire, of being a mother. It is a part of her very nature. Conscious or unconscious of this motive, for a large portion of her existence her whole being is secretly touched and swayed by it, as the life-blood that mingles with the whole stream of her aspirations, impulses, graces, and emotions. There is no purer, deeper joy than that of a mother over her firstborn child; no intensity of grief more bitter than her sorrow at its loss. As a girl of seven she hugged her baby doll, however battered, old, and ugly; as a woman of twenty she clings to her newborn son; clings to him when, after wandering far from home, he at last comes back, stained, defiled, degraded, and asks for pardon. Blind to all his faults and failings—nay, to his deformities—alive only to the thought that he is her child, and that she is his mother—she welcomes him with love and blessings. To deny this supreme truth were impossible; to ignore it, folly; to attempt to crush or destroy it, madness. As to the women of the future, they must grow out of the women of the present. If they would indeed attain to the high dignity which is

their birthright, to the full light and grace which is their noblest possession, they must obey the supreme law of their being—their aspiration to become mothers of great men. And this is to be achieved not by aping the work or the ways of men, or by seeking to surpass or rival them in the toil of life; but by purity and self-restraint, by gracious innocence, tenderness, reality, and truth. Such weapons as these are the tried armour of all time; and the noblest victories ever yet won by woman have been thus won, and thus alone. Thus equipped she is invincible. Arrayed in any other garments, academic or mundane, shipwreck is inevitable—and that, too, shipwreck of her brightest, fairest, and truest hopes—of all that the world counts most worthy, of all that she herself deems most precious, dearest, and best.

ART. V.—1. *Life of Giordano Bruno the Nolan.* By J. FRITH. Revised by Professor MORIZ CARRIÈRE. London: 1887.

2. *Vita di Giordano Bruno da Nola.* Scritta da DOMENICO BERTI. Firenze: 1868.

3. *Documenti intorno a Giordano Bruno da Nola.* Roma: 1880.

4. *Giordano Bruno à Genève (1579).* Documents inédits publiés par TH. DUFOUR. Genève: 1884.

5. *Giordano Bruno's Weltanschauung und Verhüngniss.* Aus den Quellen dargestellt von Dr. HERMANN BRUNNHOFER. Leipzig: 1882.

6. *Jordano Bruno.* Par CHRISTIAN BARTHOLMÈSS. Paris: 1846-7.

7. *Jordani Bruni Nolani Opera Latine conscripta.* Vol. I. Recensebat F. FIORENTINO. Vol. II. Recensebant V. IMBRIANI et C. M. TALLARIGO. Neapoli: 1879-86.

SOME eight or nine miles inland from Vesuvius lies a provincial town which still retains the name and dignity of a city. The title, like some others, embodies an imposing tradition, and embellishes a dilapidated reality. Shrunken and faded, Nola preserves no material evidence of its ancient state. The magnificent circuit of its walls, twelve-gated, twelve-towered, which once kept Hannibal at bay—*Pœnis non pervia Nola*, Silius Italicus calls it—was doomed to early and complete obliteration. Not a carved fragment calls to mind the pomp of amphitheatres, temples, and palaces

which met the dying eyes of Augustus. Only the coins and vases with which half the museums in Europe have been enriched attest the progress made at Nola in the arts of Græco-Italian civilisation.

Greek traditions, originally planted, it is said, by a colony from Chalcis, one hundred and seventy years after the Trojan war, were there strong and lasting. They probably still persist, as they certainly persisted throughout the Middle Ages, in popular and ceremonial usages of immemorial antiquity. The mental type of its inhabitants, too, was exotic, and far removed from Sabine simplicity. They were shrewd, vivacious, subtle; tasted life with a keen zest for its enjoyments; prided themselves on their fine culture, the elegance of their surroundings, the splendour of their attire. Their fluent tongues were used with a freedom savouring of license; and the antique municipal spirit kept its vigour in them down to the verge of modern times. Scarcely the fellow-townsmen of Themistocles prided themselves more upon being Athenians than the citizens of Nola upon their fortunate birth at the foot of Monte Cicala. Among them were many minor celebrities—Ambrogio Leone the humanist, Albertino Gentili the jurist, Tansillo the poet (in right of his parents), Merliano the sculptor, surnamed ‘il Buonarroti ‘napoletano;’ but they are all lugubriously overshadowed by the tragic figure of ‘the Nolan’ *par excellence*, of the vagrant and ill-starred thinker who has been styled the ‘knight-errant of modern philosophy.’

The first life of Giordano Bruno to appear in English has been published this year. The task was a tempting one, and has been diligently and faithfully executed by Mr. Frith. Yet we are unable to pronounce the result satisfactory. The first duty of a biographer is to tell a story; but there is next to no continuous narrative in the volume before us. A statement of fact commonly serves in it as the starting-point for a digression. The plodding soul of the humdrum, unimaginative reader, who loves to follow closely the sequence of events, is vexed by ceaseless excursions into the ethereal regions of an idealistic philosophy. Nor does the portrait presented to him reproduce the original with any approach to accuracy. Bruno’s character, like his doctrine, was full of incongruities. It becomes virtually falsified by their ostensible reconciliation. Mr. Frith, indeed, deserves the praise of candour: he suppresses no inconvenient facts, but their crude outlines are so softened in the glowing atmosphere of his enthusiasm that their true meaning evades

ordinary intelligence. In the process of canonisation unfolded by him, the devil's advocate, in short, hardly gets fair play. The contradictions of Bruno's speculative opinions are similarly smoothed down, with the result of affording, as we believe, an essentially misleading impression of their genuine import. Though eminently well-intentioned, the book requires to be taken with a good many grains of salt. Its hero is made to serve as a sort of touchstone of good and evil. By their relations towards him, persons and institutions approve or condemn themselves. Prepossessions bring credulity in their train. Our author, for instance, takes much too seriously the fag-ends of profanity with which Bruno, in his lighter moods, was wont to decorate his productions. Such floating scurrilities were at that period diffused throughout Italy, and might be had for the asking by any writer who chose thus to eke out his wit.

Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, we are still thankful for what Mr. Frith has given us; and in travelling with his escort over the dolorous pilgrimage of 'the Nolan's' life we shall endeavour to keep on as good terms with him as possible, and pick no quarrels, unless in the interests of truth. It is due to him to say that he has turned fully to account the new materials at his disposal. These are neither scanty nor unimportant. The Venetian archives were first laid under contribution in Signor Berti's valuable 'Life of 'Giordano Bruno,' named among our authorities; further records were appended to his volume on Copernicus, reviewed in these pages in July 1877; while the whole of the disinterred documents, including some protocols from the Vatican, were separately collected by the same author in 1880. Still more recently, M. Dufour, the keeper of the Genève archives, has divulged some very curious pieces derived thence; so that the obscurity amid which our philosopher long moved has been to a large extent dissipated, and dissipated not by farthing-candle gleams of conjectural interpretation, but by authentic and undeniable sunlight rays of truth.

In one of a little knot of shabby houses forming a kind of suburb to the 'city' of Nola, and still known as the 'Casale di Santo Paolo,' Giordano Bruno was born in May 1548. His father, Giovanni Bruno, was (perhaps subsequently, for he was then but twenty-three years of age) a soldier by profession. His mother's name, Fraulissa Savolino, suggests a Teutonic origin, and, in point of fact, discharged landsknechts were not unfrequent settlers in the neighbourhood.

It is clear that there was little of gentility in Giordano's early associations. Nola was still a wealthy commercial centre. Lives of refined ease as well as of ostentatious luxury flowed on there generation after generation. Yet, far apart from the simple existence in Santo Paolo, Giordano carried away with him from his home recollections, not of fine folks dwelling in 'palazzi,' but of one Franzino, a poor melon seller; of 'mastro Danese,' the local tailor; of Paolino, a tavern keeper; of the widow Caterina, who did 'charing' (as we should now phrase it) at a few soldi a day; above all, of Monte Cicala, verdant with myrtle and vine, oranges and mulberries, and of Vesuvius, menacingly beautiful in the distance.

At the age of ten young Bruno was sent to Naples to pursue his studies. His uncle was a weaver of velvets there, so that he was not cast friendless on the world; and he found congenial teachers in two Augustinian friars, who instructed him in all the branches of a polite education as then understood. They certainly met with an apt pupil. Love of knowledge was from first to last his predominant passion. It awakened in him from his tenderest years. It never left him until the darkness covered him up out of sight. He was like one who has seen a vision, and sets out on a lifelong quest. Hence, in all probability, his premature and unfortunate resolution of entering the Dominican order.

The cloister afforded at that time opportunities for the cultivation of learning not readily to be found elsewhere. Unlimited peaceful leisure replaced within its shelter the turbulent ambitions, the absorbing and dreary necessities of the outside world. Towards such a haven studious spirits were naturally attracted, in some cases even in boyhood. Bruno was not yet fifteen when, with the name of Giordano (for he had hitherto borne his baptismal name of Filippo), he assumed the black and white robes at San Domenico in Naples.

'The convent itself,' Mr. Frith remarks, 'wears an enticing aspect for the lover of study. It stands among palaces upon a hill, its antique front turned towards the city, and flanked by spacious perfumed gardens with cloisters running round their outer sides. Meditation seems to wait upon the age and silence of the spot, which bears the imprint of ten centuries on its strong walls and solitary cells. Three hundred years before, Aquinas had watched the incomparable aspect of Naples daily brighten and grow dim from the spot where Bruno now waited on his destiny. The presence of the angelic doctor still lingers in the ancient pile. In his cell, which is now a chapel, he first designed the system of religious

philosophy which he taught, sitting in a hall on the right of the convent church. The church itself, one of the most beautiful in Naples, is full of historic tombs, embellished by hands which lend another lustre to immortality ; and above the altar is the crucifix, which it is said held converse with the saint, and manifested its approval of his doctrines.'

Bruno never lost the reverence for St. Thomas imbibed from the close study of his works here on the spot where they were written. He even pardoned him his Aristotelianism for the sake of the noble reasonableness of the method of its unfolding. Little enough was sacred to him ; scoffs and jibes and winged shafts of irony flew from him, right and left, and struck anywhere between Olympus and Hades ; but before the Angel of the Schools he was always gravely respectful.

In 1564, after the usual year of probation, he took the vows. But already thoughts and passions were seething in him which would have matured better anywhere than beneath a cowl. His orthodoxy soon began to be suspected ; a menaced trial appears, however, to have been a *brutum fulmen*. A paper setting forth certain acts of indevotion by which he had scandalised the community, drawn up—as he averred long afterwards—merely for purposes of intimidation, was torn the same day. Yet the lesson had its effect. Bruno was rendered, we conclude, more circumspect, for he was admitted to priest's orders at the usual age, in 1572. He sang his first Mass in the convent of San Bartolommeo, at Campagna, a little town nestled at the foot of the Apennines behind Salerno ; and, emancipated now from any close control, he travelled from one Dominican convent to another, exploring the treasures of their libraries, while discharging the duties of his sacred office.

Nevertheless, he was no longer a Catholic Christian. Judged by the standard of an ordinary untutored conscience, he was perjured at the instant of being ordained. He distinguished, it is true—and there is some evidence that the distinction was made in good faith—between theological and philosophical convictions ; he cultivated, not unsuccessfully, a curious sort of double moral consciousness, with results highly perplexing to the student of his character. The broad fact, however, remains that, by his own account, he had doubted the doctrine of the Trinity from his eighteenth year ; while, in the system of thought and being his eager intellect busied itself in preparing the Christian revelation had no place.

The kingdom of Naples was just then infected with an epidemic of anti-Trinitarian opinions. Indeed, most of the Italian reformers were of the Socinian type. Melancthon was dismayed at the prevalence among them of this particular form of heresy, and attributed it to the influence of Platonism. Calvin drew up a confession of faith which the members of the Italian church at Geneva were compelled to sign, by way of attesting and safeguarding their orthodoxy. In this particular, then, Bruno only drifted with a strong current of freethought already flowing.

During ten years, however, he drifted without giving a sign whither—a circumstance truly surprising, regard being had to the hot, outspoken nature of the man. It was not until 1576 that his dangerous secret began to leak out. His expression of Arian views in conversation led, in that year, to the recommencement of proceedings against him, this time of too serious a character to be treated lightly. While they were still pending, the object of them fled to Rome, and took refuge in the convent of the Minerva; then, hearing that the cause was about to be transferred to the papal courts, he cast aside his monk's habit, and took ship for Genoa.

He had now finally broken with his old life; but it had left its mark upon him. From long dissimulation, he had contracted a habit of interior duplicity by which the alternate expression, with apparent sincerity, of views wholly irreconcilable, was made possible to him. He brought away with him, too, a stock of wrath and bitterness keenly effective in the ironical controversies by which he revenged the compulsion to hypocrisy laid upon him by the course he had chosen.

His profession was henceforth, as he described it, 'of letters and of every science.' It must be admitted that he was rarely equipped for its pursuit. His thirteen years of seclusion had been turned to the uttermost account for purposes of curious study. He had not only read widely, but he had read with the fervour of one who appropriates what he reads. The process was with him rather a means for the transfusion of thought than for the bare acquisition of knowledge. His memory, besides, was extraordinary. Quotations, allusions, erudite ornaments of all kinds, overflowed from his pen; yet he must often have written with few or no books at hand to refer to. More powerfully than by any other authors, his thoughts had been swayed by Raymond Lully, Cardinal Cusa, and Copernicus; but innumerable other influences had acted upon them with effect. He was

nurtured on Aristotle, St. Thomas, and Albertus Magnus; the dialogues of Plato were familiar to him, most likely in the noble translation of Marsilio Ficino; Plotinus and Proclus, Al Ghazzali and Averroes, with the whole range of Cabalistic and Rabbinical writers, contributed severally to his stock of ideas; Telesius and Porta inspired him with respect for experimental science; Virgil, Lucretius, Lucian, Dante vivified his imagination, and supplied models for imitation or parody. Nor did he neglect recent native literature. He lived and moved in the intellectual atmosphere formed by it; indeed, the vicious peculiarities which at times disfigure his prose style have been traced by Mr. Symonds to his mischievously close study of the works of the ill-famed Aretino.*

Bruno, it must be remembered, was a poet before he became a philosopher. His first call was from the Muses. Most of the sonnets and verses subsequently interspersed through his dialogues were probably composed during the monastic phase of his life. His comedy '*Il Candelajo*' almost certainly was. This in itself is a somewhat startling fact. So choice a flower of licentious literature surely never unfolded, before or since, within the shadow of a cloister. It is enough to say of it that, in barefaced contempt for decorum, whether of expression or situation, it comes well up to the flood-tide mark left in the drama of the Renaissance by the '*Man-dragola*' of Macchiavelli, and the '*Cortigiana*' of Aretino. Undoubtedly it has merit, though by no means of the highest kind. It is spontaneous and racy of the soil—a successful piece of buffoonery carried out with untiring vivacity for the benefit of spectators, whose sense of humour is presumed to be satisfied by witnessing the indefatigable perpetration of practical jokes. It is, in short, a comedy, not of the closet, but of the streets, and of the streets of Naples. Its drollery has the rough Oscan flavour, something of which still survives in the perpetually varied sound of Pulcinella's grotesque experiences. Just such knaveries as are played off, just such cudgellings as are administered in its scenes (only brought within stricter limits of propriety), nightly delight the lively audiences of the San Carlino. And the cudgellings are dealt round in both places with an equal disregard of equity and moral purpose. By far the hardest lot falls to the share of very much the most estimable person in the play. Poor *Manfurio's* sole, but unpardonable, and by stick or strap incurable

* Renaissance in Italy : Catholic Reaction, pt. ii. p. 197.

vice, consists in his irrelevant Latinity. Yet it is visited with condign punishment, while the villains who decree and execute it come off triumphant, amid the jubilant applause of the spectators. 'Il Candelajo' formed part of the scanty belongings with which Bruno left his convent. It was printed at Paris in 1582 with the motto *In tristitia hilaris, in hilaritate tristis*; was adapted into French in 1638, and imitated in Cyran de Bergerac's 'Pédant joué.'

In the spring of the year 1576, then, Giordano—or, as he now again for a short time called himself, Filippo—Bruno set out upon his wanderings, his thoughts and projects ripening as he went. He began modestly enough. After three days spent in Genoa, he retired to Noli, a picturesque little town on the Riviera di Ponente, where he earned his bread during some four or five months by teaching grammar to boys, and lecturing on 'the Sphere' to more advanced pupils. Although his astronomical convictions were attained only by degrees, there is reason to believe that he was by this time an ardent Copernican; so that the 'gentiluomini' of Noli doubtless caught glimpses, through 'golden doors' flung wide, of an improved and enlarged universe.

Meeting no encouragement either at Savona or Turin, the philosophical adventurer embarked upon the Po, and floated down to Venice. He arrived at an unlucky moment. The plague had in that year carried off half the population, including Titian; and, though its fury was spent, the ordinary activities of life were still depressed by anxiety; schools and lecture rooms had scarcely yet reopened; printing presses were only just resuming work; the literary market was flat and languid. Lodging obscurely in the Frezzaria, Bruno barely managed to defray some weeks' expenses with the proceeds of sale of a little book on 'The Signs of the 'Times,' which, having served its purpose of keeping the body and soul of its author temporarily together, duly descended into oblivion.

From Venice he proceeded to Padua, and thence to Brescia, where he had a singular adventure. A crazy monk had been thrown into prison as possessed. He had all at once laid claim to a gift of prophecy, attended by a surprising accession of theological and linguistic knowledge. Bruno saw him, and administered a potion which, in his cynical phrase, 'restored him to being as great an ass 'as before.'*

* Berti, 'Vita di Giordano Bruno,' p. 75.

At Bergamo, by the advice of some of his order, he resumed the habit. He had preserved his scapular in his flight from Rome; he now got robes made of the cheapest cloth, and once more donned the uniform of the Church's militia. Thus attired, he was sure of hospitality in every Dominican convent on his road; and this, if not the predominant, must have been an important consideration with him at this stage of his fortunes. His destination was Lyons; but a cool reception at Chambéry, backed by the warning of a friendly Neapolitan father that he was likely to fare worse the further he went, diverted his course to Geneva.

The city of Calvin was, however, no place for so fantastic and indomitable a spirit. Calvin, it is true, had found a somewhat less austere successor in Theodore Beza, yet one who had by no means forgotten his dying master's injunctions to 'deal roundly' with heretics. Bigotry in philosophy went hand in hand with bigotry in religion. 'The Genevese,' wrote Beza, 'have decreed once and for ever that they will never, either in logic or in any other branch of learning, turn away from the teaching of Aristotle.'* A municipal decree is indeed heavily handicapped in a race with such a long-winded word as 'for ever;' but just then, close to the start, its confident bluster was unresisted and effective. Hence, a wanderer whose brain was as full of explosives as a bombshell, could hardly hope for pleasant entertainment by the shores of Lake Lemman; and the pyre of Servetus might have served for a sufficiently conspicuous danger signal. It was, nevertheless, disregarded by Bruno with his usual rash confidence, whether in his prudence to conceal his opinions or in his genius to defend them.

Chief among the Italian refugees at Geneva in those days was the Marchese de Vico. His high birth and relationship to the papacy in the person of Paul IV. (whose sister was his mother) made him a specially welcome recruit to Calvinism, and gave him power to befriend his exiled fellow countrypeople. Bruno had not been many days an inmate of a Genevese inn when De Vico called upon him and offered his protection. The conditions stipulated and agreed to were the adoption of secular apparel and reformed doctrines. The old Bergamese cloth accordingly furnished forth doublet and hose; the charity of the Italian community supplied a hat, mantle, and sword; while for

* Frith, 'Life of Bruno,' p. 53, note.

their wearer employment was found of the kind appropriated to indigent scholars in correcting proofs for a printing establishment. He frequented at the same time sermons and Scripture readings, thinking his own thoughts, no doubt, beneath the mask of predestinarian orthodoxy.

He appears to have arrived in Geneva about the middle of 1578. That epoch is at least roughly indicated by the place assigned to his name in Burlamacchi's list of members of the Italian Protestant Church at Geneva, drawn up in 1650 from registers since then lost. But the first *precise* notification of his presence is conveyed by the record of his matriculation at the university, or academy as it was then called. The 'Livre du Recteur,' under the date May 20, 1579, contains the autograph entry in clear, bold writing: 'Philippus 'Brunus, Nolanus, sacræ theologiæ professor.'*

The next news of him is highly characteristic. It shows him as engaged in his favourite occupation of tilting against stone walls. A prudent man would, under his circumstances, have courted obscurity; but Bruno was far from prudent, and he was vain, irritable, and arrogant. The prospect of a learned wrangle was at all times delightful to him. Whatever its ultimate consequences, it afforded, at any rate, the joy of an immediate triumph; for he can have had, in his time, few equals in fence of words and fiery eloquence. His antagonist on the present occasion was Antoine de la Faye, professor of philosophy in the Academy of Geneva, and doubtless a 'pedant' in Bruno's sense of the term. As such he could hope for no mercy at his hands. Twenty errors were counted up in one lesson, and not only counted up for purposes of private defamation, but printed with 'replies and 'invectives,' we may be sure, of a galling kind. Blundering philosophy had, however, the 'big battalions' of authority on its side, and discipline was vindicated if logic was overthrown. On Thursday, August 6, 1579, both the author and the printer of the libel were thrown into prison. The subordinate offender, pleading that he had been persuaded by the Italian of the harmless nature of his production, was released next day on paying a fine of twenty-five florins;

* This is the only certified specimen of his calligraphy yet brought to light, since the Noroff manuscripts were undoubtedly written by an amanuensis. Nine unpublished treatises by Bruno are included in this valuable collection, the discovery of which was announced by the Paris booksellers Tross in 1866. It was purchased by M. Abraham de Noroff, and is now in the Moscow Library.

but we learn from the register of the council that, on August 10,

‘Philippe Brunet, an Italian, having responded in prison respecting the calumnies which he caused to be printed against M. Antoine de la Faye, having acknowledged his fault Friday last in presence of the ministers and of M. Varro (secretary to the council), resolved that he shall be set at liberty, but that he must ask pardon of God, of the law, and of the said De la Faye; and that he shall be again sent to acknowledge his fault before the consistory; and he shall, moreover, be sentenced to tear the said defamatory libel into pieces. For the rest he shall be granted his costs.’*

But this was not the whole of the audacious Nolan’s offending. His attacks were not aimed solely at an obnoxious or ‘asinine’ professor. He had struck out, *more suo*, heedless of consequences, not sparing even the stern and powerful ministers of the Church. It must have been with a shock of quite unaccustomed surprise that these reverend gentlemen received the information that they had been, in open and no doubt fluent and fervent discourse, styled ‘pedagogues,’ and we know not what besides. To answer for which grave offence, as well as for doctrinal wanderings readily imaginable by a well-informed posterity, Bruno was brought before the consistory on August 13. His bearing seems to have been both perverse and undignified. He at first denied the charges against him, pretending that they had been trumped up by De la Faye. ‘Asked whom he called pedagogues, he answered with many excuses and allegations that he was persecuted, bringing forward several random opinions with sundry other accusations; and nevertheless he confessed that he appeared in this place to own his fault, which he committed when he made sundry and divers reflections upon the ministers.’ Admonished next to ‘follow the true doctrine,’ he submitted to the censure, but still declined to apologise. Whereupon it was recommended that he ‘be sent before the *Seigneurs* (of the council), who are entreated to show no grace whatever to such a fellow, for he may bring strife into the schools.’ The prevision of the uplifted temporal arm brought the culprit at once to his knees. He ‘answered that he repented of his fault, and would make amends for it by better conversation, and, moreover, he confessed to his calumny with respect to the said Sr. de la Faye.’ A prohibition from

* Frith, ‘Life of Giordano Bruno,’ p. 61.

receiving the sacrament accompanied his dismissal, but he presented himself once more a fortnight later to demand its removal. It was then 'recommended that good counsel should be bestowed upon him, and he be given liberty to participate in the sacrament; on which he was reasoned with, and he was made free from the prohibition, for which he returned his hearty thanks.'

In the face of these proceedings it is idle to deny (as Mr. Frith attempts to do) that Bruno had given in his adhesion to the rigid form of Christianity dominant at Geneva. True, his veracity suffers from the admission, since, in his examination at Venice in 1592, he affirmed on oath that, so far from having conformed to Calvinism, his recalcitrance had obliged him to quit Geneva after a stay of only two months. It is also true that, little as he loved any creed, he reserved a special share of abhorrence for that which included the doctrines of particular election and irresistible grace. Nevertheless, the unimpeachable documentary evidence now before us gives positive assurance that he was in 1579 a professing Calvinist. Not alone Burlamacchi's registration of his name proves beyond question his enrolment as a member of that church, but the whole tenor of the ecclesiastical dealings with him is inconsistent with any other view. For why admonish him as having erred from 'true doctrine' unless he had ostensibly embraced it? Why play the farce of withdrawing from him a privilege which he had never either claimed or exercised? Is it conceivable that the members of the consistory should have stultified themselves by solemnly debarring from communion within their church a man who obstinately held aloof from it? But in truth no suspicion that they had to do with a dissident seems to have troubled the minds of either the civil or the ecclesiastical authorities, while their prisoner obviously assumed the rôle of a willing, nay, fervent disciple. Indeed, the mere demand for the rescinding of the prohibition from the sacrament was in itself a confession of faith as express as if he had subscribed in writing to Calvin's five points.

This incident virtually closed his career at Geneva. He wisely understood it as an intimation to 'move on,' and, nothing loth, took his travelling staff in hand and set his face towards Lyons. In Lyons, however, notwithstanding its literary activity, he remained unappreciated and unemployed, and shortly transferred himself to Toulouse.

The move proved the beginning of his fame, and of the

small share of prosperity allotted to him. The University of Toulouse was then at the height of its glory. The lectures of its professors were daily attended by ten thousand students, who (in the words of an old chronicler) 'rose at four in the morning, and after their prayers were said were on their way to college by five o'clock, with their folios under their arms and lanterns in their hands.' Bruno quickly rose to distinction. Hitherto he had figured only as a publisher's drudge, an obscure teacher, a needy and turbulent scholar. At Toulouse he took for the first time his proper place as a professor versed in all the learning of the time. Besides giving private instruction in astronomy and philosophy, he qualified himself, by taking a Master's degree, for the post of ordinary reader in the university, secured by him in open competition. In this capacity he lectured on Aristotle's '*De Animâ*,' then the common battleground of rival schools, who fought out, year after year, amid keen and continually renewed polemical excitement, the question of the Stagirite's orthodoxy on the immortality of the soul.

The favour accorded to Bruno during a stay of upwards of a year in the most zealously Catholic city in France shows that no compromising rumours had pursued him; and he gave no grounds for suspicion. He even made a seemingly disinterested effort towards reconciliation with the Church by opening the state of his conscience to a Jesuit father, but was unprepared to accept the conditions attached to absolution.

Personal troubles, rather than the alarms (as he later alleged) of civil war, probably drove him from Toulouse. His manners are already in part known to us as very far from conciliatory. Those who disagreed with him he set down as pedants, sophists, asses, pigs, or hypocrites; and it would have been well if his contempt had been of the silent sort. But the Nolan possessed a rare gift of satire, and was naturally reluctant to let it rust in disuse. He was hotly irascible, too, and held neither pen nor tongue under the padlock of discretion. Hence we hear without surprise of 'clamours, murmurs, scholastic frenzies' at Toulouse, and of sinister endeavours to darken the light of Nolan philosophy shining in its midst.

It must have been about the spring of 1581 when Bruno reached Paris. His reception there was most encouraging. The degree taken at Toulouse gave him a claim, which was

at once allowed, to lecture at the university; and he chose, as the subject of thirty discourses, thirty Divine Attributes taken from St. Thomas. Authoritative approval was signified, after their conclusion, by the offer of a professorship, which was, however, declined. The occupation of an ordinary chair carried with it the obligation of assisting at Mass, and this, Bruno, having incurred excommunication by the breach of his vows, was debarred from doing. His repugnance has often been considered symptomatic of aversion to Catholic worship; it was, in fact, a mark of reverence towards it. He continued, accordingly, to teach and lecture independently, and on a theme the more attractive the farther it lay from the curriculum of regular academic study.

From an early age Bruno had pursued the phantom of a universal art of knowledge. Its possibility followed as a corollary from his theory of the universe. His sanguine nature, the vividness of his intuitions, the brilliant reflection which, with a kind of intoxicated rapture, he perceived in his own mind of the solemn and spacious realities of the world without, confirmed his belief that he had found a logical key to the secrets of existence. Thought and being were, he held, inseparable. 'By the very same stairs,' he wrote, 'by which nature descends to the production of things, the intellect ascends to the cognition of them, both one and the other passing from unity through multiplicity back to unity.*' The only difficulty was to seize and hold the clue to the intervening labyrinth, and Raymond Lully's 'methodic art' placed it in his hands.

Naturally it lacked completeness. As the Majorcan monk had fashioned it, it served no such lofty purpose. It was a cumbrous thinking-machine, offering a crutch, not unlikely to prove insecure, to the memory, and a guiding-line, neither straight nor strong, to the reason. Bruno expected from it, when renovated by himself, widely different effects. The new Lullian art included a system of mnemonics; it trained the mind to pass swiftly and inevitably from one associated idea to another; it provided at once for the unification and for the increase of knowledge. From the purely idealistic point of view, a formula of discovery should be possible. If things are but the material projections of ideas, their order and connexion can best be investigated by studying the mutual dependence of concepts. An

* *De la Causa, Principio, et Uno*, p. 285 (Wagner's edition).

‘art of thinking’ would thus be the supreme desideratum of science. Written on our minds, we should then clearly retrace the shadows of the divine ideas obscurely imprinted upon them, and, pursuing the fleeting sequence of phenomena, mount above them to the archetypal forms from which they emanate. Hence Bruno’s efforts for the invention of an art which should ‘reduce to perfect scientific unity and an exact equation real and ideal existence, and represent in an adjusted combination of concepts the true concreated combination of all things.’*

It is needless to say that he failed—that the ‘high *priori*’ road led him, as it has led so many others, into a jungle of perplexities. He traversed it, none the less, with enthusiasm, and his enthusiasm was infectious. His lectures on the Lullian art took the learned world of Paris by storm. They must indeed have been rarely well worth hearing, if not for the matter they contained, at least for the manner in which they were delivered. Bruno possessed the gifts of an improvisatore superadded to those of a philosopher. Words streamed from him with a facility and an impetus which carried his auditors fairly off their feet, and very likely out of their depth as well. But the flowing waters of speculation in which they found themselves were not alarming under such confident guidance. New regions of thought opened out before them, new lights of knowledge played above the horizon of the future. For while their teacher appeared to revive the ‘Grand Art’ denounced later by Bacon as a *methodus imposturæ*, he was in reality inculcating a novel and seductive philosophy. In Signor Berti’s words,† he

‘cunningly intercalated his own with Lully’s opinions, made new and ingenious applications, proceeded rapidly from particulars to generals, often rising from labyrinthine mnemonic intricacies‡ to the luminous fields of physics, metaphysics, and astronomy. . . . Witty and pungent phrases gave point to his discourse; comparisons, metaphors, curious citations abounded. He promised wonders, couching his promises in vague and mysterious words, by which the curiosity and attention of his hearers were vividly excited. He taught with passion, and loved to dissent on the spur of the moment on any problem or question whatsoever.’

* Mamiani, Preface to Schelling’s ‘Bruno,’ p. 12.

† Vita di Giordano Bruno, p. 124.

‡ Mr. Frith has misunderstood and presumptuously ridiculed this passage. His translations from Italian are rarely to be depended upon.

Doctors and professors, laymen and ecclesiastics, thronged to hear him. The poor runaway monk had suddenly become a person of note in the greatest capital in Europe. His society, too, was in request. His melancholy eyes with lightnings lurking in them, his gentle and refined bearing in the absence of academic provocation, the accommodating frankness of his disposition, the charm of his conversation, which flowed equally in Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, won him general favour. Among his patrons were the Duc d'Angoulême, Regnault his secretary, Giovanni Moro the Venetian ambassador; above all, the king himself. Out of a combined regard (as Mr. Frith says) 'for his mother and Macchiavelli,' Henry III. petted and patronised Italians; hence Bruno's nationality was in itself a recommendation to him. The fame of his marvellous promises reaching the royal ears, 'he summoned me,' Bruno relates,* 'one day before him, and desired to know whether the memory I possessed and professed were natural or by arts of magic; to whom I gave satisfaction, proving both by what I said, and by what I caused him to experience, that my art was scientific, not magical.'

To Henry III., accordingly, the first of a series of treatises on the Lullian art, entitled '*De Umbris Idearum*,' was dedicated in 1582, in a style probably, under the circumstances, unmatched for intrepid self-laudation. It procured him the place of Professor Extraordinary in the university, which, however, he did not long remain to enjoy. Driven from Paris by 'the tumults' (it is to be noted that halcyon weather rarely prevailed in his vicinity), he crossed, at Easter, 1583, to London, armed with letters of recommendation from Henry III. to his ambassador, Michel Castelnau de Mauvissière.

This excellent and accomplished man proved a true friend to him. A strict Catholic himself, he showed, if anything, an extreme of tolerance for the vagaries of his guest, and even accepted the dedication of some of his books. Bruno's first preoccupation, however, was, as usual with him, of the professorial kind. He had no sooner reached London than he got Vautrollier to print for him a little work on the art of memory, entitled '*Explicatio triginta Sigillorum*,' prefaced with an address to the Vice-Chancellor and Fellows of Oxford. This undoubtedly expressed the writer's most intimate convictions. He truly believed himself to be a 'mer-

* Berti, '*Documenti interno a Giordano Bruno*,' p. 20.

‘curial,’ or heaven-sent man, through whose coming a reign of light and reason was to dawn upon the earth. His trumpet-blast to the slumbering intellect of England sounded as follows : *—

‘Philotheus Jordanus Brunus of Nola, a doctor in perfected theology ; a professor of pure and blameless wisdom ; a philosopher known, approved, and honorifically acknowledged by the foremost academies of Europe ; to none a stranger, save barbarians and the vulgar ; a waker of slumbering souls ; a breaker of presumptuous and stubborn ignorance ; who, in all his dealings, professes love to all men, love to the Italian and to the Briton, to man and woman, to the mitre and to the crown, to him wearing a toga and to the warrior, to the frocked and to the unfrocked, but who is inclined chiefly to him whose way is peaceable, enlightened, true, and fruitful ; who looks not to the anointed head nor to the consecrated brow ; not to the pure in hand nor to the circumcised, but thither where man’s true countenance is to be found, towards his soul, and the perfection of his spirit ; whom dispensers of foolishness and hypocrites abhor ; whom upright and sincere men love ; whom noble souls receive with acclamation,—To the honoured and noble Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford and to his fellows, greeting.’

The desired effect ensued. Bruno was made free of the university, and received permission to deliver there two courses of lectures on the ‘Immortality of the Soul,’ and on the ‘Quintuple Sphere.’ They respectively unfolded, it is conjectured, his doctrines of metempsychosis and of the infinity of worlds. They proved, at any rate, unpalatable to the authorities, and were brought, it would seem, to a premature close. Oxford did not in those days show much tolerance of strange opinions ; each divergence from the peripatetic faith was punished in her graduates by a fine of five shillings ; and Bruno outraged peripatetic (and other) convictions at every point. Success had emboldened him to speak out. He no longer kept within the bounds of the exoteric doctrine which had served to make him known at Toulouse and Paris, but gave a fuller taste of his quality in teachings often startling and subversive.

His career at Oxford lasted just three months. It concluded, in June 1583, with the visit of the Polish Prince Albert de Alasco, the Palatine of Siradia, who ‘came to the ‘English Court to see the fashions, and admire the wisdom ‘of the Queen,’† and was received by Leicester at the university with festivities of three days’ duration. He was

* In Mr. Frith’s translation, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

† Wood, ‘Antiquities of Oxford’ (Gutch’s edition), vol. ii. p. 215.

said to be 'insatiable of learned pleasures,' and enough of them were provided to cloy the most robust appetite. Sermons, dissertations, disputations, theatrical performances, succeeded each other, the professors making show without stint of their learning and their Latinity, the Palatine of his powers of endurance.

Among the spectacles not the least significant was that of a spare-bodied, bright-eyed Italian engaged in acrimonious encounter with certain dons, described by him as 'clad in 'long robes of velvet, adorned with gold chains or costly 'rings, smelling of Greek and beer, and owning the manners 'of ploughmen.'* Fifteen several times, according to the same authority, was the 'Coryphæus of the academy on that 'grave occasion' reduced, by the conclusive force of fifteen syllogisms, to the embarrassed condition of a 'chicken in a 'stubble-field,' while the rudeness and brutality of 'that 'pig' brought out in strong contrast the graceful forbearance of his opponent, 'who in truth showed 'himself a 'Neapolitan, born and bred under more benignant skies.'†

There were doubtless high words on the occasion. Bruno's mode of controversy was of an eminently exasperating kind. His sarcasms were, in the phrase of M. Conti,‡ 'stiletto-thrusts;' his ironical attempts at conciliation scarcely more soothing. The upshot of the display was his disappearance from Oxford. The banks of the Isis knew him no more; nor was his brief stay commemorated by any local record. The Bodleian has been searched in vain§ for any scrap of evidence bearing on the Nolan episode. Contemporary English writers were similarly silent. Not one of them mentions the name of Giordano Bruno. Yet he figured conspicuously in London society during upwards of two years. He knew Burghley and Walsingham; he was on terms of intimate friendship with Sidney and Fulke Greville; he had frequent access to Elizabeth. Italian refinement captivated the taste of the 'virgin queen:' she spoke the language—*per ambizione*, as the Venetian ambassador reported—and aired the acquirement whenever feasible; Castiglione's code of gentility was her *vade mecum*; she affected the Italian mode and air, and stimulated her courtiers to imitate the Italian exiles whom misfortune or misconduct

* Cena de le Ceneri, pp. 123, 137 (Wagner's edition).

† Ibid., p. 179.

‡ Storia della Filosofia, p. 266.

§ By Professor Nettleship, at the request of M. Brunnhofer.

had wafted towards the precincts of Whitehall.* Bruno's vivid discourses had thus a particular charm for her, though her shrewd, cold mind can hardly have taken the full measure of him. He most likely passed in the Court circle for an entertaining rhapsodist, for a preacher of chimeras, a proclaimer of vast and vague incredibilities, outraging the sedate sobriety of English common sense. And the estimate had some truth in it. Even his professed admirers do not hold all his utterances as those of a perfectly sane man; the impartial Brucker is driven to admit that he used reason deliriously—*cum ratione insanivit*; the Bacchic frenzy amid which he delivered his sentiments, if it animated, helped also to discredit them. His extravagant self-eulogies, moreover, savoured of imposture, and his 'art of memory' could hardly, to grave minds, appear otherwise than as an intellectual quack remedy. Hence he was scarcely taken by his contemporaries as seriously as he deserved. His genius did not, to their eyes, fully disengage itself from his charlatanry. His eccentricity was, to a close onlooker, more apparent than the inspiration by which it was illuminated and to some extent redeemed.

In peace, so far as peace was possible to him, the Nolan philosopher dwelt in the French ambassador's house from June 1583 until about September 1585. It was a real home that he had found. 'London,' as he gratefully declared, was 'made Nola to him;' and unaccustomed touches of a tender regard are traceable in his panegyric on Madame Castelnau, and still more in his enthusiasm over the accomplishments of her little daughter, aged six, the godchild and favourite of the Queen of Scots.

'Malignant' enemies, indeed, lay as usual in wait for him, but he was for the time secure from their assaults; his daily bread was provided, and leisure was left him to give shape and sequence to the ideas which scorched his brain. Under Castelnau's roof, accordingly, his best works were composed. Those (of a philosophical character) which preceded might be properly described as *nugatory*. They were mere empty shells of words. But now at last the substance of his metaphysic was unfolded, not, it is true, in a systematic or lucid form, but as coherently as the nature of its author permitted. His native Italian, too, which he was no doubt encouraged to adopt by its general intelligibility to the cultured English of that era, was, compared with the heavy-

* Bartholmæss, 'Jordano Bruno,' t. i. p. 103.

hoofed Latin serving to convey the mysteries of the Lullian art, as Pegasus to a Suffolk punch. On the wings of its rhetoric he travelled far, and he travelled fast.

Three dialogues, constituting a sort of trilogy, embodied the essence of his teaching regarding man, the universe, and its Maker. The first, known as the '*Cena de le Ceneri*,' or Supper of Ashes, relates the preliminaries and upshot of an Ash Wednesday banquet in the house of Sir Fulke Greville, where the Nolan was given an opportunity of formally meeting anti-Copernican objections. It is by far the most entertaining of his works. Written evidently under the lash of severe personal mortification, cosmology is enlivened in it by the keenest satire, and the effect is rather that of a brilliant lampoon upon English manners than of a serious philosophical essay. The narrative form given to it affords, besides, a wide scope for variety of treatment, turned to full account. For, side by side with diatribes upon the filthy condition of London streets, the impenetrable sullenness of Thames boatmen, the leaky condition of their skiffs, the brutality of the English working and serving classes, the nauseous horrors of the 'loving cup,' the pig-headed and boorish incivility of Oxford professors, we meet passages of true sublimity, of grave and lofty eloquence, upon subjects well worthy to occupy the deepest attention of the human mind.

The astronomical debate finally arrived at was conducted with the usual amenities of a scientific discussion. Bruno was politely told that he was 'sailing to Anticyra'—in other words, that Bedlam was the fittest place for him. He retorted furiously that his antagonist, a certain Doctor Torquato, was worth, stripped of his official insignia, no more than the garments he wore, which themselves needed to be well dusted with cudgels. General confusion ensued, and the party shortly after broke up, the Nolan remaining, we can gather, not in the best odour, whether social or scientific. His arguments were, indeed, in many respects unworthy of the great truths they were employed to defend; and in his show of mathematical reasonings he displayed ignorance which he would have been the first to stigmatise as 'asinine,' had he detected it in an adversary.

He condescended, in '*De la Causa, Principio, et Uno*,' to sing something of a palinode to the anti-English dithyrambs of the '*Cena*.' The apology probably did little to still the outcry raised by the offence. Only Castelnau's protection enabled him to hold his ground. In the '*Proemial Epistle*'

addressed to him, he flings over the rock of his injured innocence a cascade of phrases descriptive of the various kinds of vile motives conspiring to produce the 'unjust outrages' levelled at him, 'the beloved of the wise, the admired of the learned, the esteemed of potentates, the favourite of the gods,' but whom 'blockheads hated, the worthless contemned, the ignoble blamed, villains vituperated, the whole bestial crew persecuted.'

An abrupt change of key then introduces the fine sonnet, beginning—

‘Causa, Principio, et Uno sempiterno,’

and concluding with the following vigorous lines, which may serve as a slight specimen of our philosopher's poetical style:—

‘Cieco error, tempo avaro, ria fortuna,
Sorda invidia, vil rabbia, iniquo zelo,
Crudo cor, empio ingegno, strano ardore
Non basteranno a farmi l' aria bruna,
Non mi porrann' avanti gli occhi il velo,
Non faran mai, ch' il mio bel sol non mire.’

The theme of the ensuing discourse is the majestic doctrine of the unity of the world in God, by which Giordano Bruno professed to 'establish the edifice of all natural and divine cognition.' In this solemn unity contraries are identified; the finite and the infinite, the real and the ideal, matter and form, act and potency, meet and harmonise. From the immanence of the Divinity it was inferred that 'all things are in everything, consequently that all is One.' This was Bruno's pet paradox. Although of highly orthodox parentage, since it originated with Cardinal Cusa, it is easy to see that, in the crude shape here given to it, it meant pantheism or nothing.

The concluding dialogue of the set, 'De l' Infinito Universo e Mondi,' displays the multiplicity comprehended by the fundamental unity. Happy audacities, plentifully mixed with fanciful extravagances, mark every page. Much lumber of antiquated erudition was swept scornfully aside. Astronomers who kept their brains imprisoned within the narrow compass of the nine traditional spheres, reminded him, by their saltatory and gyratory performances, of parrots hopping in a cage. He, at least, would no longer be a slave to the 'vile phantasy' of a sky built, as it were, in compartments. 'The lucid interspace of world and world' should, once for all, be thrown freely wide to motion and thought.

Down, then, with the barriers of heaven; down with the
'flaming walls of the world;' away with

'The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven.'

All Nature is one; it is infinite, it is divine, it is a living organism animated by a living soul. Each of the innumerable worlds it embraces—

'The isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air'—

is a glorious being, consciously striving towards its own perfection, intelligently regulating its course and movements according to its felt needs; contemplating with rapt intuitive knowledge the principles of being, the order of the cosmos, the stupendous unity of which it forms part. With much more eloquent pseudo-scientific declamation to a similar effect, the nebulous bulk of which is, however, here and there strangely furrowed by the vivid gleam of an anticipated verity.

The Nolan's 'liberating' message to an unresponsive world was now, in its main purport, delivered; but he did not therefore keep silence. His brain still effervesced; the smart of his wounded self-love was still sharp and sore. He had no sooner, then, reached the *sat prata biberunt* of 'De l' Infinito,' than he set his rapid pen to work on the 'Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante.'

This curious little book owed much of its reputation to its rarity, much more to its impiety, and a small residue to its wit. No more than twenty copies are said to have been originally printed, and they were hunted out by bibliophiles as eagerly as the luck-bringing 'four-leaved shamrock' by an Irish peasant. Fifty pounds was paid for one in Addison's time, and that in the Mazarin Library cost 1,132 francs. Toland boasted his copy (said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth) as unique, and extolled the efficacy of its anti-christian sneers. Their impotence, on the other hand, was exposed by Budgell in the 'Spectator,' and is now obvious to the least discerning. Since the book has become accessible it has ceased to look formidable. Immorality and irreligion are, indeed, distributed broadcast through its pages, but in such visible association with wild and wicked unreason as to be impotent for evil.

The inner meaning of the piece is not easy to disengage from its artful enfoldings. We are, at the outset, confronted with all the intricacies of an allegory thrown into dialogue

form. Jupiter, waking all at once to the consciousness that 'he is no longer as young as he was,' calls a council of the gods, and proposes that, before the sceptre drop from them, they should mend their ways and conciliate destiny by repentance. A reform of the constellations gives outward testimony of the change; the vicious crew raised to the skies in the bad old times is hunted out of them, and a grave train of meritorious personifications substituted. The selection and description of the virtues to be promoted constitute the work a sort of moral philosophy, attended by sundry digressions on the wisdom of Egypt and the darkness of Christendom, on Teutonic inebriety, the extirpation of Lutherans, the quadrature of the circle and the blessings of polygamy! Bringing, on the whole, and in spite of some coruscating passages, much weariness to the conscientious reader of 'such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff as puts him 'from his faith.'

It concealed, however, a purpose. The expelled 'Beast' of the fable, besides its collective application—literally to the menagerie of the constellated heavens, and metaphorically to the passions of the human heart—had also probably a covert reference to dogmatic theology. The year 1584, distinguished by a 'great conjunction' in Aries, had been fixed upon beforehand by Leowicz as that of the downfall of the 'Fourth Monarchy,' and many others anticipated a simultaneous end for the Christian religion.* Bruno seized the occasion to launch a sort of *ballon d'essai*. Under a disguise of figures and sarcasms, he designed, as it were, half in mockery, to test his reception as a preacher of a new gospel of pure reason, which should banish half the ills of humanity, and, by delivering men from the fear of death and eternity, encourage them to lay their hands fearlessly on whatever enjoyments nature placed within their reach.

It was by Wharton made a reproach to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney that he had received the dedication of such a book, as well as that 'he was the intimate friend and 'patron of the famous atheist,' its author, who was in a secret club with him and Sir Fulke Greville in London.† The meetings of the designated society (in its origin purely literary) are alluded to by Bruno himself; they were held at night with closed doors, but of the subjects under discussion

* F. Fiorentino, 'Giornale Napoletano,' t. vii. p. 41.

† Zouch, 'Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney,' p. 337.

we know nothing beyond the obvious conjecture of Sidney's biographer, 'that they were of a nice and delicate nature.'

The last of six Dialogues * printed at London within two years formed an offering more worthy of the hero of Zutphen. In 'De gli Eroi Furori' are included seventy-four sonnets and songs describing the vicissitudes of a supersensual passion, connected by a prose commentary, after the manner of Dante in the 'Vita Nuova,' or of Girolamo Benivieni in his 'Canzoni' on Divine Love.† Bruno is here seen at his best. The ignoble side of him is, for the time, sunk out of sight; the ribaldries and buffooneries of the 'Spaccio' and the 'Cabala' are forgotten; we hear only the rhythmically expressed aspirations of an 'heroic' soul, striving, by the exercise of a kind of rapt contemplation akin to the ecstasy of the Neoplatonists, towards a terrestrial paradise of mystic quietism.

On the recall of the French ambassador, in September, 1585, Bruno departed in his train to Paris. It would have been impossible for him to remain behind. He had played Teucer to Castelnau's Ajax. With his shafts spent and the broad sheltering shield withdrawn, his enemies would have found him an easy prey. His travels accordingly recommenced.

In Paris he prepared a surprise for his future biographers. It might have been thought that the publication of the 'Spaccio' and the 'Cabala' marked his final severance from every form of Christianity. Plainly audible, amid the sharp rattle of sarcasms and innuendoes, sounds sullenly through both the *Écrasez l'infâme* of a later scoffer. What religion is professed in them is a pantheism of a peculiarly debased type, opening the door wide, with the hearty approval of the author, to fetichism, animal-worship, magical rites, and every other degrading superstition. The human mind, however, includes sometimes as many convolutions as the human brain; and it would appear that, in Bruno's view, the utmost license of his philosophical sallies by no means compromised his theological position. The fact, at any rate, is undoubted that he opened early in 1586 formal negotiations for the removal of the ecclesiastical censures he lay under.

They were favourably received, but proved abortive through his invincible repugnance to reintegrate his broken vows. His case was taken up both by the Spanish ambassador,

* The 'Spaccio' was furnished with a kind of sequel in the 'Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo,' a poignant satire on unlearned piety.

† Bartholmæss, 'Jordano Bruno,' t. ii. p. 34.

Mendoza, and by the papal nuncio; and he received spiritual counsel from Father Alons, a Spanish Jesuit, who 'insisted,' Bruno related afterwards, 'upon the necessity of procuring 'absolution from the papal censure, and that my return to 'the religious life was indispensable; I was likewise notified 'by him that, being excommunicated, I could not assist at 'the divine offices, but that I might hear sermons and say 'my prayers in church.'*

The nugatory result of these parleyings counted with Bruno as a mere temporary check. Sixtus V. was then Pope. The well-known sternness of his character alone deterred the nuncio from writing to intercede for the *quasi-penitent*, whose confidence remained unshaken that, under a more benign sway, his proffered terms would be accepted. He probably looked also to an increase of fame to enable him to dictate them with greater security.

Before finally quitting Paris, Bruno threw down the gauntlet to the learning of Europe by an elaborate impeachment, in a hundred and twenty articles, of Aristotle's physical doctrine. The philosophy they embodied, now described as *exsurgens*, now as *resurgens*, curiously illustrated the Horatian prediction—*Multa renascentur qua jam cecidere*. An air of venerable antiquity was ingeniously given to its contentions; startling novelties hobbled forward on crutches lent by Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Thales, Plato, Pythagoras; the *novi homines*, Copernicus included, were conspicuous by absence; revolution wore the time-honoured garb of reaction. Bruno's cosmical views, not omitting the infinitude and intelligent vitality of the universe, were nevertheless stated without reserve, and so far passed muster with the Sorbonne that the whole of his theses were permitted to be defended from a simply rational point of view.

They formed, accordingly, the subject of a solemn disputation in the College of Cambrai on Whit Sunday, 1586, the bare record of which may be animated by the fancy calling up the hot attendant academic excitement, the hurling of syllogisms and invectives, the cracking of logic, the splitting of hairs, and the losing of tempers. With the tumult of the scene still ringing in his ears, Bruno set out towards the Rhine, and matriculated, July 25, at the University of Marburg. He at once sought permission to introduce himself by a public debate, but it was refused *ob arduas causas*; and the refusal drew down upon the rector a visit,

* Berti, 'Documenti,' p. 51.

like the swoop of a tornado, from the newly arrived student. His vehement reproaches ended with the demand that his name should be removed from the academic register, as it willingly and speedily was. Yet he had a posthumous revenge. For when fame began to illustrate the name of Giordano Bruno, it was quietly restored to a page which it was thought would look the brighter for including it; and the cancelled erasure still silently records the affront and its tardy reparation.

Another German university was tried with better fortune. Wittenberg preserved the traditions of Melancthon's liberality, and afforded the ambulant philosopher hospitality, repaid in the rhetorical coin so profusely at his command. Entered among its students August 20, 1586, he was permitted, through the influence of Alberico Gentili, already known to him at Oxford, to lecture on Aristotle's 'Organon;' and he took private pupils besides. Mere tranquillity, however, could not long satisfy him; and even that was possibly imperilled by the growth of Calvinistic influences under the new elector. He determined, at any rate, 'to tap another cask,' and on March 8, 1588, delivered a solemn 'valedictory oration' before the assembled learning of the 'Athens of Germany'—an oration well worth studying for the inconceivable levity of mind which it betrays. Three years earlier he had denounced Lutheran doctrines as a 'pestilence,' as the 'mother of every villany,' as a 'worse than Lernean monster, diffusing the fatal poison of a multiform heresy through the veins of unhappy Europe.*' Their propagators 'merited persecution by heaven and earth, nor claimed pity any more than wolves, bears, or serpents.' Now at Wittenberg Luther was the Hercules who 'went forth single-handed to encounter the ravening beast, and to raise up the fallen and corrupted age;' while the Papacy, whose clemency he had but lately invoked, and whose authority over his conscience he never ceased to acknowledge, figured as a triple-crowned Cerberus, dragged by the victorious hero from the Styx-enfolded depths of Orcus!

His next move was to Prague, and although thalers were scarce with Rudolph II., three hundred of them rewarded the dedication of an obscure little work entitled 'One Hundred and Sixty Theses against the Mathematicians and Philosophers of the Age.' No further prospect opening, however, its author sped northward to Helmstädt, and

* Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante, p. 146.

enrolled himself, January 13, 1589, among the *alumni* of the university founded by Duke Julius of Brunswick in 1576. He publicly congratulated himself upon being here 'no longer 'exposed to the fangs of the Roman wolf;' yet things did not go the more smoothly with him. Contentions among the professors, brawls and turbulence among the students, left little room at Helmstädt for the sedate courtship of learning. Over Bruno's head a tempest quickly gathered. His Copernicanism drew down the wrath of the pro-rector, Daniel Hoffmann, a zealot and ultra-rigorous, 'not less ignorant,' as his courteous antagonist remarked, 'in grammar than in philosophy, and whose hide was scarcely fit for leather.'* The culminating incident of the quarrel was Bruno's solemn excommunication by the pastor Boëthius, the temporal, if not the spiritual, consequences of which were serious. Public discredit and private avoidance must have followed upon the sentence; yet its object struggled on for some months, until the work he had in hand was completed, or bread began utterly to fail. He then quietly disappeared. Neither Hoffmann nor Boëthius, however, escaped scotfree. Designated respectively as the Grammarian and the Priest, their effigies, like waxen images in wizard rites, were hung up as targets for insult in Bruno's poem 'De Immenso.' Mr. Frith finds it 'satisfactory to know' that both were subsequently disgraced; and in truth they seem to have fared no better than the serpent who bit Jean Fréron, and died of his poisonous flavour.

About the middle of 1590 Bruno emerged into full view at Frankfort. He came in search of the author's indispensable ally—a publisher. A triad of Latin poems, corresponding to the triad of Italian dialogues produced in England, was the fruit of his leisure at Helmstädt. In them the same fundamental tenets assumed a form designed to be more permanent and universal. But among Bruno's rich gifts patience was not numbered; and the *limæ labor et mora* is demanded by Latin hexameters more than by most other styles of writing, as the *sine quâ non* of their prolonged vitality.

Giordano Bruno was thought-ridden. A mission transcendently momentous was, he believed, committed to him. He indited with profound conviction the lines—

'Altum, difficilem, rarum perferre laborem,
Mens me sacra jubet.'†

Composition was with him a sacred fury, to be appeased in

* Frith, *op. cit.*, p. 202.

† De Immenso, lib. i. cap. 2.

the manner that most readily presented itself. Subsequent revision occurred to him as little as it occurred to the Sibyl to collect and edit the scattered leaves of her prophecies. Hence even his best works bear the stamp of improvisation. They are swift and spontaneous. The reader is brought by them into the full rush of ideas straight from the brain. But he is oppressed by the tediousness inseparable from prodigality; he is bewildered with redundancies of expression, and offended by the spurious glitter of cheap literary finery. It is true that passages of rare and sterling merit indemnify him; but they are, like glades in a tropical forest, not always easy of access.

Faults that are venial in Italian prose become deadly in Latin poetry. Bruno's hatred of pedantry branched out into contempt for grammar and prosody. *Grammatici verbis*, he exclaimed scornfully, *at nobis verba ministrent*. In his three didactic poems, 'De Minimo,' 'De Monade,' and 'De Immenso,' occur hundreds of lines that might make Quintilian not merely 'stare and gasp,' as on lesser provocation, but absolutely start from his grave. Bruno aimed here at being the Lucretius of the newer time; the Lucretian vocabulary, however, was altogether inadequate to his purposes, and he made no scruple of reinforcing it with words

'Harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp.'

Hence his metaphysical and cosmological epics, apart from some rare flights of genuine inspiration, are fitter to be explored than to be read. They are storehouses of antiquities and novelties—of manifold reminiscences, bizarre imaginings, half-prophetic anticipations; but involved in a maze of which it is not easy to find the plan, and conveyed in language so harsh and obscure as to constitute rather a defensive panoply than a becoming vesture for the ideas presented. 'De Immenso' must, nevertheless, always be memorable, if for nothing else, for the influence it exercised on Goethe,* as 'De Monade' for its suggestions to Leibnitz.

* See Brunnhofer in 'Goethe Jahrbuch,' 1886, p. 241. Completely Brunian are the verses quoted from the 'Zahme Xenien':—

'Das Leben wohnt in jedem Sterne;
Er wandelt mit den andern gerne
Die selbsterwählte, freie Bahn.
Im innern Erdenball pulsiren
Die Kräfte die zur Nacht uns führen,
Und wieder zu dem Tag heran.'

Frankfort was at the close of the sixteenth century the centre of the German book trade, and the Wechels were the leading printers of Frankfort. By an arrangement then common between penniless authors and their publishers, Johann Wechel at first maintained Bruno in his own house; but, under the stress of an order from the burgomaster, dated July 2, 1590 (presumably instigated by Helmstädt malevolence), he put him to board at a Carmelite convent in the town. Here he remained seven months, correcting the proofs of his books, cutting the rude figures by which they were illustrated, 'meditating and brooding over chimeras.'* He passed for a man of fine parts, but of no religion; and it was remembered that he had vaunted the superiority of his learning to that of the Apostles, and his 'power, if he 'pleased, to make the whole world of one religion.'

Among his fellow-lodgers were two Venetian booksellers, named respectively Ciotto and Bertano, who came to Frankfort for its great semestrial fairs. These were marts of ideas, as well as of spices, satins, and metal work. Books printed in all languages were disseminated thence far and wide. Scholars thirsting to hear and to know, thirsting perhaps still more ardently to be heard and made known, wended thither from all parts. Erudite discourses collected eager audiences daily in the booksellers' shops, and Bruno, we may be sure, was not one of their least fluent orators. He certainly advertised himself in large terms as a professor of the art of memory; and his pretensions on this point proved fatal to him. One of his mnemonic treatises, carried by Ciotto to Venice, attracted the notice of Giovanni Mocenigo, a man noble in birth but in nought besides, whose dulness did not exclude curiosity and cunning. He bought and pored over the book, became fascinated by its dark hints at unimaginable knowledge, and determined to procure, at any cost, personal instruction by its author.

In the course of 1591 he wrote twice to Bruno, urging his immediate presence in Venice, and offering, no doubt, enticing terms. There was some delay, though apparently no hesitation, in accepting them. Engagements in Frankfort had first to be fulfilled, and suffered moreover an unexplained interruption. Under compulsion of some kind—*casu repentino avulsus*, Wechel said—he left Frankfort abruptly, February 23, 1591, and it is not certain that he ever re-

* Berti, 'Documenti,' p. 13.

turned.* Zürich sheltered him, we know, until July 1, and he was in Venice in September or October; but his intervening rambles are untracked.

He crossed the Alps perfectly unapprehensive of danger. Although he had made no secret, while softening the outlines, of his history, he had hitherto been well received in Catholic countries; no hindrance had been opposed to his teaching, and he had enjoyed the favour of the great. His religious troubles had come from Protestant quarters. An exaggerated estimate of his fame fortified his rash daring, at which onlookers were astounded. For it must be remembered that, by the laws of his country, he was an escaped criminal. Valens Acidalius wrote from Bologna to the Bavarian Forgacz, January 21, 1592, on hearing what seemed to him the incredible rumour that Bruno was actually lecturing at Padua: 'Is it truly so? What man is this that dares to return to Italy, whence he once fled? *Mirror, mirror!*' But on March 3: 'I no longer marvel; so many various and amazing accounts reach me daily of the same sophist.'†

Bruno in fact spent much of his time in Padua, studying judicial astrology, giving lessons, and dictating to his secretary, Besler of Nuremberg. In Venice he frequented the reunions of notabilities at the houses of Andrea Morosini the historian, and of Bernardo Secchini, at the sign of the Golden Ship, in the Merceria, while intermittently directing the studies of Mocenigo. From March, however, when he took up his quarters in his house in the Via San Samuele, their promotion formed his chief employment. But to little purpose. Things had not gone smoothly between them from the first, and they did not mend now. The pupil was discontented, the teacher scornful and impatient. Mocenigo's extravagant hopes were disappointed, and he was consequently embittered, though unwilling to admit that he had been the dupe of his own credulity. The 'secrets' he had paid for were not indeed forthcoming; gifts and threats alike failed to elicit them; yet he never doubted that they were in his master's power to disclose; and a jealous fear that they were held in reserve for others lodged itself in his narrow and

* Mr. Frith supposes that he revisited Frankfort *from Venice*. This is a complete mistake, due to imperfect apprehension of the terms of his deposition.

† Fiorentino, 'Jordani Bruni Op. Lat.,' p. xx.

rancorous heart. On Ciotto's departure for the Easter fair at Frankfort, he commissioned him to enquire particularly into Bruno's reputation as a teacher there; and the account proving unsatisfactory, he confided to him the design he had long entertained of denouncing the stranger to the Inquisition as soon as he had extracted from him all that was practicable. He was, he complained, heavily out of pocket; and the case had for him a pecuniary as well as a spiritual aspect. It is indeed impossible to believe that his conduct in the matter was actuated, however imperfectly, by a truly conscientious motive; the marks of personal hostility and petty spite are upon it throughout.

Their object, meanwhile, saw the goal of his lifelong ambition now well within view. Clement VIII. was elected pope, January 30, 1592, and was known to be of a placable spirit and erudite sympathies. Bruno recognised in him, as he thought, the instrument for the realisation of his hopes. As a propitiatory gift, he had prepared an encyclopædic work on 'The Seven Liberal Arts,'* armed with which he meant to cast himself at his feet and crave absolution. He saw no possibility of failure. The way seemed smooth before him to the footstool of St. Peter's chair. One May morning in 1592 he imparted his project to Fra Domenico of Nocera in the sacristy of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. He had fully resolved, he declared, to abandon his roving life, and give rest to his troubled conscience. Once reconciled with the Church, he looked forward to leading a tranquil literary life in Rome, wearing the clerical habit, though untrammelled by monastic discipline, in a position to display his powers, and perhaps dignified by some professorship.†

But an unexpected bar was placed to these sanguine anticipations. On May 21 Bruno presented himself to take leave of Mocenigo, preparatory to a journey to Frankfort for the purpose of getting his new book printed. Mocenigo became furious at the prospect of his escape, and a stormy altercation ensued, preluding an act of treachery the more odious that it was vainly sought to be disguised in the garb of religious zeal. Late in the night of May 23 Bruno was roused from sleep by the entry of his host, attended by a servant and five or six gondoliers from the neighbourhood, who forcibly removed him to a garret and there locked him in. Threats

* It must still exist, in manuscript, among the Vatican archives.

† Berti, 'Documenti,' p. 23.

of worse to follow were speedily carried out. 'Ser Zuane,' having first confiscated the books and property of his guest, promptly laid before the Holy Office a denunciation charging him with a number of blasphemous utterances, developed probably in great part from imperfectly understood hints dropped in reckless conversation by the unhappy man. Before another night had passed he succeeded, by his urgent appeals, in getting him lodged in the dreaded 'Piombi.'

The trial immediately commenced. The tribunal consisted of the Father Inquisitor, the Apostolic Nuncio, and the Patriarch of Venice, with one of three 'Savii dell' 'Eresia,' employed to take note of the proceedings on behalf of the Council of Ten. The booksellers, Ciotto and Bertano, testified to the religious inoffensiveness of the accused. Neither had heard from or seen in him anything unbecoming a good Catholic. Their evidence was confirmed by Bernardo Morosini, and Fra Domenico further related his loyal intentions of submitting himself to the sovereign pontiff. His personal examination began May 29 and terminated June 4. The record of it constitutes a complete autobiography, profoundly interesting, and generally trustworthy. Its publication by Signor Berti in 1868 gave the first distinct clue to the Nolan's manifold adventures.

It was no very striking figure that appeared before the Venetian Inquisition on May 29, 1592—a man just entered on his forty-fifth year, of medium stature and slightly built, with a short, blackish-brown beard, quick, eager gestures, and dark eyes veiling far-off gleams of a half-insane, speculative enthusiasm. The easy confidence with which he unfolded his life and opinions before his judges is very remarkable. He appears to have been at first under no apprehensions as to the result, nor by any means unwilling to give, as he said, 'an account of himself.' The worst that could befall him, he thought, was a compulsory restoration to his order; and with his book in his hand he could rely on favour from the pope. The real gravity of his offences was unaccountably hidden from him. While professing all the *religious* convictions of an orthodox Catholic, he fully admitted his *philosophic* doubts regarding the fundamental dogma of the Christian faith, including a *philosophic* inability to conceive of the Holy Spirit otherwise than as the *anima mundi* of the Pythagoreans. Nothing, however, could be more complete than his submission when recalled on July 30. He protested his repentance of all errors, internal or avowed, promised amendment, and proposed to make atonement for

past scandal by better conversation in the future. He implored mercy on his knees, and not until repeatedly admonished to rise would he consent to quit the attitude of supplication.

But while his cause was still pending, the right to adjudicate upon it was claimed elsewhere. On September 17, the Cardinal di San Severino applied, in the name of the Roman Inquisition, for the surrender of the fugitive monk. After nearly four months of jealous deliberation, the claim was allowed by the republic, mainly on the ground of the early unfinished proceedings against him at Naples and Rome, leaving him in the position of a latitant from justice.

On February 27, 1593, Giordano Bruno was enrolled as a prisoner of the Roman Inquisition; after which a blank of six years interrupts his history. The curtain next rises upon the formal opening of his trial, January 14, 1599. The delay is extraordinary, since the proceedings of the Holy Office were, as a rule, conducted with promptitude. But in Bruno's case there was evidently a special desire to avoid coming to extremities, and his appeal to the clemency of the pope had not been without effect. Whatever negotiations may have been on foot, however, broke down, and the charges against the prisoner at last took definite shape in eight heretical propositions collected by Cardinal Bellarmine and the Father Commissary from his published works and oral depositions. As to their nature, we are only informed that they had from the first been held to be heretical by the Fathers, the Church, and the Apostolic See. Of astronomical and cosmical theories there was no mention (so far as has yet come to light) either at the Roman or the Venetian trial.* The discussions (as Signor Berti has pointed out†) were purely theological, and were probably concerned, in their chief purport, with Bruno's Arian opinions.

The whole of the year 1599 was spent in fruitless efforts to obtain a recantation. There were hearings and rehear-

* The 'infinitude of worlds' figured in Mocenigo's enumeration of Bruno's impious tenets, which the well-known letter of Cardinal Scoppius echoed. But the subject was taken no notice of by the inquisitors; and, indeed, Cardinal Cusa had maintained long before, without the slightest note of censure, that inhabited worlds are 'innumerable.'

† Documenti, p. 83.

ings, intimations of a fixed term and postponements, private debates with and exhortations of the accused by the most eminent theologians in Rome. An audience was even afforded him on the subject of his material requirements. But he remained inflexible. The submissive mood in which we last saw him at Venice had given place to one of impenetrable and rigid obstinacy.

M. Brunnhofer, whose work (of which the title is included among our headings) betrays the rabid prejudice common to those of his school, seeks to exonerate his hero from the reproach of any leanings towards Christianity by fastening upon him the guilt of perjured hypocrisy. At Venice, according to his theory, he feigned repentance to save his life; at Rome the true nature of the man asserted itself, and he died, nobly holding aloft the blank standard of unbelief. Mr. Frith, on the contrary, holds that he was always, and to the end, a sincere Catholic, and deliberately sacrificed himself in the cause of philosophic freedom. Manifestos inconsistent with this allegiance were, he pleads, 'dictated by the 'gaiety of rhetoric.' A good deal of such 'gaiety,' it must be admitted, pervades Bruno's writings. Still there is much to justify (with due qualification) the first clause of the contention. Bruno clearly cherished throughout his wanderings the hope of readmission to the Church of his baptism; only he was to be readmitted on his own terms, and less in the guise of a penitent than of a victorious champion of letters and philosophy.

In his prisoner's cell at Rome he for the first time realised the hard conditions of repentance. No professorial displays, no academic excitements, no literary controversies or intellectual tournaments, no loud *evvivas* from applauding Christendom; but silence, obscurity, discipline, perhaps incarceration. They were intolerable to him. Their prolonged solitary contemplation exasperated, perhaps to actual madness, a mind at the best of times perilously excitable. The idea of a spectacular death had often presented itself to Giordano Bruno's imagination. *La morte d' un secolo*, he had declared in the 'Eroici Furori,' *fa vivo in tutti gli altri*. And his thoughts now more and more steadily turned to such a description of historical exit from the scene. The ambition was at least a feasible one, and vanity and revenge instigated its pursuit. The judges who condemned him would, he calculated, condemn themselves in the eyes of posterity, while his fame would be secured and brightened by his sufferings. Bruno then determined to die.

On December 21, he replied to further arguments that he 'had nothing to recant;' on January 20, 1600, the general of his order, Ippolito Maria Beccaria, after a final effort to soften his obduracy, reported Brother Jordanus to maintain that his opinions were in no sense heretical, but had been misconstrued as such by the examiners for the Holy Office. It was then resolved that he should be consigned to the secular arm, and on February 8 the ceremony of his degradation and surrender for punishment to the governor of Rome took place in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. When the decree had been read, the prisoner rose from his knees, and, looking round with a menacing air, exclaimed: 'It may be you pronounce this sentence upon me with more fear than I receive it.' Much had indeed been done to avoid passing it, and even now the execution was delayed five days in the fruitless hope of a late conversion.

The awful closing scene was enacted in the Campo di Fiora, once the site of the Theatre of Pompey, now a vegetable market. Hither was the last of Giordano Bruno's journeyings, and his travelling robe was a *san benito*. A crucifix, presented to him when bound to the stake, was rejected with fierce scorn; * but he assured the bystanders that 'he died a martyr, and willingly, and that his spirit 'would ascend to paradise with the smoke of his pyre.' Not a sigh marked its passing. Neither Huss nor Servetus had been able to repress a scream of agony in their fiery torment, but excruciated nature found a sterner master in the Nolan. It was the 17th of February, 1600. He was in his fifty-second year.

An astonishing obscurity long surrounded his fate. From all parts of the world a vast concourse visited Rome in the year of jubilee, but brought back with them no tale of wonder or horror regarding the tragedy in the Campo di Fiora. Doubts were even entertained of its actual occurrence. A letter, in which Cardinal Scioppius detailed the particulars of the event to his friend Conrad von Rittershusen at Altdorf, was until lately the only warrant of its reality; and it has been argued,† with some show of plausibility, that the letter is a forgery. Even if it were, however, the fact it narrates would not disappear from history.

* Mr. Frith absurdly suggests that it may have been *red hot*!

† By M. Desdouts, in 'La Légende tragique de Jordano Bruno,' Paris, 1885; but his plea was disposed of by Mr. R. C. Christie in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for October, 1885.

Confirmatory documents, scanty but sufficient, have successively been discovered; and among them specimens of the newsleaves of the time, termed 'Avvisi' and 'Ritorni,' in which both the sentence and its execution are exultingly recorded. The public conscience had in those days no qualms about the castigation of heretics. Even Kepler, astronomical fellow-feeling notwithstanding, did not venture to disapprove the terrific penalty paid by Giordano Bruno.

His philosophical doctrines were obscured by the same cloud which settled over his memory. He was popularly supposed to have suffered as an atheist, and in the absence of better knowledge it was concluded that he had written in the same capacity. He had never succeeded in catching the public ear. His books were too carelessly composed to attract, they were too fantastic and ill digested to compel general attention. Avoided, besides, as the offspring of sheer unreasoning negation, they became 'rarer than white crows.' Brucker was the first to appraise at their just value thoughts so disadvantageously presented. In his '*Historia Critica Philosophiæ*,' he cleared Bruno from the charge of atheism, and gave due recognition both to his genius and to the defects by which it was marred. 'The supreme worth,' he said, 'of some truths divined by him proves how high a place he might have earned in philosophy had he been content with sober thinking, rather than sought to feed his imagination with dreams.'* About half a century later, Jacobi translated some specimens from his Italian dialogues; and his fame in Germany culminated when Schelling proclaimed himself his disciple.† His indebtedness was indeed considerable, since it was for the vital principle of his entire philosophy—that of the identification of opposites in the Absolute. Originally of Teutonic lineage, having come to Bruno from Cusa, it was preserved and emphasised by the Nolan thinker, and formed, in Schelling's hands, as it were the hinge of the poetical pantheism of modern Germany.

It has been judiciously remarked‡ that Bruno's writings contain reminiscences and presentiments, but no organised body of philosophy. In wellnigh every page we encounter anticipations of what was to come. There are met, in heterogeneous association, Descartes' methodic doubt, Spinoza's theories of the nature of matter and of the sub-

* Tom. i. part ii. p. 32, 1744.

† In the metaphysical dialogue entitled '*Bruno*,' published 1802.

‡ Saissset, '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' tom. xviii. p. 1102.

stantial unity of the finite and the infinite, the monadology and 'thought-algebra' of Leibnitz, the Hegelian synthesis of contradictories. By diligent and determined 'reading 'between the lines,' foreshadowings of the doctrines of evolution and natural selection, as well as of a science of comparative mythology, have even been discovered. We find undoubtedly the sun for the first time set spinning on an axis, the stars endowed with proper motions in prescribed orbits, the uniformity, in material composition, of the sun and stars proclaimed, comets raised to the dignity of members of the solar system, with an extremely curious (of course pre-telescopic) allusion to sun-spots based on an observation by Cardinal Cusa.* Physical science, however, had no interest for Bruno save as incidental to his ontological reveries; nor did he show any capability of apprehending its fundamental principles. His divinatory instinct in certain particulars is hence the more remarkable; yet it made many more misses than hits. His lucky surmises show their full lustre only when extracted from the matrix of wild and confused theorising.

Bruno is more properly described as a cosmologist than as an astronomer, and a cosmologist of the Cusan rather than of the Copernican type. How the movements of the planets were to be explained was a matter of indifference to him; others might look to it if they would. At Frauenburg, it seemed to him, time had been wasted in mathematical demonstrations which might have been better employed in drawing speculative inferences. What he wanted above all was room—room for thought; a universe without bounds; peopled space stretching far, and ever farther, and infinitely beyond the utmost limit to which the vigorous wings of his imagination could carry him. This need of his nature was completely satisfied by Cusa's vaguely outlined Pythagorean world, which, however, Copernican reasonings came in very happily to fix and fortify. It was for this that they were precious to him, not for the beautiful harmonies of movement they disclosed—which, indeed, he showed little power of appreciating.

In philosophy Giordano Bruno was an avowed eclectic. What he approved he took, were it from Aristotle. But much more than from any other of his predecessors, he borrowed from Cardinal Cusa. So far as the assemblage of his speculations formed a system at all, it might in fact be

* *Cena de le Ceneri*, p. 162.

termed a Cusan philosophy, deprived of its safeguards, developed on its most dangerous side, vivified by the passion of a headlong enthusiast, transmuted in the incandescent crucibles of his brain. Bruno has been called 'Spinoza mad' or drunk; he might equally be described as 'Cusa dis-frocked and de-christianised.'

Two ideas—sometimes held separate, at other times fused into one—dominated his thoughts. He was, on the one side, 'fascinated, so to speak, with the prodigious vision of 'the unity of God;'* on the other, filled with a rapturous sense of the vitality of nature. According as one or the other predominated, he was a theist or a pantheist. There is, however, no logical outcome of his principles save in pantheism. His fluctuating belief in a personal God is a happy inconsistency. Matter in his system is eternal, self-existent; his *Anima Mundi* is an uncreated spirit fulfilling all the functions of the Deity, and rendering Him by consequence superfluous. The 'soul of the world,' as he conceived it, is the universal 'form' of things: it includes the universal intellect; it is the universal efficient cause; it makes, guides, governs; it is indistinguishable from God, and is by fits and starts actually confounded with Him. For if Bruno's loftier instincts recoiled from the consequences of the principles which he held, there were moments when he recognised, and, with a certain truculence, adopted them. The apophthegm, *Natura est Deus in rebus*, sums up the theology of the 'Spaccio;' and in 'De Immenso' he was not afraid to pronounce *Physis optima Deitas*. Of the moral government of the world there could be no question in such a scheme; and human freedom and the personal immortality of the soul had a purely fictitious existence in it. Bruno's abortive attempt to build up a moral philosophy served but to illustrate the depth of the quagmire he had chosen for its foundation. The ethical system preached by him might be defined as 'morality by upshot.' The law of conscience was abrogated; the *salus reipublicæ* usurped its place.

But in truth there is no real coherence in the Nolan philosophy, nor did it ever exercise even a limited empire over men's thoughts. It has so far gained by keeping that time has lent it historic interest, and could not deprive it of what it never possessed—objective value. It was a brilliant but abortive effort to develop an intuitive system of uni-

* Bartholmæss, 'Jordano Bruno,' tom. i. p. 382.

versal knowledge, starting from the assumption that by close and skilled attention the scheme of the world might be deciphered in the spirit of man. From transcendental idealism it proceeded inevitably to pantheism; yet not in serene, self-conscious acceptance; rather in despite of itself, and against the better will of its author, who would fain have clung to what broken spars of a nobler creed had survived the tempests of his soul. Giordano Bruno was (to borrow a thought of Professor Carriere's) too much of a poet to be a philosopher, and too much of a philosopher to be a poet. He was intoxicated, just as Shelley was intoxicated, with the exclusive and overweening sense of a spiritual power in nature; but Shelley was content to feel and to sing, while Bruno was impelled to formulate. Hence his logical shipwreck amid the sunlit but inaccessible cliffs of a barren idealism.

ART. VI.—*A Digest of the International Law of the United States, taken from Documents issued by Presidents and Secretaries of State, and from Decisions of Federal Courts and Opinions of Attorneys-General.* Edited by FRANCIS WHARTON, LL.D., Author of 'A Treatise on Conflict of Laws,' and of 'Commentaries on American Law.' In three vols. Washington, Government Printing Office: 1886.

THIS work, which now lies before us, is another example of the superiority of American legal literature over that of this country. Among the numerous modern English works on municipal law, it is impossible not to be struck with the absence of that grasp of the subject and power of treatment which characterises the legal literature of the United States. If we look over the legal publications of recent years in this country, there are very few which have made a permanent mark—perhaps the two most noticeable are the 'Digest of the Criminal Law,' by Mr. Justice Stephen, and the late Mr. Benjamin's 'Treatise on Sale.' But to all intents and purposes the latter may be regarded as an American work, if we are comparing the legal literature of the United States and of Great Britain. The contrast is greater in the sphere of international law; and Dr. Wharton has now added another to the list of standard works which are chiefly associated with the names of Kent, Story, and Wheaton.

But though we primarily owe this work to the individual

initiative of Dr. Wharton, we are indebted for its publication to the wisdom of the Senate and House of Representatives, by whom the printing of this 'Digest' was ordered. The sources from which it is drawn are shortly and clearly explained in Dr. Wharton's preliminary remarks :—

'The authorities on whom I have relied,' he writes (Preliminary Remarks, p. viii), 'are (1) Presidents' messages; (2) opinions and reports of Secretaries of State; (3) opinions of Attorneys-General; (4) opinions of Federal Courts; (5) papers emanating from the War, Navy, and Interior Departments; (6) unofficial letters of our leading statesmen, of which many of great importance are drawn from the Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe papers on deposit in the Department of State; (7) standard works on international law and history; as to the latter, I have, as a rule, confined myself to quotations from authors not readily accessible in this country.'

So that whilst this book contains definite propositions of international law and conduct, as laid down by American judges and statesmen, and in this sense is essentially a digest of international law, it is at the same time a collection of public documents and extracts of the highest historical value. No more interesting volume has been published than this since the unrivalled papers of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay on the Constitution of the United States saw the light in the 'Federalist.'

The external history of the United States has been essentially, if we may so express it, a legal history; for the most important occurrences in connexion with the relations between the Republic and foreign powers have turned on questions of international law. Thus the most serious disputes in recent years with this country have depended on the construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, on the right of the citizens of the United States to fish in Canadian waters, and of the United States to seize despatches and emissaries of a Government with which they were at war, on a mail packet, which was raised in the affair of the 'Trent.' Each one of these was in reality a question not of simple diplomacy, but of international law. Again, although the indisposition of the United States to tolerate French intervention in Mexico, in 1866, at first sight may be regarded as a question of political expediency and of possible injury to national interests, it also is concerned with a point of international law. 'We recognise the right of sovereign nations to carry on war with each other, if they do not invade our right or menace our safety or just influence.' In this very pithy sentence,

in a despatch to M. de Montholon, on December 6, 1865, Mr. Seward practically rested the American case against the intervention of France in Mexican affairs on the principle of the Monroe doctrine. The most striking words of President Monroe's celebrated message were that his Government 'could not view any interposition for the purpose of . . . controlling in any other manner their destiny (i.e. of the South American States), by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.' So recently as January 1883, Mr. Frelinghuysen refused to sanction an arbitration by European States for the settlement of South American difficulties, even with the consent of the parties, on the ground that 'the decision of American questions pertains to America itself.' This, again, was a question of the applicability of the Monroe doctrine to the particular subject. It has been said by some writers on international jurisprudence that the Monroe doctrine has not been accepted by the American people. Mr. Woolsey sums up his views by saying, 'On the whole, then, (1) the doctrine is not a national one;' but a principle which has been acted on since the year 1823, it is true with greater stringency and force in some instances than in others, which has been the polestar of the American statesmen in their dealings with European powers in all matters connected with the intervention of such powers in the affairs of the American continent, must be regarded by the impartial observer not only as a national principle of policy, but as one which has had the most important consequences. We shall have occasion hereafter to point out how this doctrine has been the basis of later American action in regard to the matter of the Isthmus of Panama; we allude to it now in order to make good the position that the external policy of the United States has constantly involved the consideration of, and has primarily turned on, questions or principles of so-called international law. Thus, it must at once be obvious that the historical value of this 'Digest' is great. It enables the student of history to grasp, from materials grouped in a convenient form, and of the highest authority, the principles held in the United States on questions of international law; it also places before him in a more or less consecutive form the actual progress of negotiations, and the course of questions, some of which have been under discussion for considerable periods.

In form, Dr. Wharton's work may in a few words be described as a series of propositions, either in the editor's

own words, in the language of judicial decisions, or in the messages of Presidents or Secretaries of State. Sometimes these propositions are very short, and are to a certain extent exemplified by succeeding extracts from State papers. In other cases, a portion or the whole of a paper contains within itself both the proposition and the application of it to particular circumstances. For the purpose of making the nature of the work clearer, we extract the following example, not on account of its special or inherent importance, but in order that the form and arrangement of this 'Digest' may be clearly understood :—

'The jurisdiction of every independent nation over the merchant vessels of other nations lying within its own harbours is absolute and exclusive. Nothing but its authority can justify a ship of war belonging to another nation in seizing or detaining a vessel thus situated for any cause or pretext whatever. . . . There is no power on earth which would assert this principle with more determination and energy than the United States, and therefore there is no power which ought more carefully to avoid any violation of it in their conduct towards other nations.'—Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, to Mr. Wise, Sept. 27, 1845, MSS. Inst. Brazil. (*Digest*, vol. i. p. 117.)

The next proposition exemplifies the second description we have given above, since it is a despatch in 1873 from Mr. Fish to Mr. Schenck relative to an assumption of jurisdiction by the common law courts in this country over disputes between masters and crews of American vessels. The despatch is too lengthy to be given in full, but the statements in it contain the view of the United States on this point of law, and the application of it by the Secretary of State to the particular case to which his attention had been called. It would not, in our opinion, have been possible to improve on the form of this work or to make better use, within a reasonable space, of the materials to which Dr. Wharton has had access. Possibly greater facility of reference would exist had marginal notes been employed by the editor in certain parts, as for instance in regard to the treaties. This is, after all, a minor criticism, but it is not without value in view of the publication in this country of a similar work at some future time. There is no reason, so far as we are aware, why such a book should not be compiled here; it would be of the greatest use to politicians and publicists, without taking into account the requirements of teachers and students of international law. The nearest approach to any work of this kind in this country is Mr. Forsyth's collection of cases and opinions

on constitutional law, which in some instances touch on questions of international law. But at present we are wholly without such a work as that before us, and the student of international law in this country has only the ponderous and comprehensive work of Sir Robert Phillimore, or the more concise and elementary work of Mr. Hall, together with other works of a similar character, or monographs on some special subject. A work which shall contain at once an authoritative exposition of international law and documentary extracts from State papers has in this country yet to be written.

Dr. Wharton's 'Digest' enables us to follow with ease the remarkable conflict of opinion on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which has existed for many years, and which began with the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States relating to the canal which in 1849 it was proposed to construct from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua and either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua. These differences the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was to end. On the contrary, it has formed a battle-ground for diplomatists since it came into existence in 1850, and has exercised the ingenuity of publicists from the date of its promulgation to the present time.

When the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded, no doubt the only canal then in contemplation was that through Nicaragua; on the other hand, there was already in existence a scheme for a railway across the isthmus. But it is obvious that a railway from ocean to ocean cannot have the same international importance as a canal capable of being used by seagoing vessels. We may leave out of consideration the questions which have arisen under the treaty as to the British protectorate of the Mosquito Indians, and the Bay Islands and the British settlements in Belize or British Honduras. These are now settled and done with, and they have not the permanent interest and importance which attach to the question of the control of an interoceanic canal. As we have already pointed out, it has been a permanent guiding principle with American politicians, as enunciated by President Monroe, that no European state has a right to interfere in the affairs of Central America. We may observe in passing that the principle of the doctrine, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is scarcely applicable. For she is in one sense an American power, and is vitally interested in the affairs of the American continent. It is of as much importance to her as to the United States, that if an interoceanic canal be constructed, she should have free

access by it from ocean to ocean. That this was the view of American statesmen in 1850 there can be no question, otherwise the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would never have been entered into. For it is a clear infraction of the Monroe doctrine if the latter is held to exclude the intervention of Great Britain in American affairs.

The preamble of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty runs thus :—
 ‘ That the contracting parties, being desirous of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between them by setting forth and fixing in a convention their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua and either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua or Managua to any port or place on the Pacific Ocean.’ They proceed to agree as follows :—

‘ Article I. : The Governments of the United States and of Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal ; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America ; . . . nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connexion, or influence, that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.’

The material part of Article V. is that

‘ The contracting parties further engage : “ That when the said canal shall have been completed they will protect it from interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation, and that they will guarantee the neutrality thereof, so that the said canal may be for ever open and free, and the capital invested therein secure.” ’

In order to obtain a full grasp of the principle on which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was based, it is also necessary to quote Article VIII., which like the other articles will be found in full in Dr. Wharton’s ‘ Digest ’ (vol. ii. p. 150 f.).

‘ The Governments of the United States and Great Britain,’ so it runs, ‘ having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to

any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama.' (*Dig.* vol. ii. p. 186.)

There then follow stipulations that the two Governments shall approve the charges or conditions of traffic on these waters as equitable, and that, being open to the subjects of Great Britain and the United States, they shall also be open on like terms to the subjects of any other State willing to grant the same protection as these two nations.

These articles seem to admit in the clearest possible terms the principle that Great Britain and the United States have an equal interest in any canal which may be carried across the isthmus, and as a consequence that the Monroe doctrine does not apply to this country. The reasonable result of the admission of such a principle would be that over all future projects Great Britain and the United States should exercise a joint protection, since the same reasons which made the principle applicable to the particular canal through Nicaragua, or to a particular railway or canal then contemplated, would also apply to a canal constructed at a future time through another part of the isthmus. In support of this view we are content to quote the words of Mr. Phelps, the present Minister of the United States in this country, from a communication to Lord Rosebery relative to the treaty of 1818 as to the fishery rights of the citizens of the United States. As a general proposition it is equally applicable to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

'It seems to me clear that the treaty must be construed in accordance with those ordinary and well-settled rules applicable to all written instruments, which without such salutary assistance must constantly fail of their purpose. By these rules the letter often gives way to the intent, or rather is only used to ascertain the intent. The whole document will be taken together, and will be considered in connexion with the attendant circumstances, the situation of the parties, and the object in view. And thus the literal meaning of an isolated clause is often shown not to be the meaning really understood or intended.' (*United States*, No. i. 1887, C. 4937, p. 59.)

Construed technically there can be no question that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty refers only to the Nicaraguan canal and to projects then contemplated.

'The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded to secure a thing which did not exist and which now never can exist. It was to secure the

construction of a canal under the grant of 1849 from Nicaragua that the United States consented to waive the exclusive and valuable rights which have been given to them; that they consented to agree with Great Britain that they would not occupy, fortify, colonise, or assume dominion over any part of Central America; and that they consented to admit her Majesty's Government at some future day to a share in the protection which they have exercised over the isthmus of Panama. Mr. Frelinghuysen to Mr. Lowell, May 8, 1882 (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 227.) 'In my No. 368 . . . it was shown that while the parties interested agreed in Art. VIII. to extend, by future treaty stipulations, their protection over other communications across the isthmus, the immediate object of the article was the protection of the communication "now" (1850) proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama.—Same to same, May 5, 1883.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 230.)

These extracts contain, as it appears to us, in brief the American case, and technically, as we have said, that case is sound. 'Now,' it is clear, does not technically mean 'in the future;' but when we read this treaty by the light of Mr. Phelps's gloss, when we read Mr. Frelinghuysen's special pleading by Mr. Phelps's broader, more liberal and statesmanlike proposition, it seems equally certain that in principle the contention of the Government of Great Britain is correct, and that if the principle of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is equitably carried out this country should have authority with the United States over any canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

In truth the United States in this matter are again reverting to the Monroe doctrine, and the desire of American statesmen now is to render inoperative the departure from that doctrine, or the exemption from it of Great Britain, whichever it may be called, to which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty bears perpetual witness. Nothing can be more marked than the contrast of some presidential messages on this question, as printed in Dr. Wharton's volumes, with the articles of the treaty which we have already given.

'The policy of this country is a canal under American control. The United States cannot consent to the surrender of this control to any European power or to any combination of European powers.—President Hayes, Message March 8, 1880.' (*Digest*, vol. iii. p. 3.)

The existing American view is summed up by Dr. Wharton quite clearly, quite adversely to the case of Great Britain, and in a spirit entirely contrary to that which dictated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. As summarising the American case his views may be usefully quoted.

'For Great Britain to assume in whole or in part the protectorate

of the isthmus or of an interoceanic canal, viewing the term protectorate in the sense in which she viewed it in respect to the Belize and the Mosquito country, would be to antagonise the Monroe doctrine; and for the United States to unite with her in such a protectorship would be to connive at such an antagonism. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, if it were to be construed so as to put the isthmus under the joint protectorate of Great Britain and the United States, would not only conflict with the Monroe doctrine, by introducing a European power into the management of the affairs of this continent, but it would be a gross departure from those traditions, consecrated by the highest authorities to which we can appeal, by which we are forbidden to enter into "entangling alliances" with European powers.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 243.)

But this, it is obvious, is only one way of saying that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was—if we may so express ourselves—wrongly entered into; it is reasoning against the principle of the treaty. That reasoning might have had some force as against entering into the treaty at all, but it carries no real weight against the fair fulfilment of its principle. Great Britain in entering into that international engagement expected thereby to settle once and for all disputes as to the basis on which the relations between this country and the United States in regard to interoceanic communication were to rest.

'As the case now stands,' writes Sir H. Bulwer to Lord Palmerston on April 28, 1850, 'it is clearly understood that her Majesty's Government holds by its own opinions already expressed as to Mosquito, and that the United States does not depart from its opinion also already expressed as to the same subject; but the main question of the canal being settled on an amicable basis, and the future relations of the United States and Great Britain being regulated in all other parts of Central America, the discussion of this difference, which has lost its great practical importance, is avoided in an arrangement meant to be as much as possible of a perfectly friendly character.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 189.)

In this hope Great Britain has been disappointed. Her appeals to principle have been met by technical pleas as narrow and ingenious as any which delighted a special pleader at Westminster. Almost the only words indicative of a less selfish and less restricted view of the interoceanic communication were those of President Cleveland in his message of 1885, wherein he tells the American nation that the highway 'across the barrier dividing the two greatest maritime areas of the world must be for the world's benefit a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single power.' But these words are

wholly opposed to the expressions of his predecessors, of American statesmen and publicists, and though they raise a hope that negotiations on this question may be carried on in this spirit, the general tenor of American thought and action on the isthmian question since 1850 does not greatly encourage the belief that the statesmen of the United States will approach the settlement of this question in a broad and unselfish spirit.

In his eleventh chapter Dr. Wharton deals with the subject of extradition, and the several sections of it show with sufficient clearness the principles of American law, and the practice in regard to extradition in the United States. Jurists have from time to time differed as to whether, irrespective of treaties, one State is bound to deliver up to another fugitive criminals from the latter, or whether it should only as a matter of international comity surrender them on request when there is no reasonable ground for refusal. It has always seemed to be the idlest of assertions to say that a State is bound to do this, since there is no superior power to enforce the obligation. Putting this somewhat academical question, however, on one side, the law of the United States on this fundamental point is thus concisely summed up by the editor: 'As a general rule there can be no extradition to a foreign State without treaty.'* That there have been exceptions to this general rule is, however, equally certain. The most noteworthy instance is that in the case of Arguelles, in 1864, who was surrendered to the Spanish Government by Mr. Seward, although no treaty existed at the time between the two nations. Not only was this done, but the Secretary of State laid his view of the law before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. In this paper Mr. Seward clearly expressed an opinion that there was 'a national obligation and authority for the 'extradition of criminals,' that the exercise of it rested with the President, and that the rule by which he was to be guided in wielding this authority was whether the fact of the alleged criminality involved 'heinous guilt against the law 'of universal morality and the safety of human society, and 'the gravity of the consequences which will attend the 'exercise of the power in question or its refusal.' A resolution condemning Mr. Seward's act was negatived in the House of Representatives; but though that body refused to

* Digest, vol. ii. p. 744.

condemn the official conduct of the Secretary of State, such negative action cannot necessarily be construed into an approval of the principle enunciated and acted upon by Mr. Seward. It is true that it is supported, or perhaps more accurately may be said to be based on, the authority of so eminent a lawyer as Chancellor Kent, who, in the well-known case of Washburn,* laid it down that it was 'the law and usage of nations, resting on the plainest principles of justice and public utility, to deliver up offenders charged with felony and other high crimes, and fleeing from the country in which the crime was committed into a foreign and friendly jurisdiction.' That the Chancellor was enunciating a principle acted on from time to time by various European nations is certain, and, as we have seen, the principle has formed a guiding rule for one eminent Secretary of State at least. On the other hand, when Mr. Frelinghuysen speaks, in his report of February 1884,† of 'the long and uniform course of decisions which holds that the President, in the absence of legislation and treaty, has not the power to enforce that doctrine,' i.e. of the surrender of fugitive criminals, he undoubtedly expresses more correctly than his predecessor the general rule of the United States. It has also the advantage of being a very recent assertion of the law in a lengthy and well-considered State paper. It is consistent, for example, with the position taken up by Mr. Davis in his correspondence with the Belgian Government (at a time intermediate between Mr. Seward's and Mr. Frelinghuysen's tenure of office), in regard to the case of the German Vogt, and with the official conduct of other Secretaries of State. On the other hand, as undoubtedly criminals from force of international comity may be surrendered without a treaty, the doctrine generally accepted and acted on in the United States, by which the agreement contained in a treaty is the only cause of the extradition, would seem to proceed as much too far in one direction as those writers have gone in the other who have argued that a State is under an obligation to surrender fugitive criminals. For a treaty of extradition must be considered as formulating the practice, making certain the methods of extradition; in one word, reducing the uncertain rules of general international comity to a precise code, which is as between two particular nations a special agreement, not, however, neces-

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* 4 Johnson's Chancery Reports, p. 103.

† Digest, vol. ii. p. 751.

sarily exclusive of cases which may not fall within it, or of extradition in cases where no treaty exists.

The length to which the statesmen and lawyers of the United States have gone in this respect has produced a curious consequence. 'America has never desired,' says Sir E. Clarke in his work on extradition, 'to make, or been willing to admit, this reservation, which, however, is insisted on by the majority of European nations,' viz. to refuse to surrender criminals citizens of the asylum State. Dr. Wharton heads s. 273 on this point with the clear proposition, 'No defence that defendant is citizen of asylum State.' But on the same page is a reference to Mr. Frelinghuysen's report from which we have already quoted, and in it occurs this significant passage:—

'Thus it appears that by the opinions of several Attorneys-General, by the decisions of our courts, and by the ruling of the Department of State, the President has not, independent of treaty provision, the power of extraditing an American citizen, and the only question to be considered is whether the treaty with Mexico confers that power.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 752.)

Mr. Frelinghuysen's conclusion was that where a treaty confers on a President no affirmative power to surrender a criminal, one not within that power cannot be surrendered. This position is in reality based on the broader doctrine, which we have already criticised, that except by agreement under treaty the United States cannot surrender a fugitive criminal. But the carrying out of this principle to its logical conclusion prevents the United States from acting on the other and more liberal doctrine that fugitive American citizens may be surrendered to the demanding State. That principle is embodied in treaties with Great Britain, France, and Italy. But the inclusion in a treaty of the very common clause that 'neither of the contracting parties shall be bound to deliver up its own citizens under the stipulation of this treaty,' has from time to time to be inserted in accordance with the prejudices of some nations. Yet so soon as the clause is part of a treaty, a conflict at once arises between the liberal view of the United States on this point and the more narrow doctrine that a treaty is the basis of extradition. The consequence is, as we have seen, that the narrower but more fundamental doctrine nullifies the more liberal and common-sense one, and so the practice of extradition in an important particular is adversely affected. We may have a pardonable national satisfaction in knowing that in this country the more liberal view may be regarded as the law. The Report of

the Extradition Commission in 1878 approved and urged the adoption of this principle. It was subsequently embodied in a treaty between Great Britain and Spain, though this was only operative so far as the former country was concerned. It is by the adoption of a similar clause in treaties between the United States and foreign powers who are very jealous of the rights of their citizens that the conflicting principles of American law can be prevented from clashing. The more easy become methods of communication between nation and nation, the greater becomes the necessity that criminals should feel that so far as they are concerned the reign of law has no bounds. That a Spaniard should be able to commit a murder in America, and on taking refuge in Spain should find a secure asylum there, is wholly opposed to the well-being of society; and as the United States approve in principle of the surrender of fugitive criminals who are American citizens, that doctrine should find practical expression in each of their treaties of extradition.

A very short space is given by Dr. Wharton to the subject of the extradition of fugitives charged with offences of a political character. This is natural, because it has been a well and long accepted principle of the law of the United States from the beginning of its existence as an independent power that there could be no extradition for political offences.

'Most codes extend their definitions of treason to acts not really against one's country. They do not distinguish between acts against the Government and acts against the oppressions of the Government. The latter are virtues, yet have furnished more victims to the executioner than the former. . . . The unsuccessful strugglers against tyranny have been the chief martyrs of treason laws in all countries. . . . Treasons then, taking the simulated with the real, are sufficiently punished by exile.—Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, to Messrs. Carmichael and Short, March 22, 1792.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 805.)

The principles upon which these instructions were based have been approved by later American statesmen, and have remained unaltered to the present day. Governments less friendly to freedom in the past than the United States have not been unwilling to surrender political fugitives: as Russia, Austria, and some of the German powers. But the law of extradition—like every other system of jurisprudence, international or municipal—is in a state of change and development, and its principles and practice must be moulded according to the course of events. Hence it is matter for serious consideration whether the day has not arrived when

this hard and fast rule, common both to this country and the United States, should be altered. It is worthy of remark that in the dictum of Mr. Jefferson, which we have just quoted, a distinction is drawn between acts against a Government and those against the oppressions of the Government. There appears, however, to be a marked and well-defined difference between acts directly done for the purpose of changing the Government or of altering the laws, and those which may be described as acts of mere wantonness, or not done with an immediate and clear political object, though the authors ascribe them to a political motive. The men who murdered Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park may say they had a political motive, but the crime was not committed with a direct political object; it was not done with the direct intention of changing the Government or of altering the laws; at the best it was an act of political hatred and revenge. Or, again, property may be injured or destroyed for the purpose of what may be termed national intimidation, without the faintest intention on the part of the authors of obtaining any immediate and direct constitutional change. It may be ascribed to political motives, but the act is in reality no more a political crime than is the burning of a rick of straw by an agricultural labourer. On this point it is pertinent to quote the recommendation of the Royal Commission in 1878.

‘But it becomes a very different thing when in furtherance of some political or pretended political purpose some foul crime, such as assassination or incendiarism, is committed. Thus attempts by conspirators to assassinate a reigning sovereign, regardless, perhaps, that in doing so other lives may be sacrificed, or the setting fire to a prison at the risk of burning all those within it, or the murder of the police for the purpose of rescuing prisoners in custody for political offences, are crimes in respect of which, though the motive was a political one, we cannot think that any immunity should be afforded. Civil war and insurrection take place openly, in the face of day, and may or may not be justified or excused by circumstances; but assassination or other forms of revolting crime lose none of their atrocity from their connexion with political motive. Generally speaking, we would, therefore, decline to recognise the suggestion of a political motive as a ground on which a magistrate or judge should refuse a demand for the surrender of a person accused of what (in the absence of such motive) would be an ordinary crime, unless the act to which a political character was sought to be ascribed occurred during a time of civil war or open insurrection. Cases, however, may occur in which it would be undesirable to surrender a person accused of a crime instigated by a political motive, even though a magistrate or judge could not pronounce that there existed either civil war or open insurrection,

and consequently could not discharge the accused as of right. To meet this possibility, a discretionary power in favour of the prisoner should be reserved to the Government to refuse to deliver up a person so accused.' (Report of Royal Commission on Extradition, 1878, sect. iii.)

But it is obvious that so far as regards the United States this recommendation is useless, because, as we have already seen, that Government considers itself bound to refuse to surrender a fugitive criminal except under the express agreement of a treaty. So that to leave the Government of the United States a free hand would be absolutely useless. If, therefore, extradition for some so-called political crimes, which are not such in an accurate sense, is to be entertained, it can—as between Great Britain and the United States—only be by means of a positive and clear understanding. Practically the two crimes which have to be provided for are murder, and the destruction or injury of property, and it ought not to be impossible for the United States and Great Britain to arrive at an understanding and conclude an agreement on this subject. Such an arrangement ought to be comparatively easy of attainment between two countries which have always been the first to allow their soil to be a refuge for genuine political fugitives. For neither country would allow its soil to be made an asylum for those who have perpetrated outrages which they ascribe to political motives, but which are in reality in no sense political crimes. If the assassins of President Lincoln and President Garfield had escaped to Canada, we presume that the United States would have held they had strong grounds to demand their extradition.

The question of extradition is in some respects affected by that of naturalisation, since, as we have seen, the fact that a fugitive criminal is a citizen of the state from which his extradition is required has often an important bearing on the reply to the demand. There was a fundamental rule of English law which was expressed in the maxim, '*Nemo potest exuere patriam.*' In 1797 Lord Grenville laid it down that

'no British subject can, by such a form of renunciation as that which is prescribed in the American law of naturalisation, divest himself of his allegiance to his sovereign. Such a declaration of renunciation made by any of the King's subjects would, instead of operating as a protection to them, be considered an act highly criminal on their part.' (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 309.)

And this, though perhaps not in quite so stringent a form, was the recognised doctrine of English law until the passing

of the Naturalisation Act in 1870. The sixth section of that statute placed the principle of law on altogether a different basis.

‘Any British subject who has at any time before, or may at any time after, the passing of this Act, when in any foreign state and not under any disability, voluntarily become naturalised in such state, shall, from and after the time of his so having become naturalised in such foreign state, be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject, and be regarded as an alien.’

That this Act was to some extent caused by the existing law in the United States can scarcely be doubted. It is true that a Royal Commission, of which the late Lord Clarendon was Chairman, recommended the alteration of the law; but two years before this Act was passed an agreement was entered into between Great Britain and the United States that the change should be brought before Parliament. But not only did there exist the example of the United States, and a strong desire on the part of the Government of that country that our law should be placed on the same footing as theirs, but there was the practical inconvenience arising from the state of the law of England in regard to emigrants beyond the Atlantic. ‘Over hundreds of thousands of persons, perhaps millions,’ said the late Lord Derby on the second reading of the Bill, ‘now permanently settled in the United States, we had legal rights which it was notoriously impossible to enforce; while they in return had a right to claim from us a protection which it was notoriously impossible for us to afford.’ Thus we have here an instance of the manner in which circumstances affect the principles of law; for the law of the United States and the increase of emigration combined to put an end to a feudal doctrine which had long formed an integral rule of the English common law. Not, however, that at the beginning of their existence as an independent power the United States broke away from the doctrine of the mother country. It was not until July 27, 1868, that by an Act of Congress it was declared that ‘the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,’ and that ‘any declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision of any officer of this Government which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions the right of expatriation is hereby declared inconsistent with the fundamental principles of this Government.’ Long before this decided

declaration of principle once and for all settled the law of the United States, eminent American authorities had upheld the English doctrine. No doubt, so far back as the year 1842 Mr. Webster appears to regard the law from the modern standpoint:—

‘It is true,’ he writes, ‘that there are governments which assert the principle of perpetual allegiance; yet even in cases where this is not rather a matter of theory than of practice, the duties of this supposed continuing allegiance are left to be demanded of the subject himself, when within the reach of the power of his former government, and as exigencies may arise, and are not attempted to be enforced by the imposition of previous restraint preventing men from leaving their country.’ (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 310.)

But such an exposition as this does not settle the law with the conclusiveness of an act of Congress, and it was not till the emphatic declaration of 1868 that the law of the United States on this point became fixed and settled, and was thenceforth by the persistent efforts of American statesmen to affect that of some European states, as undoubtedly it will ultimately do that of every civilised nation.

It is well that a broad question of principle should, as regards Great Britain and the United States, have been settled in a clear and rational manner. It would be yet more satisfactory were the law of domicile in some of its international bearings equally certain. The American doctrine on this point seems first to have been definitely formulated by Mr. Marcy in 1853 in the famous case of *Koszta*. That doctrine is best expressed in the language of the Secretary of State himself.

‘Mr. Hülsemann, as the undersigned believes, falls into a great error, an error fatal to some of his most important conclusions, by assuming that a nation can properly extend its protection only to native-born or naturalised citizens. This is not the doctrine of international law, nor is the practice of nations circumscribed within such narrow limits. This law does not, as has been before remarked, complicate questions of this nature by respect for municipal codes. In relation to this subject it has clear and distinct rules of its own. It gives the national character of the country not only to native-born or naturalised citizens, but to all residents in it who are there with, or even without, an intention to become citizens, provided they have a domicile therein. Foreigners may, and often do, acquire a domicile in a country, even though they have entered it with the avowed intention not to become naturalised citizens, but to return to their native land at some remote and uncertain period; and whenever they acquire a domicile, international law at once impresses upon them the national

character of the country of that domicile. It is a maxim of international law that domicile confers a national character; it does not allow any one who has a domicile to decline the national character thus conferred; it forces it upon him often very much against his will, and to his great detriment. International law looks only to the national character in determining what country has a right to protect. If a person goes from this country abroad with the nationality of the United States, this law enjoins upon other nations to respect him in regard to protection as an American citizen. It concedes to every country the right to protect any and all who may be clothed with its nationality. . . . The conclusions at which the President has arrived, after a full examination of the transaction at Smyrna, and respectful consideration of the views of the Austrian Government thereon, are that Koszta when seized and imprisoned was invested with the nationality of the United States; and they had therefore the right, if they chose to exercise it, to extend their protection to him; that from international law—the only law which can be rightfully appealed to for rules of action in this case—Austria could derive no authority to obstruct or interfere with the United States in the exercise of this right, in effecting the liberation of Koszta.’ (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 483.)

Koszta was not a naturalised foreigner; he had been for two years in the United States, and had declared his intention of remaining in that country, and during a visit to Smyrna he was seized by Austrian officers and placed on board an Austrian ship of war. Koszta was, therefore, simply a domiciled alien, and the contention of Mr. Marcy was that, being such a person, he was in the eye of international law an American citizen. One of the ablest and most recent of English writers on this subject has very shortly and very emphatically dealt with the American doctrine by saying that ‘Mr. Marcy’s contention was wholly destitute of ‘legal foundation.’* It is obvious that were this doctrine persisted in, it might from time to time produce the most important consequences. As it was, in Koszta’s case the assertion of this right almost caused a conflict before Smyrna between an American and an Austrian ship of war.

The surest way to arrive at a sound conclusion on a point of international law such as this is to test it by some admitted rules. The mere *ipse dixit* of a publicist, however able, cannot be regarded as conclusive, seeing that on no subject is there often greater difference of opinion between those learned in it than on that of international law. It is clear that Mr. Marcy regarded Koszta as a *de facto* American citizen; if he were, then it is equally clear that such a person—a domiciled alien—is entitled to demand a pass-

* Hall’s ‘International Law,’ p. 202.

port as an American citizen. But it is quite certain that he would have no right to such a certificate of citizenship.

‘The impropriety of any of our legations granting passports to foreigners under any circumstances, even with the omission of the clause asserting citizenship, and merely asking for the bearer liberty to pass freely, is obvious; for as this department possesses the faculty of granting passports to *bond fide* citizens of the United States only, and as a passport is merely a certificate of citizenship, it follows, as a matter of course, that no representative of the United States can with propriety give a passport to an alien.

‘Further, if an alien has become domiciled in the United States, or declared his intention to become an American citizen, he is not entitled to a passport declaring him to be a citizen of the United States. Both of these classes of persons, however, may be entitled to some recognition by this Government. The most that can be done for them by the legation is to certify to the genuineness of their papers when presented for attestation, and when there can be no reasonable doubt of their being authentic.’ (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 463.)

These are Mr. Marcy’s own words in 1854, and two years later he repeats that ‘as this department grants passports only to *bond fide* citizens of the United States, and as a passport is nothing more than a certificate of citizenship, it follows necessarily that you can with propriety give a passport neither to an alien who may have become domiciled in the United States, nor to a foreigner who has merely declared his intention to become an American citizen.’ But a passport is a written guarantee, so to say, of national protection, and conversely those who are entitled to national protection must be entitled to the documentary evidence of such protection. It is at once a contradiction in principle and practice to say that a domiciled alien is not entitled to a passport, and yet if he leaves the country is entitled to be treated by the Government of the country of which he was once a native as if he were a born or naturalised citizen of the country to which he has emigrated.

In his first annual message, President Cleveland, speaking on this subject, said :—

‘The laws of certain states and territories admit a domiciled alien to the local franchise, conferring on him the rights of citizenship to a degree which places him in the anomalous position of being a citizen of a State and yet not of the United States, within the purview of federal and international law.’ (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 341.)

These declarations seem to show that Mr. Marcy’s contention was unsound; and that Mr. Hall when he summarily and rather contemptuously assails it is legally correct. It is not till a foreigner has, so to say, received his certificate of

citizenship, that he is entitled to the protection of a Government as if he were a natural born subject of that State, although for certain purposes connected with municipal law and with the law of prize, the fact that he is a domiciled alien may have very important consequences.

‘When an alien applies to be admitted to citizenship in this country, having undergone the probation, and in all other respects having complied with the laws on the subject of naturalisation, and in open court solemnly avows his allegiance to the United States, and with the same solemnity renounces his allegiance to every other Government, and especially to that of the country of his birth, and is found to be of good moral character, he is admitted to such citizenship, and is thenceforth clothed and invested with the same rights and privileges that pertain to native citizens of the country, and entitled to the same degree of protection, whether abroad or at home.—Mr. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, to Mr. Cramer, July 28, 1883.’ (*Digest*, vol. ii. p. 340.)

But this declaration differs vitally from that by Mr. Marcy, and shows that it is the naturalised citizen and not the domiciled alien who possesses the right in a foreign country of a native born citizen. On this particular point it would seem as if Mr. Marcy’s sympathies had somewhat carried away his judgement, as Mr. Seward was carried away in regard to extradition, though, as we have seen, the law of the latter was not altogether unsound, even if not in harmony with the practice of the United States. The editor of these volumes, it is true, regards Mr. Marcy’s exposition as one of ‘almost unequalled sagacity and exactness.’ With this expression of opinion it is not possible to agree. By other instances than those already given it may be shown to be unsound, as by the conduct of the Government of the United States in 1866 when they gave domiciled aliens an opportunity of leaving the country within a certain period if they were unwilling to bear arms against the Confederate States. If Mr. Marcy’s doctrine were logically carried out, it is clear that such a permission to depart was altogether absurd; because if the domiciled alien was entitled to the protection which he was willing to accord him outside the territorial limits of the United States, the latter was bound by a correlative duty to obey the call of the Government in the same manner as a native born citizen. But so far from this being the case, ‘nothing is more distinctly and clearly settled than the rule that resident aliens not naturalised are not liable to perform military service,—we have uniformly claimed and insisted on it in our intercourse with foreign nations.’*

* Mr. Seward to Mr. Morton, Sept. 5, 1862: *Digest*, vol. ii. p. 498.

In fact, the more closely this assumption is examined, the less tenable will it appear to be. There are ample opportunities in this international digest for studying it, and there are also, as we have shown, opinions of Mr. Marcy and others which can hardly be regarded as consistent with it. But that any uncertainty should exist in regard to a point of such considerable international importance is by no means satisfactory, and that such uncertainty does exist seems to be clear.

The questions of international law raised by the treaty of Washington naturally occupy some space in these volumes. It may, we think, without awarding undue praise to the editor, be said that his treatment of the question gives the clearest idea of this branch of the treaty yet published, whether it be regarded from the point of view of an episode in the history of international law, or in regard to the political relations of Great Britain and the United States. The sixth article of the treaty which contains the famous three rules is set out, as well as the award of the arbitrators; and extracts follow from their individual opinions, and from the writings of eminent publicists and statesmen, as well as the views of Dr. Wharton himself. We are thus enabled to obtain a complete bird's eye view of this question, and to consider the subject not only in regard to its relations to the law acted on in this country and in the United States, but also in connexion with the general position of international law. It must be confessed that from a national point of view this portion of the treaty is by no means creditable to English statesmanship. For, in brief, those who had to safeguard English interests agreed to certain propositions which, though they contained some germs of existing international law, did not, as drafted, accurately express the existing rules on the subject. That this was so was admitted in the treaty itself, wherein it is stated that

'Her Majesty's Government cannot assent to the foregoing rules as a statement of principles of international law which were in force at the time when the claims mentioned in Article I. arose, but that her Majesty's Government, in order to evince its desire of strengthening the friendly relations between the two countries, and of making satisfactory provision for the future, agrees that in deciding the questions between the two countries arising out of those claims, the arbitrators should assume that her Majesty's Government had undertaken to act on the principles set forth in those rules.' (*Digest*, vol. iii. p. 681.)

This admission it is not easy to reconcile with Mr. Glad-

stone's statement in the House of Commons on May 26, 1873. 'Were they,' he asked, 'as regards us an *ex post facto* law? I say they were not. We deemed that they formed part of the international law at the time the claims arose.'* The written admission of those who made the treaty, and had closely considered the subject, and who somewhat unnecessarily insert in a solemn treaty a qualification so important as the above, must be held to override the oratorical statements of Mr. Gladstone. Not only, however, did Great Britain consent to be judged by rules which its negotiators expressly declared not to be the existing rules of international law, and to be bound by them in future, but it agreed that the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain would endeavour to convert other nations of the world to the views expressed in the treaty of Washington. 'And the high contracting parties agree to observe these rules as between themselves in future, and to bring them to the knowledge of other maritime powers, and to invite them to accede to them.'† The result is now common knowledge. The arbitrators interpreted those loosely drawn rules in a sense wholly against the case of Great Britain, and she was condemned to pay an immense sum of money for the infringement of rules made after the supposed offence was committed, and which on her own showing were not the proper test of her conduct in the matter. But another result also followed; for, so far from urging their acceptance by other powers, both parties to the agreement have refused in the future to be bound by them. The editor publishes in these volumes an extract from his own commentaries on American law which is so much to the point that it should be reproduced here.

'It will be at once seen that these rules, though leading immediately to an award superficially favourable to the United States in the large damages it gave, placed limitations on the rights of neutrals greater even than those England had endeavoured to impose during the Napoleonic wars, and far greater than those which the United States had ever previously been willing to concede. If such limitations are to be strictly applied, the position of a neutral, so it may be well argued, will be much more perilous and more onerous in case of war between maritime powers than that of a belligerent. Our Government, to fulfil the obligations cast on it by these rules, would be obliged not only to have a strong police at all its ports to prevent contraband articles from going out to a belligerent, but to have a powerful navy to scour the seas to

* Digest, vol. iii. p. 643.

† Ibid. p. 681.

intercept vessels which might elude the home authorities, and creep out carrying such contraband aid. It must be recollected that not only our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, but our boundary to the north and to the south, contains innumerable points at which belligerents can replenish their contraband stores, and nothing but a standing army or navy greater than those of any European power could prevent such operations. Nor would this be the only difficulty. No foreign war could exist without imposing upon the governments of neutral states functions in the repression of sympathy with either belligerent which no free government can exercise without straining its prerogatives to the utmost. It is not strange, therefore, that in view of the hardness of these rules they should be regarded by European as well as by American publicists as likely to be of only temporary obligation. "When we come to the subject of neutrality," says Professor Lorimer, of Edinburgh, a leading member of the Institute of International Law ('Institutes of the Law of Nations,' by James Lorimer, LL.D.: Blackwood & Sons, 1883, p. 52), "we shall see but too much reason to believe that even the treaty of Washington of 1871, though professing to determine the relation between belligerents and neutrals permanently, was in reality a compromise by which neutral rights were sacrificed to the extent which on that occasion was requisite to avoid a fratricidal war. Before the award of the arbiters who met at Geneva could be applied as a precedent, a new treaty embodying the famous 'three rules' would require to be negotiated; and it is extremely unlikely that either England or any other neutral power would again agree beforehand to pay damages for the fulfilment of the impossible engagements which these rules impose." This view is strengthened by the fact that the British members of the commission, by whom the treaty of Washington was negotiated, inserted in the treaty the memorandum [which we have already quoted].

'It was proposed in the treaty of 1871 that the "three rules" should be submitted to the great powers of Europe. It soon became evident that neither Great Britain nor the United States desired to make such a submission. It may be also added that there was a conviction on the part of both Governments that they would not receive the assent of a single state. Austria and Germany had early stated that their assent would not be given. The "three rules," therefore, were agreed to by the United States only provisionally, and are not only in conflict with the principles for which the United States contended down to the late civil war, but give advantages to belligerents which even Great Britain regards as excessive. These rules, repudiated as they have been by the contracting powers, and rejected by all other powers, are to be regarded not only as not forming part of the law of nations, but as not binding either Great Britain or the United States. That the "three rules" were temporary and exceptional, and were to be only effective in case of ratification by the great powers, which ratification was never given, is maintained by Mr. Fish in his letters to Sir E. Thornton, of May 8 and September 18, 1876, communicated by Mr. Hayes in his message to the Senate of January 13, 1879. The same position was taken in the House of Commons in

1873 by Mr. Gladstone, Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Disraeli, and the Attorney-General.' (Digest, vol. iii. p. 650.)

These are Dr. Wharton's reasons against the continuance of the three rules, and his historical sketch of their abandonment. Such has been the ignominious end of propositions which were to govern the future relations of all neutral and belligerent states. They will remain for a long time to come as an example of American shrewdness and British good nature. To agree to pay for a wrong done when it is clearly apparent is a reasonable course; to agree to abide in the future by certain new and specified rules is equally reasonable, if the rules are themselves desirable; but to agree to pay damages which are to be estimated by rules not in force when the act complained of occurred, and which the party for whose benefit they were formulated repudiates as soon as they have served their purpose, is one of the sorriest exhibitions of statesmanship which this generation has witnessed.

We have said already that the rules contained some portions of existing international law, though in the form in which they are found in the treaty they are not, taken as a whole, accurate statements of the law. It is well, therefore, to examine them a little more closely. They will be found set out in the third volume of Dr. Wharton's 'Digest.'

'A neutral government is bound—First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to warlike use.

'Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

'Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations or duties.' (Vol. iii. p. 630.)

The second of these rules, so far as the first and last parts of it are concerned, express with reasonable accuracy the international law on this point as generally received at the time of the civil war in America. But the term 'military supplies' is too vague to be regarded as strictly accurate.

Provisions for a crew of a ship of war are military supplies in some senses ; but unless they are so continually taken on board at a particular port as to make it a base of naval operations, then it has not been usual to regard this purchase by a belligerent ship in a neutral port as illegal. But under this term, provisions, it is obvious, might not be supplied, and so the crew of a belligerent's war ship might be starved in a neutral port. The first and third rules must be read together, though, to some extent, the third has an application also to the second. No international provisions have given rise to greater discussion among jurists in recent years than have these now famous three rules, and more especially the term 'due diligence' has been very keenly criticised, as well as the interpretation put upon it by the arbitrators. That gloss was that due diligence 'ought to be exercised ' by neutral governments in exact proportion to the risks to ' which either of the belligerents may be exposed from a ' failure to fulfil the obligations of neutrality on their part.' But however faulty and vague this definition of the proper amount of diligence required from a neutral power may be, it arises from the very vagueness of the term itself. The words 'due diligence' contain no precise definition. They can only be construed according to individual opinion. They resemble, in fact, certain terms well known to lawyers, such as reasonable time, reasonable care, the conduct of a prudent mariner, and so on, any one of which has a different meaning in the minds of different persons. To introduce such a term into a rule of international law is to reduce the conclusion of international disputes to the level of a trial at Nisi Prius. The difference of view which may fairly be taken of such a term as this needs no further illustration than the wide divergence of the American and English contentions on the point. Whilst that already given substantially expresses the American view, that of this country was that it should be of the same nature as 'the governments of civilised states are accustomed to employ in matters concerning ' their own security or that of their own citizens.' Such a conflict of opinion was sufficient in itself to discredit these rules as permanent international principles in the shape in which they were expressed in the treaty of Washington, and to prevent their acceptance by any European power. Their influence has thus been altogether of an indirect kind, and a valuable opportunity for codifying, on our part at any rate, for all time the floating and uncertain propositions of international law was irretrievably lost. When the great diffi-

culty of formulating international law is called to mind, it is impossible not to regret that the treaty of Washington was not more carefully drawn so as to effectuate some of its ostensible purposes. That it has to some extent made clearer the position of Great Britain and the United States as neutrals may be admitted; but while it has done something to establish a principle, it has left its application as doubtful as ever. As regards the main portion of the first rule in reference to the prevention of the fitting out, arming, or equipping, and of the departure of a vessel adapted in whole or in part to warlike use, it was uncertain at the time of the promulgation of the doctrine to what extent it was the existing principle of international law. Mr. Hall, in his work on the 'Rights and Duties of Neutrals,' thus touches on the question:—

'The direct logical conclusions to be obtained from the ground principles of neutrality go no further than to prohibit the issue from neutral waters of a vessel provided with a belligerent commission, or belonging to a belligerent, and able to inflict damage on his enemy. A commission is conclusive evidence as to the fact of hostile intent, and in order to satisfy the alternative condition it is not necessary that the ship shall be fully armed or fully manned. A vessel intended to mount four guns, and to carry a crew of two hundred men, would be to an unarmed vessel sufficiently formidable with a single gun and half its complement of seamen. But to possess any force at all, it must possess a modicum of armament, and it must have a crew sufficient at the same time to use that armament and to handle the ship. If, then, the vessel seems, at the moment of leaving the neutral port, to fulfil these conditions, the neutral must, judging from the facts, infer a hostile intent, and prevent the departure of the expedition.

'On the other hand, it is fully recognised that a vessel completely armed, and in every respect fitted the moment it receives its crew to act as a man of war, is a proper subject of commerce. There is nothing to prevent its neutral possessor from selling it, and undertaking to deliver it to a belligerent either in the neutral port or in that of the purchaser, subject to the right of the other belligerent to seize it as a contraband if he meets it on the high seas or within his enemy's waters. "There is nothing," says Mr. Justice Story, "in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels as well as munitions of war to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit." If the neutral may sell his vessel when built, he may build it to order; and it must be permissible, as between the belligerent and the neutral state, to give the order which it is permissible to execute. It would appear, therefore, arguing from general principles alone, that a vessel of war may be built, armed, and furnished with a minimum navigating crew, and

that in this state, provided it has not received a commission, it may clear from a neutral harbour on a confessed voyage to a belligerent port, without any infraction of neutrality having been committed.' (P. 63.)

But these theoretical views and those of other jurists on this point are now, both as regards the United States and Great Britain, rather of academical than of practical importance, because the Governments of these countries have given in their adhesion in substance to the principle contained in the first rule. The Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, more especially the eighth section of that statute, conclusively settled the principle of law in this country. Here again is an undoubted instance of the influence of the principles of American international law on that of this country, which, in its turn, will be certain sooner or later to affect the practice of other European nations. For that this principle had its rise in the United States is quite certain. An act containing it passed through Congress in 1792, and was re-enacted in 1818, and from the very beginning of their existence as a separate power the United States have followed out this doctrine. The earliest expression of it in international intercourse is found in a communication of Mr. Jefferson in 1793, when, in a despatch to the Government of Great Britain, he wrote that 'the practice of commissioning, equipping, and manning vessels in our ports to cruise on any of the belligerent parties, is equally and entirely disapproved, and the Government will take effectual measures to prevent a repetition of it.' But whilst this principle has been consistently acted upon by those in charge of the Government of the United States, there is no question that the first of the Washington rules went far beyond the previously accepted law of the Republic. We have stated the principle in Mr. Jefferson's words: its practical extent seems to be shown by a single sentence of Mr. Clayton's in a communication by that gentleman to Baron von Roëne in 1849. 'The Government of the United States,' he writes, 'will under its own Neutrality Act prevent war cruisers issuing from its ports to aid a belligerent in contest with a friendly state.' The result, therefore, of the three rules has been indirectly to sanction the American principle. Beyond this it has not carried the law. The extent of the obligation of this country is bounded by the proper enforcement of the Foreign Enlistment Act by its police and its officials. This is as much as any government can require from this country,

and in its turn Great Britain can require no greater vigilance from the United States.

The importance of the three rules of the treaty of Washington is in the influence of the principles which underlie them on the position of neutrals in time of war. That position is also vitally affected by the principles of international law in regard to the blockade of one belligerent port by the ships of war of another. It may be regarded as an almost universally accepted principle at the present time that a blockade in order to be binding on neutral powers must be effective, that a paper blockade is unfair to neutrals and harmless to a belligerent. This principle has—as is clearly shown in these volumes—always been consistently adhered to by the Government of the United States, which has never been slow to point out the propriety of its views. By the Declaration of Paris this principle became binding on the persons who were parties to this instrument; and it may be regarded as singular that whilst Great Britain, who at one time did not adhere to the doctrine, gave her assent to the Declaration of Paris, the United States were not bound by it. Yet so long ago as the year 1800 Mr. Marshall had emphatically expressed the views of the United States on the subject:—

‘ Ports not effectually blockaded by a force capable of completely investing them have not yet been declared (by the law of nations) in a state of blockade. If the effectiveness of the blockade is dispensed with, then every port of all the belligerent powers may at all times be declared in that state, and the commerce of neutrals is thereby subjected to universal capture.’ (*Digest*, vol. iii. p. 369.)

This was repeated in very similar words by Mr. Monroe in 1816, and, as Mr. Madison pointed out several years before, the United States were among the greatest sufferers by the practice of Great Britain in the French wars. But though the United States did not become a party to the public declaration on this point in 1856, the Government of the Republic has never swerved from its ancient faith, and from a principle which its influence largely helped to make an axiom of modern international law. Thus so recently as 1885 the existing views of the United States were expressed at length and with great clearness in a despatch from Mr. Bayard relative to the affairs of the United States of Columbia, which is valuable not only as an expression of opinion, but for its historical sketch of this subject:—

‘ The Government of the United States,’ he writes, ‘ must regard as

utterly nugatory proclamations closing ports which the United States of Columbia do not possess under cover of a naval force which is not even pretended to be competent to constitute a blockade ;’

and Mr. Bayard concludes by pointing out how his Government was forced, at the beginning of the century—

‘ then young in the family of sovereignties, and naturally desirous of peace with all—most reluctantly, and at great cost of blood and treasure, to undertake, as at last the sole maritime contestant, wars against Great Britain and France, to maintain the freedom of the seas and the invalidity of paper blockades.’ (*Digest*, vol. iii. p. 379.)

Thus, whilst it is just to admit the great value of American influence on the proper settlement of this international doctrine, it is equally satisfactory to observe this continued endeavour to cause its acceptance among the Central and South American republics. To Great Britain, as a great commercial nation, it is of the highest importance that these states should adhere to fair and well-recognised rules of international conduct. By the Monroe doctrine, the United States have assumed for themselves a paramount influence among the states of the American continent. Hence the desire of the Government of the Republic to bring these smaller governments into harmony upon questions of international law with the views now held by the United States and the European powers is one which it is to the interest of the civilised world that it should be successful. And in this sphere we may certainly look forward to the influence of the United States being increasingly felt.

For this reason also their attitude in regard to privateering is of great importance. The Government refused to be a party to the abolition of privateering by the Declaration of Paris, not from an objection to the principle but from the plainest self-interest. For the United States were willing to go further than the European powers, and altogether to exempt the private property of citizens of a belligerent state from capture at sea. ‘ In answer to Lord Clarendon,’ writes Mr. Buchanan, then the United States Minister in London, to Mr. Marcy on March 24, 1854—

‘ I admitted that the practice of privateering was subject to great abuses ; but it did not seem to me possible under existing circumstances for the United States to agree to its suppression unless the naval powers would go one step further and consent that war against private property should be abolished altogether upon the ocean as it had been upon the land. There was nothing really different in principle or morality between the act of a regular cruiser and that of a privateer in robbing a merchant vessel upon the ocean, and confiscating the pro-

perty of private individuals on board for the benefit of the captor. But how would the suppression of privateering without going further operate upon the United States? Suppose, for example, we should again, unfortunately, be engaged in a war with Great Britain, which I earnestly hope might never be the case, to what a situation must we be reduced if we should consent to abolish privateering? . . . The only means which we would possess to counterbalance in some degree their (Great Britain's) far greater numerical strength, would be to convert our merchant vessels, cast out of employment by the war, into privateers, and endeavour by their assistance to inflict as much injury on British as they would be able to inflict on American commerce.' (*Digest*, vol. iii. p. 484.)

Very much to the same effect was President Pierce's message in the same year, and it cannot be doubted that the policy of the American statesmen who were in power in 1854 has obtained the approval of the American people and of American jurists. But it is also certain that the abolition of privateering is a recognised step towards the abolition of the right of a belligerent to capture private property at sea. The United States would have been in a better position to obtain a general adhesion to their larger principle had they consented to agree to the abolition of privateering. That in thus urging the acceptance of the broad principle they were pressing for a just and reasonable rule of international conduct is certain. The seizure of private property on the high seas during the progress of a war may enrich the captors of one nation and may ruin the merchants of another, but scores of privateers would make no difference now in the result of a war, just as numerous captures of merchant ships by properly commissioned ships of war would be equally without effect on the issue of the struggle between two belligerents. It should be the aim of civilised nations, while making on the one hand the most effective preparations for effectual warfare, to endeavour on the other to minimise as much as possible the disasters of war to private citizens. A step in this direction would be to exempt private property at sea from capture.

Yet it is clear that the abolition of privateering may be after all but a very nominal improvement. For fast cruisers taken from the merchant service, manned by regular or volunteer seamen, and properly commissioned, are to all intents and purposes privateers in a respectable form, and under official control. And the tendency of the time is to make these auxiliary vessels an important factor in naval warfare. What Great Britain has therefore abolished in principle, she will in the next war that takes place be seen

in fact adhering to. The question of the legality—from the point of view of international law—of volunteer men-of-war has already received elucidation. In the Franco-German war of 1870—

‘the King of Prussia invited all German seamen and shipowners to place themselves, and their forces and ships suitable thereto, at the service of the fatherland. The officers and crews were to be enrolled by the owners of the ships, and were to enter into the federal navy for the continuance of the war, and to wear its uniform and badge of rank, to acknowledge its competence, and to take an oath to the articles of war. The ships were to sail under the federal flag, and to be armed and fitted out for the service allotted to them by the federal royal navy. . . . The French Government, regarding the institution by Prussia of a volunteer naval force as the revival of privateering in a disguised form, lost no time in calling the attention of the British Government to the Royal Prussian decree as instituting an auxiliary marine contrary to Prussia’s engagements under the Declaration of 1856.’

After consulting the law officers of the Crown, Earl Granville replied that ‘the British Government could not object to ‘the decree of the German Government as infringing the ‘Declaration of Paris.’* It is clear, however, that writers on international law are not agreed upon this point, and it is an open question among them whether such an arrangement as that mentioned is not a breach of the Declaration of 1856. From this point of view, therefore, it is clear that the difference between the principles of the European powers and the United States would in practice lead to no very different results. Hence it becomes obvious that the only lasting and satisfactory settlement of the question can be obtained by the adoption of the view of the United States, viz. ‘to exempt private property ‘on the ocean from seizure by public armed cruisers as well as ‘by privateers.’ The object of the powers who agreed to the Declaration of Paris will not in fact be obtained without a settlement of the question on a broader basis than that contained in this instrument. It is certain that time will eventually bring about the general acceptance of the American principle, viz. to exempt private property from capture at sea; and until such a conclusion is arrived at, there is but little to be said against a nation adhering to privateering in name as well as in reality.

We have now dealt—comparatively cursorily—with a few only of the points touched on in these volumes: within their

* Digest, vol. iii. p. 478, quoting Sir T. Twiss in ‘*Belligerent Rights*.’

compass there are many other subjects worthy of discussion did space permit. Some are very special, such as the relations of the United States with the North American Indians; others are connected with points of more universal importance. Such is the chapter on diplomatic agents. In it are contained the code of conduct of the United States on this point, and also several episodes of historical interest. Among the latter may be noted the position taken up by the United States in 1870 in regard to the right of their Minister in Paris to transmit his messages unopened through the besiegers' lines. The remonstrances of the United States' Government against any interference with the free passage of messages between the representative of a neutral state in a besieged city and his Government were spirited and just. This right of uninterrupted correspondence between a neutral power and its representative could not be infringed without detriment to the interests of every nation, and in thus asserting it the United States added another to the services which their independent attitude has done to the cause of civilisation. Again, under this head we meet with the attempt of Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Connor Power in 1876 to present an address to the President containing such reflections on the conduct of the British Government that the Secretary of State refused to permit its presentation. The supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy are never tired of telling the country that they would have in a practically independent Ireland a friendly and not a hostile neighbour. In itself this episode is of no great importance, but it indicates the unpatriotic temper of Mr. Parnell's party in regard to the foreign relations of Great Britain, and serves to show that that party if in power at Dublin would glory in embroiling the Government of this country with a friendly nation.

We should have been glad to avail ourselves on this occasion of the materials collected by Dr. Wharton for the discussion of the important question of the fisheries, which is still pending between the Cabinets of Washington and London, but this subject would require an article to itself, and we hope to revert to it on a future occasion when the negotiations are more advanced. Meanwhile we can only record our opinion that fishery rights in the sea are not to be determined by strict legal provisions, or by any theory of natural jurisdiction, but by a reasonable compromise formulated in diplomatic conventions. This is precisely one of those questions on which rigorous exclusive pretensions and

retaliatory measures are peculiarly mischievous and inopportune.

But apart from the light which this valuable mass of material throws upon particular transactions, it shows us the great part which the United States have played and are yet destined to play in the formation of modern international law, and the exceptional position which they will hold in the history of this subject. The international law of the United States is characterised by a marked individuality and independence of thought. The statesmen of the Republic have not felt themselves bound by theories however venerable, or been troubled by the conflicting views of eminent jurists. They have rested their contentions on clear principles which they have evolved for themselves, and they have enunciated their views without obscurity and with perfect straightforwardness. The faculty of clear and striking exposition which characterises the first of the American writers on legal subjects has equally marked the despatches of successive Secretaries of State. And when occasion has required they have been keen to seize practical advantages, and have never allowed their grasp of principles to stand in the way of national interests. Nor have they been slow to urge their contentions with ingenuity, sometimes even with enthusiasm, and always with dignity, power, and resolution. Since this has been done in the past, and since the influence of the United States on international law has hitherto been so distinctly felt, we may expect that in the future, as their strength increases, American opinion will continue to produce marked effects upon the rules of international conduct.

ART. VII.—*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*. I. *Les Mœurs Politiques et les Traditions*. II. *La Chute de la Royauté*. Par ALBERT SOREL. Paris: 1885, 1887.

M. SOREL's work is as original as it is interesting and instructive. Instead of making one more of the many descriptions which we already possess of the French Revolution itself, it is devoted to a consideration of the environment of that Revolution and of the actions and reactions between France and the other nations of Europe which accompanied it. M. Sorel endeavours, with much success, to set before us how it was that a movement, more or less generally diffused over Europe, culminated in France, and why the waves of that widespread current of opinion, which rose to their highest level in Paris, subsequently produced such different results in different countries. Whereas before 1789 the ruling spirit of surrounding nations was more or less in harmony with that of France, the very success of the French movement evoked on all sides an antagonism which varied in its character according to the previous history and national traditions of the several European States. Thus it came about that a revolution, which was essentially cosmopolitan, ended by changing the relatively cosmopolitan spirit of the Europe of the eighteenth century into the intense nationalism of the nineteenth.

But however cosmopolitan were the ideas and principles professed by the leaders of thought at the dawn of the Revolution, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Europe of the *ancien régime* was composed of States organised on common principles and ruled by monarchs animated by a sense of their common rights and mutual obligations. 'Christendom' had no longer anything more than a nominal existence, and the political ideas of the time of Louis IX. had long died out. Feudal institutions, which were at one time generally diffused over Europe west of Muscovy (with the exception of Ireland), had, towards the end of the eighteenth century, either fallen, or were undermined and ready to fall, ruined by the 'Renaissance,' by the revival of the Roman civil law, and by the philosophic spirit. One idea was, however, common to every continental power—the idea of 'the State.' The interests of 'the State' were deemed supreme and absolute, and its rights were based upon 'prescription.' No

one then thought of blaming Voltaire for saying: * 'Time, opportunity, custom, prescription, and power together constitute all rights.' The very different forms of government which then existed in Europe—hereditary and elective monarchies, and republics with very different constitutions—were all considered to be equally legitimate. There was no idea that one kind of constitution had any real superiority over the others, still less that there could be an ideal constitution applicable to all countries. Thus France, under Louis XVI., intervened in Sweden and Poland against the aristocracy and in favour of the king, while in Prussia it sought to support the aristocracy against the sovereign, and combated in Geneva the cause of democracy, which it supported in America, as it supported the national franchises in Belgium and in Holland. During the whole of the eighteenth century there was but one league of crowned heads followed by intervention, and that was against the Kings of Sweden and Poland. Thus a coalition like that of the 'Holy Alliance' was an impossibility before 1789. It required such a cataclysm as that of the French Revolution to bring about even the conception of such a union. The arts of diplomacy usually afford a good idea of contemporary manners and opinions. In the midst of the most cultivated society of old Europe, the diplomatists constituted an especially refined but corrupt group, the study of which easily enables us to understand how it became possible for them to accommodate themselves easily, when the time came, to the men and the ways of the Revolution. Under the *ancien régime* statesmen did not even profess to be influenced by any considerations but those of 'State interest,' and it might, therefore, seem hardly possible for a diplomatist to attain anything which should be to the detriment of the government to which he was accredited, and in favour of that which he himself represented. His power to occasionally effect this, however, depended upon the fact that though 'reasons of State' reigned, the 'passions of men and women' governed. This it was which enabled a skilful diplomatist to attain his ends by dexterously playing now upon the jealousy or personal ambition of a minister, now on the affections or venality of a royal mistress. The politician who would succeed had often to stoop very low, and make short work of delicacy or scruples. The mistresses of Versailles, the morguatic wives of Potsdam, and the male favourites of St.

* *Annales de l'Empire*, liv. ii.

Petersburg had to be gained over by varying forms of corruption.

The ideas of 'reform' which permeated Europe in the midst of the break-up of the old order consisted in the abolition of the last relics of mediævalism—the system of the 'dark ages'—by the action of absolute princes themselves, friends of the new order of ideas, and therefore what was then termed 'enlightened.' The whole political system of the philosophers consisted in placing the omnipotence of the State at the service of the infallibility of reason. As Mercier de la Rivière said, the State 'must govern according to the ideas of men of social orders,' and, so governing, it must be all powerful. Such conceptions naturally gave rise to the most profound contempt for the English Constitution. Here, says Letrosne, we can make in a moment reforms which change the whole condition of the country, while in England such reforms are always at the mercy of political parties. Rousseau* also had nothing but ridicule for the 'stupidity of the English nation.' The idea of the most advanced continental reformers was then by no means to abolish absolute power, but to obtain the use of it; not to increase the freedom of individual men, but to constrain them in the right direction—a direction good for all nations, or rather all mankind apart from their various nationalities. Thus Lessing loudly declared that he had no notion of what a mere love of one's country might be. In 1784 Schiller declared: 'I write as a citizen of the world; I early exchanged 'the narrow boundaries of my own country for the vast 'world.' 'Germans,' he cried, 'seek not to form a nation; 'be contented with being men.' In his 'Don Carlos,' published in 1787, the Marquess of Posa is his ideal reformer; he says: † 'Man is more than you think, and will break the 'yoke of his long sleep . . . be generous, be strong, and 'scatter happiness about. . . . See around you how rich 'nature is in her liberty. . . . Consecrate to the happiness of 'the people that power which for so long has been devoted 'to the greatness of the throne.' This adjuration was no mere piece of rhetoric, but expressed the confidence then generally felt in the omnipotence of the State for good or evil. 'Liberty' was then understood to mean the reign of 'enlightenment,' as 'the love of philosophy' was 'virtue.' Much was permitted to those who professed such 'virtue.' The authorship of 'La Pucelle' was not thought any degra-

* Contrat Social, liv. iii. ch. xv.

† Act iii. scene 10.

dation to Voltaire, any more than the 'Rêve de d'Alembert' to Diderot, or his 'Confessions' to Rousseau; such things rather contributed to their celebrity. Catherine II., who cleverly duped the philosophers, since in reality she no more possessed the virtue they esteemed than the virtue to which they were indifferent, was an especial object of their admiration. 'Ah! my friends, what a sovereign!' exclaimed Diderot. 'You must all recognise in her the soul of Brutus in the form of Cleopatra.' Not without apparent reason, then, did absolute rulers view with indulgence the caprices or even the turbulence of such philosophers. They felt they could hold them well in hand and make use of them as a sort of intellectual *condottieri* at their service.

A strange mixture of good and evil, of wise reforms and futile arbitrary acts, characterised the governments of that day. Everywhere, but especially in Italy and Germany, intellectual culture was encouraged, schools opened, and universities extended. Religious toleration reigned in Prussia. Gustavus III. introduced it into Sweden, and even the prince bishops patronised it. In 1783 the Bishop Elector of Trier made a decree in favour of dissenters for 'the honour of religion and the increase of commerce.' Torture was abolished in Tuscany and Sweden, and was generally falling into desuetude. Serfdom was suppressed in Baden in 1783, and in Denmark in 1788. It was diminished and attenuated in Prussia by Frederick, and in Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, and Hungary by Joseph II., who in less than five years attempted and in great part carried out by his absolute decrees, a revolution greater than that effected by the Constituent Assembly of France. He abolished the ancient territorial divisions and established in their place thirteen governments, each divided into 'circles;' he suppressed the various national and provincial diets, and (in the French fashion) instituted 'intendants' in their place. The burgo-masters became his nominees, and the political functions of the nobility were abolished, while they and the clergy were alike subjected to taxation. He sought to impose the German tongue on his Hungarians, Croats, Czechs, Poles, and Slavs, while he restricted commerce by a system of the most rigorous protection. It is true that he built many schools and hospitals, and ameliorated the condition of the peasantry, but his ideal was to form a State, all the subjects of which should be equal, under a uniform despotism which by education should form all its citizens upon one model. Though he decreed religious toleration, yet, in 1777, he

declared that there ought to be only one religion—a religion which should guide all the inhabitants of his empire to efficiently contribute to the welfare of the State. And, indeed, philosophy had introduced a new religion into Europe, and one the hostility of which to the system of former days showed itself plainly in the actions even of rulers who supposed, or professed, themselves to be the main supporters of Catholicism. As we said before, Christendom, the ideal Christian republic, which was for a brief time realised under Innocent III. and which took common action in the earlier crusades, had no longer more than a nominal existence. The only common action taken by the Catholic Powers in the eighteenth century was that which brought about the suppression of the Jesuits. That famous company, which had so largely contributed to help on the despotism of the Catholic monarchs and to suppress all forms of dissent, had now to reap what it had so industriously and efficiently sown. The sovereigns of France, Spain, Naples, Parma, and Portugal had expelled the Jesuits from their domains, as their absolute and unconstitutional power enabled them to do. But they were by no means content with merely carnal weapons. They desired that the head of the Church should also smite them with the spiritual sword. Accordingly, the representatives of the ‘most faithful,’ ‘most Catholic,’ and ‘very Christian’ kings made their representations to the Holy See to this effect, and they did so with scant courtesy and small consideration. Their demands were arrogant and menacing. They insisted that the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, should forbid every member of the hated order to enter his territory, and should, as supreme spiritual ruler, suppress them. When Clement XIII. tried to resist even the weakest of the allied sovereigns—the Duke of Parma—France immediately seized Avignon, while Naples occupied Beneventum. Only when his successor had capitulated and actually suppressed the company was the Holy See allowed to recover its States.

In the general movement of the European Governments towards an augmentation of despotic power, the Catholic States had to contend with that still powerful body, the Roman Church. That Church had also itself followed the common impulse towards centralisation, till it had come to realise the old Roman imperial power transferred to the domain of religion. A body so rich and apparently defenceless as the Church became a common object of attack. It was not to be expected that rulers who had humiliated and

subjected their nobles, and dispersed the national or provincial assemblies of their States, should be content to see within their realms a corporate body numerous, rich, powerful, well disciplined, and under the control of a foreign sovereign. The ideal to which they looked with envy was a church similar to that of Russia, the illustrious monarch of which was declared * by Voltaire to be the only rational one, inasmuch as she paid the priests, whose mouths were opened or shut at her orders. Even in Catholic Spain there was a constant struggle to depress the Church from the beginning of the reign of Philip V. to the end of that of Charles III. Pombal followed suit in Portugal, while Ferdinand of Parma and Leopold of Tuscany were active in the same direction, suppressing convents, and even interfering in the details of public worship. The Republic of Venice imitated the monarchies, and the very prince bishops of Germany joined the movement. In 1785 those of Trier, Mainz, Köln, and Strasburg sent a formal notice to the Roman *curia* intimating that, if they were not allowed to reject papal bulls when they thought fit so to do, they would convoke a national council.

Thus it was that, when the French Revolution broke out, it found ready to its hand accepted maxims and received views which had but to be vigorously applied in order, as it seemed, to make an end for good and all of the despised and detested tyranny of centuries past. Yet, by the irony of fate, the very measures thus initiated, by occasioning war with Europe and the rise of Napoleon, served to raise papal absolutism in the spiritual domain to a far higher level than it had ever before attained under the most powerful of the mediæval pontiffs.

It was the decrees of the Constituent Assembly in favour of the civil constitution of the clergy which finally decided Louis XVI. to demand the intervention of Europe, and which let loose civil war in France. M. Sorel himself says:—

‘ One may say that of all the errors of the Assembly that was the most calamitous; it exercised the most dissolving action on the State and nation, and opened the abyss into which the Revolution plunged headlong. The Assembly was led into it less by a false appreciation of what was politically expedient than by the blinding effect of its own passions. The strongest sentiment of the most “enlightened” of the eighteenth century was anti-religious passion. In their eyes the Church not only represented a tyranny, but they hated it as a privi-

* In a letter to Count Schouvalof of December 3, 1768.

leged and very opulent corporation. They ardently desired to suppress its privileges, confiscate its wealth, and reduce its members to an equality with other citizens.' (Vol. ii. p. 115.)

It would have been possible to do this without producing a fatal crisis. The Church would, of course, have protested, but the necessities of the moment and the intense national sentiment which had been evolved would have sufficed to cause the acceptance of a measure which harmonised with the principles of the new constitution. But the assembly made a profound mistake when it attempted at one and the same time to proclaim freedom of worship, while erecting a new State Church on an exaggeration of the principles of 1682. Professed freethinkers, inveterate enemies of all religious belief and of every church; legists, experts in all the subtleties of the Roman civil law, but quite indifferent or hostile to Christian doctrine; Protestants, just emancipated from iniquitous laws which regarded their faith as treason, with a few Jansenists and unfrocked priests, composed the strange council which sat at Paris pretending to found a new State Church. The decrees of that council were such as might have been expected. Pastors were to be nominated by an electoral college of each district, the members of which might be of any religion or of none, and the loudly vaunted religious freedom was soon violated in the persons of the nonjuring clergy and their followers. They, as we know, quickly became objects, first of suspicion, then of active hostility, and ultimately of furious persecution. Thus, as M. Sorel observes, 'this assembly of philosophers found itself led by the force of logic to violate, almost as soon as decreed, one of the principles most passionately demanded by the philosophy of the age—religious toleration.'

We will next follow our author in a brief survey of the various nations of Europe at this eventful period.

Holland owed much to France. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. had largely aided the establishment of the Dutch Republic, and an active and influential French party had existed in Holland since the end of the sixteenth century. Nevertheless, there, also existed a germ of hostility to a French alliance, because the independence of Holland was more directly threatened by the preponderance of France than even by that of the house of Austria, while it had little to fear from England. Thus it came about that the Dutch Government joined with England and Sweden in resisting

the advance of Louis XIV., which act led to the invasion of Holland; and ultimately to the peace of Utrecht. The earlier half of the eighteenth century was passed by the Dutch in easy confidence and prosperous commerce, but in the latter half a struggle began between the stadholder and the burghers, the former being favoured by England, the latter by France. The action of France, however, was soon paralysed by the incipient stages of its Revolution, so that it could not contend with England and Prussia, or prevent the stadholder becoming established as a sort of constitutional sovereign. Many of his opponents and many Dutch democrats migrated to France, and thus it was that the Revolution found Holland under a hostile ruler, while yet an important part of the nation was sympathetic with the French. Later on, however, the success of the French revolutionary government brought about the same position of affairs as had existed under Louis XIV. ; for the Dutch democracy could no more see with equanimity the power of France extending to the Meuse and to the Rhine than could the Dutch patricians before. Thus, after an interval of a century, a similar succession of circumstances first associated and then dissociated the two countries and led to a similar struggle, resulting (after the fall of Napoleon) in even a greater triumph for Holland than that which followed upon the humiliation of the *Grand Monarque*.

While Holland was thus, by its interests, alternately attracted to France and England, Spain, in 1789, seemed indissolubly attached to France. The two dynasties, the two governments, and the two nations were united in the closest bonds by what was called the *Pacte de famille*. This was a treaty of alliance, signed on August 15, 1761, during the most disastrous crisis of the Seven Years' War, when Spanish intervention alone saved France from the most crushing defeat. In spite of all efforts on the part of Charles III., Spain was in a state of rapid decay. The main immediate cause of this was the constant decrease in the amount of the treasure sent to the mother country by its American colonies, which suffered from every kind of bad government, and became more and more affected by a spirit of revolt, greatly promoted by the struggle going on with England in North America. Oppressed and exhausted, and with no foreign trade, the Spanish colonies participated in all the causes of Spain's decline, without having that support which the mother country derived from the traditions of her past. In 1788 Charles IV. came to the throne, unhappily

for Spain. Corpulent and weakminded, chaste and devout, he was incapable of thinking evil of anyone, and was the slave of his worthless wife, Marie Louise of Parma, who despised him heartily, and who, though thirty-four years of age (her husband was not forty), was herself the slave of the handsome guardsman Godoy, thirteen years her junior. Thus, at the eve of the French Revolution, the grave and once terrible Spanish monarchy was represented, to use M. Sorel's expression, by the three characters so familiar in old comedy—namely, a good-natured husband duped by a mature wife, the catspaw of a needy young lover. Charles III. had been one of Europe's 'enlightened' rulers, but his well-intended reforms were in opposition to the sentiment of the nation. Spain, as we have seen, felt the effects of the flood of philosophic reform which flowed over Europe. But it was, in our author's opinion, a very shallow wave which passed over the Iberian peninsula, and its soil was not of a nature to be gravely affected by it. Much attached to the national dynasty, hostile to innovations, and indifferent to general political liberty, the Spaniards were passionately affected by two things only—their religion and their provincial franchises. Their habitual external obedience to their rulers, however, disguised an ardent spirit of independence, which showed itself unmistakeably whenever they were deeply stirred. This was plainly shown later on when their dynasty was overthrown, their religion threatened, and their customs and habits of life outraged by the results of the French Revolution. Then it was that those Spaniards who had been deemed as of no account, except as examples of national decay, rose with a burst of patriotism and furious fanaticism which disconcerted most of Europe's politicians.

To these deep-seated conservative tendencies the new reign appealed. Charles IV., his queen, and Godoy became, before all things, devout—the king conscientiously, the queen hypocritically, Godoy politically. They instituted a reaction which became popular and for which the course taken by the French Revolution afforded a pretext. The Inquisition was re-established, the Church regained her power, and the people were content. Nevertheless, the government was not seriously and persistently hostile to that of revolutionary Paris, because the queen only desired war that her lover might have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, while she desired peace that he might be popular. Thus Spain became alternately the ally of England and of France. It condemned the Revolutionary Government

violently, combated it feebly, and finally sought it and succumbed to it.

Italy was, in the eighteenth century, growing to be again more than 'a geographical expression.' Literature and art were creating the idea of her nationality, and Italians were looking back with longing eyes to their own distant past. As Catherine II. wrote, in 1780, 'Italy waits and hopes'; and Madame de Staël gave expression to what had long been the feeling of cultured Italy when she said,* 'The Italians are much more remarkable for what they have been, and for what they may be, than for what they are at present.' In a country so divided politically, and which had undergone such repeated transformations, local loyalty was not to be expected. Only the Piedmontese had any real attachment to their government. The dynasties of Parma, Tuscany, and Naples had had too little permanence to inspire loyalty, and the pope was, of course, an elected sovereign whose reign could be but short. In Northern Italy feudalism was hated almost as much as in France, and the clergy were very commonly detested. Thus the Revolution found that part of the country cordially sympathetic. The democratic passion for abstract rights was widely disseminated, and the lower classes were already seeking to give practical expression to their sentiments. A Piedmontese gentleman having forbidden a procession to pass through his grounds, the peasants cried out, 'If the nobles are not quiet we will burn their houses.' At Carouge, in 1789, the mob threatened to hang the intendant, who fled, and at Chambéry the governor resigned his powers to the town council.† In 1790 there were revolts in Leghorn, Pistoia, and Florence. Bernis, the French ambassador, wrote home that the regency had yielded all the people asked, and that, nevertheless, tranquillity was not established in the grand duchy.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was under the nominal rule of Ferdinand IV., but was really governed by his wife, Marie Caroline, and her favourite, Acton. The sympathies of the latter were entirely on the side of the English, and thus the southern end of the peninsula was in antagonism to the north. The pope was naturally, and of necessity, anti-revolutionary. The Republics of Genoa and Venice were in a state of most unstable equilibrium. At each

* Corinne, liv. i. ch. v.

† Bianchi, 'Storia della Monarchia Piemontese,' vol. i. ch. ix. Section 2 & 3. Bolta, 'Hist. d'Italie,' liv. ii. Paris: 1824.

deliberation of the Genoese Senate, the doge exclaimed, 'Remember, senators, the safety of the republic depends on its neutrality.' At Venice, the doge, Renier, declared, 'If there is a State which has need of peace it is ours. We possess neither army, nor fleet, nor allies; but live hazardously on our great reputation for wisdom. This is all our power.' The Venetians trembled before Austria, which coveted their territory, and leant, or tried to lean, on the support of France, and owed their continued existence to the rivalry between those powerful nations.

The only State which had a traditional policy was Sardinia, which also tried to balance itself between France and Austria, making use of the former to obtain additions to its territory, and of the latter to assure the continued possession of what had thus been gained. Towards 1789 very cordial relations existed between France and Sardinia, which were promoted by the double marriage of Louis XVI.'s brothers with the daughters of Victor Amadeus. When Russia and Austria were threatening Turkey, the Sardinians felt that if they were to make a figure in the world they ought to take part in the then Eastern question, and that they should ally themselves with France and England—a curious anticipation of the Sardinian policy in the Crimean war.

In 1789 the Holy Roman Empire had become but a shadow of what it once had been. Whilst in England and France feudalism had disappeared, to give place to a centralised monarchy, in Germany the very reverse process had taken place, and the feudatory States had become practically independent, their independence having been solemnly confirmed by the treaty of Westphalia. In theory, Imperial Germany extended over 660,000 square kilometers, with from 28 to 30 millions of inhabitants. The map of the empire exhibited an extraordinary number of territorial divisions most unequal in extent. In Suabia, the Upper Rhine, and Westphalia the map resembled a veritable mosaic, and States of every kind, from those of simple knights upwards, were therein included. The free cities and ecclesiastical principalities together formed about a seventh part of the whole. The Holy Roman Empire was an empire without subjects, without a constitution, and without a sovereign. The only imperial institutions were the Chamber of Wetzlar, the aulic council at Vienna, and the diet which, in 1789, had been convoked at Ratisbon. The diet was an assemblage of delegated diplomatic lawyers, which could never really deliberate, or even discuss. A question addressed to it by

the emperor had to be referred by each delegate to his government, which replied at its leisure by a note which its delegate had to communicate to the diet. This assembly was composed of three colleges, and the consent of two of these was necessary to the validity of any resolution. The first college was the electoral college, which chose the emperor, and consisted of the Electors of Mainz, Trier, Bohemia, the Palatinate, Saxony, Brandenburg, and Hanover. The second was the college of princes, and had an ecclesiastical bench and a lay bench. The third college was that of the free cities. The diet was little more than a court for registering the decisions of the various States therein represented by their delegates. So cumbrous a piece of machinery came, naturally, to be little used and much neglected. Out of the hundred delegates the princes had power to send, there were but fourteen at Ratisbon in 1788, and only eight out of the fifty-one to which the free cities were entitled.

The emperor was but the pompous image of a sovereign. He had the command of an army, which could not be assembled except by a decree of the diet. His normal budget amounted but to 13,884 florins, and a decree for an extraordinary credit was needed for any further sum. His government consisted of a vice-chancellor and some clerks, and his functions were to bring business before the diet and to promulgate its decrees. He was, in fact, the very dignified president of a confederation of practically sovereign States. His feudatories, from Prussia and Bavaria downwards, were actuated by but two desires—to increase their possessions and their power.

Thus it was that the princes saw at first in the French Revolution nothing but an opportunity for obtaining emancipation and aggrandisement. Towards 1789 the States bordering the Rhine had sought French protection and were under French influence. The only hostile potentate was the Archbishop Elector of Köln, who was the brother of the Queen of France. The French King had been accustomed to find not only allies but recruits in Western Germany, and some of his regiments were levied there. As has been said, Germany was then agitated by ideas which were akin, as far as expressions and appearances went, to those of revolutionary France. But the very different antecedents of the two peoples gave very different meanings to the same phrases. The German, however he might declaim about a citizenship of the world, held firmly to his traditional customs. The

poet who was most thoroughly impregnated by the sentiments of Rousseau, could yet say,* ten years after the meeting of the States-General, 'Unhappy he who would 'deprive men of their affection for things venerable, the 'precious legacy of our ancestors! Time consecrates 'them, and makes things which were but respectable in 'the eyes of the old, absolutely sacred in the eyes of child-'hood.'

The Germans had also preserved their religious traditions; Voltairian scepticism had affected but the mere surface of society, and had not penetrated beneath it. In France irreligion preceded the Revolution, prepared the way for it, and stamped it with its anti-Christian character. In Germany, on the other hand, rationalism assumed airs of piety, and men sought to harmonise their new ideas with old doctrines. 'La Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard,' which only suggested to France the paradox of the civil constitution of the clergy, produced a religious revival in Germany. It was the same thing with respect to democracy. The whole history of France had prepared the way for it, and it was in the manners and character of the people. In 1789 one decree sufficed to bring the law into harmony with this sentiment. In Germany, enlightenment, reform, and progress had come from the princes. If the people had wants it was for the State to satisfy them, and if they had desires it was for the princes to gratify them. They habitually showed great deference towards the established powers, not as a matter of prudence, but from taste and conviction. Their idea was to strengthen the powers by reforming them, and in no way to upset them. A levelling of ranks was a thing repugnant to them, and anarchy they held in horror. This Teutonic spirit was well expressed by Lessing, when he said, 'Do not throw away your muddy water till you get clean 'water to replace it; do not pull down the temple, but 'construct another beside it.' In spite, however, of these characteristic differences, the first outburst of the French Revolution not only profoundly moved them, but strongly attracted their sympathies. The passion which roused them, however, was thoroughly German, and it was into their own modes of thought and feeling that they unconsciously translated the French proclamations of the rights of a sovereign people and the lofty virtue of patriotism. To them it appeared that the first of the rights of man was the right for

* Wallenstein, act i., scene iv., 1799.

them to be Germans. The very spread of French patriotic principles gave to the Germans a new love for their own language, a new taste for their own poetry, an intense sentiment of their nationality, the worship of their own history, and a respect for themselves. The revolutionary spirit which in France produced a rupture with the past, contempt for which was its very principle, became for Germans the reunion of ties broken centuries before, and the reestablishment of a worship of ancestors.

In spite of the antecedent wide extent of French influence in Germany and the fashion which had so long existed of copying the ways of France, the principles of its Revolution raised up in Germany a nation which soon became, first suspicious of the French Government, and then hostile to it. Nevertheless, these sentiments showed themselves differently in different parts of the empire. In those regions where the traditions of the Middle Ages had become, as in France, all but extinct, the Revolution was heartily accepted and acted on. This was especially the case on the left side of the Rhine, above all at Mainz, where a group of men existed eager for liberty and full of the new ideas—such as Förster and all the future leaders of the 'République Rhénane.' The Prince Bishop Frederick Charles Joseph d'Ecthal invited reformers, attempted to make reforms, and tried to found an 'enlightened' government. He only succeeded, however, in encouraging the taste for change, and in preparing the way for the Revolution. For the rest, reforms were more or less to the taste of each government, which saw how much the State had to gain by them, and by identifying itself with many of the French principles and practices. Nassau gave birth to the famous reformer, Baron Frederick Charles Stein, the greatest statesman of his country, and one of the most noble and penetrating geniuses which Germany has at any time produced. He belonged to one of the few families, barons of the empire, who not only preserved feudal customs, but their public utility also, and legitimated their rights and privileges, as their mediæval predecessors had done, by fulfilling their functions, and by services rendered, gradually emancipating and elevating their subjects whose forefathers their ancestors had protected against misery and brigandage. It was Stein who suggested to the princes of Germany the idea of benefiting themselves by the abolition of feudal burdens, by useful reforms, and by presenting themselves to their subjects as incarnations of patriotism. Curiously fatal to France

were the results of the great French movement. As M. Sorel observes :

‘ In simplifying the map of Germany . . . France did away with those material obstacles which had previously opposed the union and consolidation of Germany. By secularisations and mediatisations, France took from the ecclesiastical governments and the nobles holding directly of the emperor (a condition which isolated them and kept them in a sort of reciprocal exile) populations which were no sooner transferred to lay States than they became rapidly fused together. She thus agglomerated and concentrated populations, and opened avenues for the advance of that national spirit which her revolutionary propaganda had set going. Finally, in 1806 the Holy Roman Empire was indeed destroyed, but thereby Germany was resuscitated. The tie which France had broken was one which had long been worn and feeble, while she founded in its place indestructible attachments amongst the German peoples. In dissolving the empire, which was but the phantom of a State, she united the Germans into the most redoubtable of nations. It was the scattered, separated condition of these peoples which had made the destruction of the empire so easy; in reuniting them, the reestablishment of the empire itself was prepared.’

Thus it was that, though at the end of the eighteenth century the ‘ House of Austria ’ was a great power, and had practically a continuous possession of the legally elective imperial dignity, it was not as ‘ emperor,’ but as the ruler of his scattered hereditary States, that the head of that house was powerful. These States, besides the Austrian Archduchy and the Kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, included Croatia, Slavonia, Transylvania, the Bukowina, part of Galicia, a fragment of Silesia, with Moravia, Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol. To these were added the Milanese territory (divided by Venice and the Valtelina from the other Austrian dominions), together with Belgium and Luxemburg (separated off by the Bishopric of Liège), and a number of towns and lordships in Suabia. The official title of the ruler of these varied domains, before his election to the empire, was ‘ King of Bohemia and Hungary ;’ but, little by little, the custom arose of designating the totality of his possessions by the appellation which its reigning house had derived from its ancient archduchy. Altogether these States included 140,000 square kilometers, and about 24,000,000 of inhabitants. These were about the proportions of France; but whereas in France the whole State was homogeneous and coherent, in Austria all was heterogeneous and disintegrated. The difficulty of bringing about harmonious action with States so different in conditions and antecedents was necessarily immense. Add to this the cumbrous complica-

tions of the imperial rule, and it becomes plain that the 'internal affairs' of the Austrian government must have resembled the 'foreign affairs' of any more centralised State. The monarchy was reduced to apply to itself those rules of conduct which the other Powers of Europe, in their perpetual rivalry, were accustomed to apply to each other, and popular aspirations were similarly exceptional. In France federalism was considered treason to the nation. In Austria every movement which had any chance of becoming popular must necessarily tend to federalism. The one constant aim of the Austrian monarch was to make his shadowy imperial position a substantial reality and to become the effective as well as legal ruler of a united Germany. Hence arose a profound hostility to Prussia, the weakening or dismemberment of which was necessary to the success of his plans. One great means of increasing Austrian power was the much-desired acquisition of Bavaria, either by conquest or by exchanging the distant province of Belgium for it.

As to Poland, Austria was strongly interested in maintaining it as a barrier against Russia, while at the same time she feared the consequences which might ensue to herself from an effective reform of the Polish republic. She therefore, in M. Sorel's opinion, preferred to maintain anarchy in that State, regarding it as a reserve whence provinces might be carved out in the future. Austria also, he tells us, looked forward to aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, and on that account, as also for other reasons, was glad that France should have its hands full, that it might not be able to join with Prussia in any hostile action. In 1788, therefore, Joseph II. judged that the state of affairs at Versailles was critical enough to permit him to do as he liked in the East, and so undertook, in concert with Catherine II., a war of conquest against the Ottoman Empire. It thus became his interest that France, while possessing the external appearance of a normally constituted State, should neither recover its wonted elasticity nor its vigorous activity. The French Revolution, therefore, appeared to him to be singularly opportune, and his passive attitude with regard to it, as well as that of his brother Leopold, who succeeded him, was perfectly consistent.

The intellectual developement of Austria was very inferior to that of France. 'Enlightenment,' though patronised by such statesmen as Kaunitz, and popular in certain circles, was generally but little esteemed and somewhat dreaded. Up to 1764 the Jesuits were the chief teachers, and rather second-

rate ones. The universities, colleges, and schools were in their hands, and they controlled the censorship, which was rigid enough, however formal and ineffective education might be. Thus it needed an express command of the Empress Maria Theresa to enable Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Lois' to pass the frontier. Intellectually inferior, the morality of Vienna was in no way superior. The famous 'Commission 'concerning Chastity,' established by the empress, and the rude lessons she gave to those about her, had but small effect in checking the sensual frivolity so common in her capital. Meanwhile the various Austrian States only understood political liberty as being a sanction for those forms of local government which were traditional—for the most part aristocratic institutions, the spirit of which was quite opposed to the Revolution. The peasantry desired, indeed, relief from feudal burdens, but these they expected from the hands of the sovereign alone, from whom they awaited some such enlargement of their civil liberty. Thus there was an actual antithesis in Austria between these two forms of freedom. An advance in political liberty seemed to Austrians to make civil liberty more difficult of attainment, while such civil reforms as were accomplished turned to the profit of absolute power and were hostile to that political liberty which in many parts of the monarchy was much more highly prized. Thus the reforms of Joseph II., radical, arbitrary, decreed with violence, and applied with feebleness, gave rise to widespread revolt and almost to revolution. The nobles and clergy, clamouring for their immunities, would lend no support to the central power; while the imperial agents, puzzled and paralysed by contradictory orders, produced by their acts an intensification of that provincialism they were instituted to destroy. In Bohemia the nobility began again to speak Czech and to demand the convocation of 'the States,' while the Hungarians clamoured for their diet. In the Low Countries a revolt took place, which was only suppressed with much difficulty by Joseph's successor, the Emperor Leopold. It was a very interesting movement, as it illustrated the existence there, before 1789, of French democratic ideas side by side with that more dominant passion for antique rights and liberties which culminated in actions of blood-thirsty cruelty, anticipating in the cause of religion excesses afterwards perpetrated in Paris by the enemies of all religious faith. The Belgian revolt was mainly directed to bring about the restoration of mediæval institutions and clerical privileges. Yet then, as in our own day,

two very different parties existed, which, though they acted in concert against the emperor, divided in mutual hostility as soon as they thought they had safely established a republic. There was a vigorous minority, led by a citizen named Vonck, which was animated by a democratic anti-clerical spirit. The much more numerous and popular party, however, was that of the nobility and clergy, who treated the Vonckists, suspected of philosophy, much as the French democrats afterwards treated the suspected aristocrats. The Jesuit Fuller and Canon Duvivier denounced the Vonckists as disciples of Voltaire and accomplices of Austria. A pamphlet advised the people to confiscate their goods and make use of them for the service of the State. 'You will only take back,' they said, 'what your slaughtered patriots have been robbed of.' On March 15, 1790, placards were posted up in Brussels inviting the 'patriots' to assemble in the great square for the defence of religion, the constitution, and liberty. Lists of 'the suspected' were drawn up, and houses marked for plunder and massacre in the name of the people. An imprudent word meant death. One day a casual passer by was charged with insulting an image of the Virgin which was being carried in procession. Instantly he was seized and hanged to a street lamp. The cord broke. The crowd made him kneel down and then sawed his head off, which they triumphantly carried about on a pike through the city. Such was the discordant and divided condition then existing in the various parts of the wide dominions of the 'house of Austria.'

Very different, indeed, was the condition of the Prussian monarchy. In 1786 Mirabeau wrote: 'To-day Prussia is 'the pivot upon which hangs peace or war.' In the last years of the *ancien régime* that country occupied the attention of all political minds in France. It excited their ardent admiration. Those who were most eager for reform spoke of the Prussian monarchy as the 'great and efficient machine 'at which superior artists have laboured for centuries.' It was, for the philosophers, the very ideal of an 'enlightened' government; yet it rapidly became the most ardent adversary of the Revolution, and afterwards effected those repeated changes of policy with which history has made us familiar. They did but serve, however, to further develop those characteristics which Prussia had had from its very beginning. It would not be easy to imagine a State or government more antithetic to Austria. In Prussia all the social and political forces tended to produce a compact and coherent State, which,

instead of being modified by its environment, itself gave forth vigorous impulses on all sides. Formed in the sixteenth century by the forcible union of the March of Brandenburg with the territory of the order of the Teutonic knights, it was at its very outset essentially military and dynastic, the sovereign being at the head of a thoroughly warlike nobility and of an army organised like a military order. The State was, as it were, conceived in aggression and born in conquest; and aggression and conquest were its continual pre-occupation. Its territory being without well-defined frontiers, all lands in its vicinity were welcome prey. But though very often easy to conquer, they were almost always difficult to retain; hence the continued preponderance of the military spirit. Part of Poland was interposed between the two primitive constituents of the State, and therefore there could be no rest till that was appropriated. Conquerors at first by necessity, the Prussians acquired the taste and temperament for conquest. War was said to be the 'national industry' of the country, an industry which culminated under Frederick the Great. The religious liberty he instituted was peculiar, in Europe, to Prussia. It sprung, however, from no respect for conscience or love for freedom on his part, but was the result both of his scepticism and moral indifference, as well as of his political interest—since it served as a bait to attract useful strangers. At Berlin, scepticism became for a time the fashion, and was accompanied by the most profound and gross moral depravity. When, however, the great warrior was succeeded by his nephew, Frederick William II., a complete reaction set in. In 1788 two edicts appeared, one against liberty of conscience, the other against liberty of the press; and philosophic writings had to be submitted to an examination by orthodox ministers. A victim to superstition of all kinds, and a devotee of what we should now call 'spiritism,' Frederick William was curiously lax in his conjugal relations. In 1790 the King of Prussia was a widower who had three living wives: the Princess of Brunswick, whom he had repudiated; the Princess of Darmstadt, who, though divorced, retained the title of queen; and Madame Dönhof, his second morganatic wife. In 1792 he separated from Madame Dönhof, and offered his hand to a Mademoiselle Bethmann, the daughter of a banker, who, however, declined the equivocal honour. This curious mixture of practical libertinism with pietistic scruples greatly diverted Catherine II. of Russia, who did not think herself bound to practise so many formalities. Writing to Grimm of the king,

in June 1790, she said: 'That "gaillard" never has enough 'legitimate wives to satisfy him; if there ever was a conscientious *gaillard*, he is one.' The political results of his curious character were as confused and contradictory as were his moral tendencies; and the outbreak of the French Revolution found him in a state of vacillation and uncertainty from which much was to be hoped, but no less was to be feared.

Sweden had played a great, though transitory, part in the world of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, but it had suffered much from its princes. After Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII. lost his Baltic provinces, and, yielding the empire of the north to Russia, left his country discouraged, exhausted, and divided against itself. One party sought a guarantee against royal caprice in their country's ancient 'liberties,' but the result was an advance towards aristocratic anarchy and national enfeeblement. In 1772 Gustavus III. made his successful *coup d'état*, and firmly established the royal power. The philosophers applauded. Gustavus was their disciple. He loved 'enlightenment,' and 'overthrew the altars of fanaticism.' In truth, however, he did employ the power he had seized in the reform of various abuses. But such success as he had achieved by no means sufficed him. Bold, but twenty-six years of age, and animated by an ardent love of glory, he burned with a desire to astonish the world and to make the famous *salons* of Paris (which had possessed so great a fascination for him ever since he first figured in them) re-echo with his praises and with admiration at the renown he had gained. It was with the spirit of a knight-errant that the King of Sweden received the news of the French troubles.

Poland, the faults of the anarchical constitution of which are an historical commonplace, was remarkable for its physically defenceless condition. A country of vast plains with indistinct frontiers, it invited invasion. The 'nation' consisted of an army of nobles living in an enslaved and conquered country, the wretched serfs of which were entirely at the mercy of their masters' passions. These nobles loved *fêtes* and social pleasure, and to enable them to gratify their love the peasants were ruined by exactions and ground down by oppression. To the latter it mattered little what might be the national denomination of their tyrants if the character of their rule remained unchanged; while any change was welcome which improved or was likely to improve their hard lot. In arming the peasantry against the enemy, the

nobility always exposed themselves to a *jacquerie*. When Poland was first partitioned, in 1772, by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, the Poles awaked at last to their extreme peril, profited by the example which Gustavus III. had just set in Sweden, and at the celebrated Diet of Grodno, in 1788, laws were passed which at last gave some stability to the monarchy and placed some restraint upon the nobility. It was, however, too late. The king, Stanislas Poniatowski, had no other title to reign than the fact of his having been a lover of the Empress Catherine. Upon the throne of Poland he still remained under the spell of her influence, and the ties of past favouritism always paralysed in him the patriotic wishes of 'the king.' Jealousies and dissensions soon abounded, and the French Revolution still further exaggerated the division of parties. In so far as its spirit penetrated amongst the people, it excited them against their lords. Everything, in fact, tended in Poland towards the extension of anarchy and the decay of the State, and at the same time everything concurred to strengthen and elevate Russia. Burke condemned the French Revolution because it let loose anarchy; he admired that of Poland because it repressed anarchy. This repression of anarchy was, however, precisely that which constituted its crime in the eyes of most of the statesmen of old Europe. It thwarted their policy; and, as they were guided by no principles but those of self-interest, neither the diversity of the events, nor the contradiction between the judgements they respectively formed concerning them, caused them any embarrassment. In spite of the warmth of patriotism which animated those who carried out the Polish Revolution, reforms advanced but slowly. The diet had decreed that the army should consist of 100,000 men. It was only with great difficulty that 50,000 could be raised and very moderately equipped. Those who had had to give way—that is to say, the old Russian party and chief of the ultra-aristocratic faction—soon recovered courage. Seeing no way of restoring the old state of things except that of following the old ways, they addressed themselves to Catherine. They claimed their traditional 'liberties,' by which they meant the *liberum veto* and the 'right of confederation'—which, in reality, represented nothing but the permanence of anarchy and the right of civil war. These men, the confederates of Targowitz, allied themselves with the Russians to destroy the new constitution, and so effected the final ruin of their country, as the national resistance was ineffectual. When Europe invaded France—in

the beginning of that war to which the work here reviewed is introductory—French patriots boldly faced the invasion, resisted and repelled it. In Poland the patriots tried to arrest it, but in spite of their valour they succumbed. The reason was that in France a most lively national spirit aroused in all men those passions which are the safeguard of a nation—the love of independence and the horror of foreign intervention. In Poland, on the other hand, civil wars, confederations between parties of the nobility, foreign alliances, and the insubordination of individuals and parties, were the necessary outcome of their past history. In France, after a transitory anarchy, the people spontaneously returned to the habits of more than six centuries of monarchy and national concentration; but Poland returned to her traditional anarchy and dissension. In Poland there was no middle class and no peasant proprietors as in France, and, in fact, no true nation. There were but a few thousand nobles, who formed parties, tore the State into pieces, and disputed its fragments. The Polish Revolution, good so far as it went, was, after all, a revolution made by nobles for the good of nobles, and it perished because there was no real nation which could or would vigorously sustain it.

In Russia such aristocratic turbulence was impossible, while the democratic revolutionary propaganda could not influence it. This was the case not merely on account of distance, but still more on account of the national character. Three conditions which made the Revolution possible in France were absent in Russia. There was no *noblesse* at the same time powerless and privileged; there was no strong and ambitious *bourgeoisie*; and there were no peasant proprietors. The Russians mistook revolutionary France for another Poland; that is to say, they regarded it as an object meriting the most profound contempt. Ruling a country united in the bonds of one religious belief and animated by one political aspiration, the extension of the empire, each Russian sovereign in turn was driven by a continuous instinct towards aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, Sweden, and Poland. The Empress Catherine was sixty years old in 1789. In spite of the number of her lovers, she always remained the sovereign, and never, like Louis XV., allowed her passions to mar her political projects. Her person she would bestow, but her power she jealously reserved. It was the same with her friendships: though she styled the 'philosophers' her masters, and treated them as familiar friends, that did not for an instant blind her to the absurdities

of the French republic, or prevent her from expressing her scathing contempt for it. Neither did it disarm her hostility, although this hostility conveniently confined itself to pushing others forward to contend with it in her place. It should not surprise us that she favoured anarchy in Poland, though she hated and contended against it in Paris. Both sentiments were due to one cause—the perception of her own interests. The Polish anarchy favoured her designs, but that of Paris deranged her calculations. As M. Sorel tells us, at the moment of the assembly of the States-General, Catherine had extorted a reluctant assent to her policy on the part of Louis XVI., who painfully felt his abandonment of Sweden (so old an ally of France) and the shame of recognising the partition of Poland. The further and final absorption of that country was what Catherine had then most at heart. France was momentarily paralysed, though still envied for her wealth and the energy of the sentiment of nationality. Catherine, as has been said, hated the Revolution from the first. The quadruple alliance which she had proposed to form with Austria, France, and Spain became impossible. She had nothing to gain by it, and there were no bounds to her contempt for that ‘hydra with 1,200 heads,’ the assembly, for a king who allowed laws to be dictated to him, for a nobility which abdicated its privileges, or for a *bourgeoisie* which presumed to meddle with State affairs. She had no dread of the revolutionary propaganda in her own dominions. A simple order of police sufficed to silence the few freemasons who represented, in her states, the only element of an agitation resembling that which existed in France. Nevertheless, the French colony in Russia was placed under strict supervision, while for natives with democratic sympathies there was the knout or the galleys. Her favourite prescription for France may well excite a smile. It was the recall of the Jesuits! Such was the advice of this disciple of the philosophers, whom Voltaire placed in the ranks of the gods, and whom Diderot desired for a French sovereign! She showed herself ultra-royalist as to French affairs, and admitted no system but that of a thorough counter-revolution. Yet she had nothing but sarcasms for the agonies and weaknesses of the royal prisoners of the Tuileries, and only replied by railleries to prayers for the help of her Cossacks in effecting their deliverance. Her passions and those of Gustavus III. led them both to combat the Revolution. But her exclusive devotion to her own interest

hindered her from taking any active or costly part in that combat, which the quixotic Gustavus was ready enough to do. Meanwhile, France being weakened and discredited, the attention of Europe was fixed upon the East. During 1789 and the greater part of 1790, Europe abandoned France to her own courses and her internal disorders. Thus, says M. Sorel, 'the Revolution went its way, and old Europe went hers and for nearly two years persisted in mistaking and under-estimating the powers and real tendencies of the Revolution.'

Our own country presented a strange and gratifying contrast to what was elsewhere to be met with. No contrast, indeed, could well be greater than that which then existed between France and England. In the former country the struggle was against the still privileged relics of what had been an aggressive and oppressive feudality, while the *tiers état* had traditionally worked with the king against the nobility. In England it was the 'gentry' which formed the essence of the nation, and the people had joined with them in many a struggle against an oppressive monarchy. Everything had conspired in France to produce a unity of power; in England, a diversity. The English had no need to fear invasion, while in France it was the one dread which constantly dominated all domestic disputes. There was ever a danger there lest some foreign Power should avail itself of civil discords in order to invade and dominate. Thus it was often needful to patch up matters in hot haste, the desire for national independence overpowering that for political freedom. But in a monarchy so circumstanced, much is demanded of its monarch. France willingly abdicated its political rights, but not its critical judgment. This Henry IV. well understood. With Louis XIV. royalty in France culminated and entered on its decline. He left behind him a nation crushed by war, and impatient of a yoke which was felt to be ruinous. Things had come to such a crisis that either a really great king or a revolutionary cataclysm was inevitable. If it did not burst forth in the reign of Louis XV., it was because France still remained profoundly royalist in sentiment, and was full of hope as to the possibilities of a new reign.

M. Sorel shows much intelligent appreciation of England.

The English had a political interest which was absolutely wanting in France; they possessed a constitution and liberal traditions. The *ancien régime*, which in France had founded a caste of nobles, developed in England a true aristocracy. That aristocracy only retained such

privileges as its public services made reasonable, and it valued and gloried in its political functions. It was willing to pay liberally for its position, and bore its burden of taxation. In France men had become more and more alike, while they differed widely as to their privileges, and that difference was the less endurable to the unprivileged because they felt themselves to be in all essentials the equals of the *noblesse*. In England the possession of common rights before the law made men indifferent concerning diversities of social condition. Feeling themselves free, they were the less anxious to appear equal. Moreover, the English aristocracy was a very open one.' (Vol. i. p. 353.)

Irreligion also, in England, was, as our author says, but a fashion of the day, and an affectation of the *beau monde*. In France it was a general and dominant fashion which extended even to the lowest classes. Fanaticism in England was sectarian, and all the sects made common cause against infidelity, so that the French Revolution found all of them almost equally hostile. As to the few who made a public profession of unbelief, experience of what was going on in France gave them much matter for reflexion, and supplied them with grave reasons for distrusting some of their principles. Irreligion passed out of fashion, and scepticism itself fell a victim to the critical and sceptical spirit. Almost the whole English nation became for a time more or less strongly conservative. Turbulent as the people might be, they loved their constitution, and though there was much commotion about 'reform,' it was relatively but very small changes which anyone desired.

'While,' says M. Sorel, 'the French despised their government, detested their clergy, hated their *noblesse*, and rebelled against the laws, the English were proud of their religion, their constitution, their king and their House of Lords. . . . Just as in the middle ages the people joined with the barons to combat the royal prerogative, so now the people united with the aristocracy to defend their king and constitution against the Revolution. In this England was only faithful to the tradition of its history, and the anti-Jacobin war was a thoroughly national war. England was the one only Power the French Revolution had to fear, because it was the one only Power which combated it with its own weapons—national sentiment and popular passion. . . . If the English made so great a figure in that crisis wherein Europe appeared so contemptible, the reason was they justified that judgement which Montesquieu had so long before passed upon them. "It is the one people which best understands how to avail itself of three great influences—religion, commerce, and liberty."' (Vol. i. p. 358.)

When disorder broke out in France, George III. and Pitt saw with some natural satisfaction the apparently rapid decay of a State which had done so much harm to England.

in her war with her North American colonies. Nevertheless, the king was deeply offended at the disrespect which was soon shown to royalty in France—a sentiment which was by no means unimportant in the promotion of that dogged resistance to which the French had ultimately to succumb.

Following M. de Tocqueville, M. Sorel points out that it was by no means because abuses were worse in France than in other European countries, that the new modern movement culminated there and first exploded in political convulsion. In other nations feudal dues were more oppressive, governments less intelligent, and the mass of the people in far greater misery. The Revolution, which finally put an end to so many mediæval ways and institutions, commenced in that very country where they were most rapidly disappearing of themselves. Their weight appeared the more insupportable to the French because they were less heavy, and their effects were felt to be exasperating because they were no longer crushing. Serfdom was quite extinct save in a few districts bordering on Germany. Not only was the peasant no longer a serf—he was a proprietor, and the land in very many districts was already subdivided to excess.

‘The very prosperity of the early part of Louis XVI.’s reign hurried on the movement, causing men to feel more keenly such vexations as remained, and to desire more ardently to rid themselves of them. France was the country wherein ideas of reform were the most widely spread, minds were most cultivated, men were the most alike, the government well centralised, the nobility most politically reduced to insignificance, the corporate bodies most subjected to control, and the nation most homogeneous.’ (Vol. i. p. 145.)

The very fact that so much practical equality between men of different classes already existed rendered the privileges of the small minority the more odious. Civil liberty had entered into the manners and customs of the French, and it was this which made them so much desire that such liberty should have the sanction of the laws. Political freedom, on the other hand, was an innovation, and contrary to all precedent. Nothing less was required than an entire change in the habits and instincts of the people to cause such freedom to be understood and practised. Since all were equally without any practical experience of liberty, each formed his own abstract idea of it, and imagined that nothing more was required to insure it than the destruction of the already decaying ancient institutions of the country. Hence anarchy became almost inevitable. It was not so much the

Revolution which destroyed the government as it was the spontaneous collapse of the government which caused the Revolution to triumph. The government of France had grown strong together with the monarchy which had formed the nation, and its power depended on the personal character of the king. 'The French,' said Cardinal Richelieu, 'are capable of anything, provided that those who command them are capable of directing them. I do not hesitate to affirm that if your majesty will find leaders worthy to command them, there will be no lack of subjects willing to obey.'

Such being the general condition and antecedents of France and the countries which environed it, the latter were utterly taken by surprise by the Revolution, which they entirely misunderstood, and therefore combated much too late for their own interests and with most inadequate measures. Prussia, with the first army in Europe, was kept in check by the vacillations of its sovereign and the jealousies of its subsequent allies. Russia, full of designs, first against Turkey and afterwards against Poland, only sought in European crises means for its own aggrandisement. Austria, always tempted to great enterprises and always hesitating to execute them, was divided between the hope of exchanging Belgium for Bavaria, and of defeating or profiting by the action of Russia in Poland. Europe took the French Revolution to be a mere political crisis such as had often occurred before. It recurred to the precedents suggested by such actions as those of Mazarin and Louis XIV. towards the English disorders, and sought nothing but means to profit by it. It was long before it awoke from its error, and even then only assembled incoherent armies, and was divided before hostilities commenced by disputes about the prizes of victory. The monarchs who invaded France opposed what they termed the rights of sovereigns to the rights of the people, but they interpreted the former according to the traditions of centuries of covetous rivalries and jealous conflicts. Meanwhile the spirit of nascent liberalism, so widely diffused in Europe, caused the first impressions produced on surrounding nations by the movement to be, on the whole, favourable. On the taking of the Bastille, the Duke of Dorset wrote home to the effect that we might now regard France as a free country, with a king limited in power and a nobility reduced to the general level of the nation. In Germany, many advanced thinkers considered that the French Revolution was at last the realisation of an

ideal they had pursued as followers of Puffendorf and Wolf. It was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the traveller and naturalist, George Förster, librarian at Mainz, and by Kant and William Humboldt. Varnhagen von Ense told how his sisters mounted a tricoloured scarf, and how his father went to Strasburg to take the civic oath and serve on the national guard. Klopstock exclaimed, 'Why have I not a hundred voices to celebrate French liberty?' The Suabian poet Schqbert, who had been imprisoned ten years for seditious writings, was set free in 1787, and devoted his powers to the propagation of French ideas. At Weimar the older men, thoroughly penetrated with the eighteenth century spirit—such as Wieland and Herder—showed themselves more sympathetic than some of their juniors, especially Goethe, who became by degrees detached from Rousseau, and hostile to French disorder. On the left bank of the Rhine, according to our author, a democratic spirit showed itself, especially in the ecclesiastical principalities. Papers were circulated with the words, 'We desire to be free from the yoke of the monks,' and several convents were attacked and their inmates dispersed. In the bishopric of Liège there was a complete revolution. The bishop refused, on demand, to convoke the States, whereupon the inhabitants of Spa drove out the episcopal garrison, and the bishop, alarmed by disorders at Liège, took refuge at Trier. The same influence caused in different places strangely different results. Thus, as we have seen, it gave rise in Belgium to a revolt in support of clericalism, while in Hungary there was an aristocratic agitation, and in Poland a monarchical one. Not only did the lofty designs and declarations of the national assembly * attract the sympathy and admiration of neighbouring peoples, but the powerlessness of the government reassured cabinets which viewed with satisfaction the apparent total collapse of French power. The emperor's brother had more foresight than most of his contemporaries. 'If,' said he,† 'all that becomes stable, France will become the most powerful State in Europe.' All the signs of anarchy and of discredit to the French State were greedily collected by Prussian agents, and acrimoniously commented on by the court of the devout royal bigamist of

* Such as the decree voted by it, with enthusiasm in 1790: 'The French nation renounces all wars of conquest, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people.'

† Letter of June 4, 1789, to Marie Christine.

Berlin, who deemed that the French power was paralysed for a long time to a greater degree than he had ever dared to hope. In the eastern provinces of France grave disputes were caused by the feudal and ecclesiastical rights of German Powers, guaranteed to them by treaties under Louis XIV. The German princes, especially those of the Rhine, began to clamour vigorously for the maintenance of their feudal rights. Disputes also arose with the Bishops of Speyer, Trier, Liége and Basle, to whom the treaty of 1648 had preserved certain rights of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in French territory, rights practically abolished by the decrees concerning the civil constitution of the clergy. Troubled in their leisure, menaced as to their property, and excited by the influence of the French *émigrés*, these ordinarily pusillanimous princes became violent in their hostility and vehement in their declarations. The Bishop of Speyer refused to enter into any negotiations, and the Prince Bishop of Köln threatened to place a cordon of troops along the French frontier, to prohibit the entrance of French goods into his territories, to sequester the goods of Frenchmen, and to punish the agents of the revolutionary propaganda. The Elector of Mainz demanded the abrogation of the obnoxious decrees, while the Bishop of Trier appealed for support even to schismatical Russia. The Austrian minister, Kaunitz, was the representative of a special form of opposition to the dominant French movement. His was not a hatred like that of the *émigrés*, nor that which drew forth the anathemas of Burke; it was a protest on the part of 'enlightened despotism' against democratic enthusiasm, a cry of alarm from the aristocratic disciples of Voltaire aroused by the invasion of the disciples of Rousseau.

With such discordant elements mixed up in the incipient coalition against the French Revolution, any honest and sustained efforts in support of an ideal political system were impossible.

The hope of plundering France insinuated itself into minds which were at first mainly actuated by a desire to combat the Revolution. Before even the 'Holy Alliance' of 1792 was concluded, before even it was negotiated—when it only existed as a distant conception—the vice which was destined to paralyse its development already corrupted its germ. It was born of intrigue, was nursed in covetousness, and was destined to perish through the mutual treachery of its members. The Europe of the eighteenth century was in fact incapable of otherwise conceiving of or conducting a 'league for the

public good.' It could only be called a 'crusade' ironically — 'a crusade without faith, without apostles, and without 'knights.' The allies had magazines, arsenals, skilful organisation, discipline, and supplies, but they 'lacked that eager and animating spirit of patriotism which made up to France her many material deficiencies.

But had all the allies been animated perseveringly with the very best spirit and intentions, it is questionable whether the weakness and irresolution of the French monarch would not in any case have frustrated their efforts. M. Sorel very clearly and forcibly, but with calm moderation, portrays the characteristics, both good and bad, of that most unfortunate sovereign. Endowed with many qualities which, in prosperous times, would make a ruler popular, Louis XVI. had none of those which are necessary to found or rejuvenate a dynasty amidst the agitations of political trouble. He was both slow and irresolute in the extreme, he was modest, heavy, and resigned. His brother, the Count de Provence, declared: * 'The weakness and indecision of the 'king are inexpressible. Imagine trying to hold together 'ivory balls dipped in oil.' He allowed acts to be committed and events to pass by, through indifferent optimism and distrust in himself and others. Full of aspirations after what was best, he was incapable of following up a resolution, and was always prone to recede from it through apathy or conscientious scruples. It was his conscience above all which was more effective in making him take such action as he did take. After signing the decrees for the civil constitution of the clergy, he exclaimed: 'I would rather be King of Metz 'than remain King of France in such a position.' It was this conscientiousness which made it impossible for him to avail himself of the foresight and talents of those who would if they could have made him a powerful and popular revolutionary king. While the contemptuous indifference of Europe allowed France, in 1789 and 1790, leisure to define and apply the policy which suited her new principles, Louis XVI. was incapable of applying them to his own profit. Mirabeau saw clearly how the king could do so, and worked hard to bring about those acts and measures which subsequent history shows us might have been an easy task for a sovereign more intellectual, more vigorous, and less scrupulous. M. Sorel remarks that

'in 1790, neither the king nor the assembly was able to understand

* Bacourt's '*Mirabeau et la Marck*,' vol. i. p. 125.

Mirabeau's views. The king was too narrow-minded, the assembly too chimerical. Both, at the same time, had too little political insight and too much virtue to give themselves up to the hands of such an operator. To arrive at that which he planned, it would have been necessary to anticipate ten years of history—and what a history! Mirabeau, if he had been understood, appreciated, and seconded, might have done this, and for a moment he seemed called on to do it, but fate arrested his career in what, under such a king, was the pursuit of a chimera. In spite of his conscientious scruples, however, Louis XVI. could be fatally insincere.'

He was, as it were, conscientiously insincere from his inherited and acquired views concerning royalty, due probably to defects in his religious education. He considered that kings had no rule but what they deemed the good of the State; that they held their power from God alone, and had only to obey their own consciences. When he found himself constrained by circumstances to appear to reign according to the new system, he mentally held tenaciously to the old one. This sort of mental reservation and equivocation permitted him to sign anything without feeling himself really thereby bound. He gave way at first by simple inertia, or through imprudence; but at last through a deliberate calculation. Thus he passed insensibly from one equivocation to another till he reached those deplorable enterprises which decided the catastrophe of the monarchy and the ruin of the royal family. After his arrest at Varennes, Louis XVI., who had left Paris as a fugitive, only returned as a hostage. Captives in the Tuileries, the royal family had but one thought—the thought of all captives—their liberty. During that period their history was made up of one perpetual plot for their deliverance. A characteristic incident took place on acceptance of the constitution of 1791:—

'The king went to the assembly to swear to the law which he had sanctioned. The arrangements for the ceremony were in conformity with the new principles. There was no throne upon the dais, but only an ordinary armchair, placed at the left-hand of the president's chair. The king came forward in front of his seat, the deputies standing uncovered. The king, also standing and uncovered, began to pronounce the formula of the oath, when the deputies seated themselves, and put on their hats. The king did not expect this; he hesitated an instant, became very pale, and sat down suddenly, finishing his oath in a troubled voice. The applause and cries of "Vive le Roi!" which followed consoled him neither for his own awkwardness, which he felt had lowered him, nor for the action of the assembly, in which he saw only an outrage on himself. He returned to the Tuileries more moved by that silent

manifestation of national sovereignty than he had been by all the howlings and violence of the mob. That revolution in etiquette seemed to have revealed to him the depth of the French Revolution, and the abyss into which he had fallen.*

On September 18, 1781, Louis XVI. notified to foreign sovereigns the establishment of the constitution, and by a public letter disowned the acts of his royal brothers. 'But while before the public he held this very prudent language and took all these constitutional steps, his secret agents everywhere contradicted his official declaration. The latter, they said, were but vain formalities, the result of necessity. Europe should consider them as nil, and see nothing in them beyond an expedient for putting the factions to sleep till the day should come when foreign intervention should compel them to submit.'

A sincere devotion on the part of those who called themselves his allies, a loyal obedience on the part of those who proclaimed themselves his partisans, alone could have diminished the peril of an enterprise in which Louis XVI. was led by the force of circumstances and the weakness of his own character. But, unhappily for him, the kings his allies were interested in professing to believe his official declarations in order not to have to succour him, while his brothers judged it useful to betray his secret in order to force Europe to come to his assistance. The result was that Europe put off that congress, the meeting of which the *émigrés* approved, and Louis XVI. became considered in France as an accomplice of foreign Powers at the very moment that the latter abandoned him, and he thus lost that confidence on the part of his people which was necessary in order that the proposed congress should have the results which he expected from it. Later on, in June 1792, the same tergiversation was carried yet further. The sinister crisis approached.

'The servants of the king trembled for his life. Neither the manifestations demanded and dictated by his ministers, nor the decrees imposed by the assembly, nor the oaths exacted on pain of deposition, were any longer a trial to Louis XVI. The force which exacted them rendered them all alike illicit and nil in his eyes, and seemed to him to absolve his mendacity. In the midst of his most anxious and zealous efforts to bring about foreign intervention in his favour, he announced to the deputies his declaration of war against the king of Prussia. "I count," said he, "upon the union and courage of all Frenchmen to combat and drive back the enemies of the country and of liberty." On

* *Memoirs of Madame de Campan*, vol. ii. ch. xiv.

July 14 he did not hesitate to repair to the *fête* of the federation, there to renew publicly his constitutional oath.'

The royal family went in state for the last time. As Madame de Staël tells us : *—

'The expression of the queen's face will never leave my memory. Her eyes were sunk and worn with weeping, and the splendour of her toilette and the dignity of her carriage contrasted strangely with those about her. . . . The king went on foot to the altar in the Champ de Mars. From that day the people never saw him till he mounted the scaffold.'

M. Sorel gives, we think, a very fair estimate of the character of the queen.

'Marie Antoinette was in no way a woman fitted for affairs of State. She was simply a woman. That was her charm and her misfortune. There was no trace in her of the genius of her mother, Maria Theresa. She was simply a young Viennese princess. Fond of pleasure, and sympathetic, she was too proud of her rank and birth and too disdainful of the opinions of the world to sacrifice to them even a trifling caprice. Frivolous, but little educated, and never reading, difficult to advise and impatient of schooling, which bored her, she judged of policies by persons, and of persons by the opinions of coteries. With little judgement she had plenty of courage, but her valour was apt to dissipate itself in anger or tears. Her heart, nevertheless, was noble, and honour was with her a passion. When the dignity of the crown seemed compromised or lowered—when it was outraged amidst provocation and insult, she hardened herself against attack, and one could then recognise in her the daughter of Maria Theresa.' (Vol. ii. p. 138.)

Though only frivolous, she was at first frivolous to excess, and allowed herself a freedom which the court never pardoned—neglect of etiquette. The follies of Trianon, which would have delighted the respectful goodnature of the Viennese, scandalised the Parisians, who were ready to pardon anything except the sin of not seeming to believe they meant what they said.

Painful to and fatal for her was the hostility, so early developed, of the king's brother, the Comte de Provence. This hostility outraged one of the strongest instincts of her nature when the count aspired to assume the title of regent amongst the *émigrés*. After the unhappy flight to Varennes,

'these pretensions of "monsieur" to the regency even aroused for a moment her husband from his torpor. He endured the Revolution as a sort of malady he could not understand. But in the intrigues of

* *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*, vol. i. p. 381.

his brothers and their counsellors he detected both ambition and perfidy. . . . He formally disowned and protested against this regency, and the queen eagerly supported him, for the Count de Provence's action troubled her in the only hope which animated her—namely, the happiness and future glory of her son. "If," said she, "the *émigrés* should, against all expectation, succeed, we should fall into a new slavery worse than the other. Nothing with them nor for them—the emperor must insist on this; it is the only way in which he can do us—and especially me—a service. The cowards! after having abandoned us, they desire that we alone should run risks to serve their interests."

In spite of all her efforts the brothers would not yield, and the distress this caused at the Tuileries was all the greater because the insubordination of these princes caused the most distressing family dissensions. Madame Élisabeth had not, like the king and queen, been astonished and revolted by the conduct of her brothers. On the contrary, she thought them in the right, and surrounded herself with their emissaries. 'Our home is a perfect hell,' wrote Marie Antoinette; * 'one cannot speak, and there is nothing but quarrelling all day long.' But the king did not sufficiently support his wife, and his invincible repugnance to any sustained thought was destined to paralyse him in the end. Her courage did not fail, and to relieve the pain caused her by the dissimulation she was forced to practise, she occasionally found satisfaction in giving free vent to her real sentiments. 'What a pleasure it will be,' she once exclaimed, 'if I can one day make evident to all these ruffians that I was never really their dupe!' She became plainly guilty of treason to the nation:—

'For a long time (in 1792) she had seen in the ministry—the assembly and the revolutionary part of the nation—nothing more than criminals, against whom all arms were legitimate. Maternal affection sustained her royal pride, and the feelings of her heart supported her policy. Thus she made no scruple of spying into the secrets of her adversaries and betraying their plans to the enemies of France. In her eyes the king was France, and her business was to save him and her children and restore his power. Louis had no secrets from her, and she had no secrets from her allies. Everything she could find out about the conduct of the war she communicated to Montmorin, Fersen, and Mercy.'

The royal intrigues only ended at last in a deplorable conflict of projects which destroyed each other. There was a too passionate queen, an apathetic king, at once the victim of the fears of his countrymen and the unscrupulous

* Letter to Fersen of October 31, t. i. p. 207.

covetousness of foreign Powers. There were to be seen at the foreign courts, M. Sorel tells us, agents declaring on the part of the French ministry that the king desired their complete neutrality, while others, agents of the king himself, declared that no attention was to be paid to what the ministry said. There were also the emissaries of the emigrant princes, who protested that the king was not free, and that those who spoke in his name were not to be trusted in the least.

Such was the deplorable confusion, the sad tergiversation, and the helpless and hopeless abyss of fatal disaster into which circumstances had led an amiable and, on the whole, estimable woman and one of the best-intentioned of men. Of them M. Sorel says with truth that

‘They were born to reign far from storms upon some modest throne of Germany or Italy, where they would have made their subjects happy and been happy themselves. In France—where, by a singular contrast, the people, insubordinate, turbulent, and apparently frivolous, never attach themselves to any but strong kings and austere queens—they had nothing but to die.’ (Vol. ii. p. 134.)

Meantime, while the immense majority of the French nation, thoroughly impregnated with the revolutionary spirit, were rapidly developing towards what we know as modern France, a curious survival of old France continued to exist external to it. The emigration of 1790 was, in fact, as M. Sorel says, the *ancien régime* surviving its fall, and damning itself irretrievably. France, he tells us, had banished it, and it tried to reconstitute itself on the frontier, and then advance to the reconquest of France. Most of the *émigrés* had taken refuge at Coblenz, Mainz, or Worms. It had become the fashion to emigrate, and those who went were fully convinced that they would very soon return in triumph. The ecclesiastical princes of the Rhine, especially the Elector of Mainz, received them magnificently. According to the account of one of these *émigrés*,* ‘his court was brilliant, and I was constantly ‘invited to dine and sup not only at ceremonious banquets, ‘but also in the most private society of the elector, at the ‘houses of Madame F. and Madame G., who were, as was ‘whispered, his two ministers.’ Coblenz also, under the Elector of Trier, was a place of fashionable reunion. The *émigrés* had but one passionate desire—the counter-revo-

* The Baron d'Escars. See Geoffroy's ‘Gustave III.,’ vol. ii. p. 152.

lution—and were as fanatical in their way as were the Jacobins themselves. At Coblenz, 'Monsieur' (the Count de Provence) had his *maîtresse en titre*, who was one of his wife's maids of honour. It was in her drawing-room that the count held his court, seated by the fireplace, indulging his taste for refined wit. The emigrant camp at Worms, though it exhibited all the defects of the old French army, was greatly superior in tone to the court at Coblenz. Though plenty of folly was to be found there, it was at least a thoroughly sincere folly, where each man was prepared to shed his blood for the cause he had at heart. Everyone there also was devoted to their commander, Condé, who in the episcopal palace made a great parade of his mistress, Madame de Monaco. The *émigrés* showed but little respect for the king even before his arrest at Varennes. After that they showed him none. In their eyes the monarchy was of more account than the king, and the *noblesse* of more account than the monarchy. Under the title of 'Union des Provinces,' they formed a sort of league, which became disseminated all over France. If they had succeeded in re-establishing royalty, they would have liked to treat it as Guise treated the Valois. The king would have been head of the league only in order that he might obey it. They wished that he should reign indeed, but that the nobility should govern. While waiting thus to bring about the subjection of Louis XVI., they insulted him, calling him 'the poor man' or 'the imbecile.' It was the courtiers of 'monsieur' who brought the use of these expressions into fashion. The *émigrés* sought eagerly the support of Austria, though they had little love for and much dread of that Power. What they most feared and detested of all, however, was 'constitutional government.' 'The worst of all evils would be,' they said,* 'to receive a constitution at the hands of Austria. . . . It would be far better to lose a whole province than to have a constitution.' There was a remarkable resemblance, as M. Sorel points out, between the French *émigrés* and the Polish aristocrats. The former placed their privileges above the king's life, the latter made their privileges the most important of all State affairs. The French *émigrés*, taking refuge in the States of an hereditary enemy of their country, solicited and obtained help from that enemy to try and regain their privileges and

* Bombelles and Breteuil, May 8, 1792. See Fersen, vol. ii. p. 267.

the supremacy of their faction. The confederates of Targowitz similarly allied themselves with the Russians to destroy the Polish constitution of May 3. The *émigrés* desired the re-establishment of all their privileges, and to undo the whole beneficent work of the constituent assembly. They desired also to effect all this by the most unscrupulous violence, and by striking terror into the supporters of the French government. The impotence of the partisans of the *ancien régime* to understand or to lessen the evils of the Revolution left them no resource but to endeavour to crush it. No one repudiated the use of the most extreme violence and the sinister influence of fear. 'I hold it to be necessary 'to strike terror into the Parisians,' said Montmorin.* 'Fear will drive the assembly along the road it at present 'follows, till another fear propels it in the contrary direction. 'Depend upon it, those men are to be acted on by nothing 'but terror.' The royalist manifesto of July 25, 1792, declared that the allied Powers

'will treat as enemies and punish as rebels such national guards as may resist them, and will burn down and destroy the houses of, and treat with the utmost rigour, all those who dare to offer opposition. . . . The inhabitants of Paris are summoned to submit to the king forthwith, and the members of the national assembly will have to answer with their heads for whatever may take place. The smallest outrage on the royal family is to be punished with exemplary vengeance and Paris delivered over to military execution and complete destruction.'

At Coblenz the *émigrés* declared that this manifesto should be executed to the letter, and talked of nothing but subjugation and extermination. A minister of Gustavus III. declared that it was absolutely necessary to annihilate that den of assassins, 'for as long as Paris exists there will never 'be kings.' Under these circumstances the French populace might well be alarmed. They held with much truth that 'the 'king was apathetic and dominated by others, the queen hostile, 'the nobility implacable, and that Austria was an enemy.' It was not very likely that the French people could be made to believe that 100,000 Germans would invade France, animated with no desire but that of establishing there a temperate monarchy and astonishing the world by their disinterestedness; that a king restored by foreigners to the plenitude of his power would only make use of it in order to effect constitutional reforms; that the queen would only employ Austrian troops to regain her legitimate influence; or that

* Letter to La Marck, July 13, 1792.

the *émigrés*, when triumphantly restored, would humbly obey those laws against which they were constantly declaiming with so much violence, and would forget their privileges, or would be promptly constrained to obedience by the king should they exhibit any disposition to oppose constitutional liberalism. These things it was evidently impossible for them to believe. The revolutionists, on the contrary, expected fresh *dragonnades* and a new St. Bartholomew from their triumphant adversaries, and, expecting this, were not unwilling to be beforehand in the matter. This natural alarm might be taken as a sufficient reason for the 'terror,' and as affording some palliation even for its excesses. But this M. Sorel does not by any means allow. The alarm had, no doubt, its effect in hastening on and intensifying the terror; but that portentous phenomenon was really due to other and anterior causes. Our author tells us 'that army of anarchy' was already collected together and well exercised, even 'before the elections of 1789. It had its recognised chiefs, 'who soon got a name in insurrections.' From the beginning their aid was sought, first by one and then by another party, as each successively ousted its predecessor. But their leaders were ever at the mercy of the lower grades of anarchists, who composed their army, and who continually cried out for pay, and soon began to try and make practical and real that 'reign of the people' which had been continually held out to them as a bait, but which, as they advanced, continually receded from their grasp. The only way to hold such men in hand was to be ever ready to make new denunciations and fresh revelations of treason—to put before them new obstacles to overcome and destroy, and thus continually to augment their frenzy. This impulse, which we may detect from the very commencement of the Revolution, necessarily led to the reign of the most fanatical, the most violent, and the most unscrupulous. It was the inevitable lot of the leaders to be successively overwhelmed by the torrent which bore them along.

'The apologists of the terror—and what tyranny has not found its apologists?—have presented it to us,' says M. Sorel, 'as the necessary consequence of the war, and as a sort of superhuman effort, made by certain colossal minds for the salvation of the country. . . . But the terror was no real novelty. To dominate men by fear has been at all times a favourite expedient of gross and barbarous despotisms.'

The leaders of the Revolution had recourse to it because they desired to remain in power, and they could not sustain themselves in power without it. They really made use of it

for their own interests, and then pretended that it was for the salvation of the State. Moreover, the attempt to make use of 'terror' was not an expedient peculiar to the revolutionists, for their adversaries, as we have seen, did the very same thing for analogous reasons.

M. Sorel's two volumes bring us down to the opening of the war between Europe and the French revolutionary government. At that moment took place the last solemn manifestation of old Europe and of such Teutonic mediævalism as survived towards the close of the eighteenth century. During the agony of the French monarchy the German courts were *en fête*. The Holy Roman Empire, at the very moment when it was beginning a war in which it was destined to perish, shone out with an expiring flame. On July 5, 1792, Francis was elected emperor; on the 14th he made his solemn entry into Frankfort. The ceremony recalled to men's minds recollections of the most prosperous imperial coronations. The ecclesiastical electors fulfilled, for the last time, their venerable functions according to the rite prescribed by the golden bull. The last of the long series of Holy Roman Emperors appeared with his mediæval surroundings amidst the representatives of Europe, and before the people, who acclaimed him with enthusiasm. On the very same day the last king of the old French monarchy took, on the Champ de Mars, as a sort of public penance, the oath which in his mouth was equivalent to an abdication. That evening, when all was agony and humiliation at the Tuileries, there was at Frankfort nothing but illuminations and endless trains of carriages filled with the guests invited to the splendid *fête* which Count Esterhazy, electoral ambassador to the crown of Bohemia, offered to his sovereign. The Count Clement Metternich opened the ball with a young princess of Mecklenburg, whose grace, beauty, and vivacity excited general admiration. She was the future Queen Louisa of Prussia, one of the most noble and touching victims of the war which then commenced. At supper were assembled around the imperial family and the princes all the greatest of the German nobility. Who could then have suspected that the magnificent banquet was in fact a funeral repast, and that the Holy Roman Empire itself had but a few miserable years to live? Little did anyone then present imagine that the Queen of France, whom they boasted of being about to rescue, should in a few months perish on the scaffold; that the army of *sans-culottes*, which they talked of driving before them with their whips, would rout all their

forces, and that from out of its ranks would arise a Cæsar of whom they would all in turn become allies, clients, or tributaries, and to whom the just crowned emperor would gladly accord the hand of his daughter in marriage!

The King of Prussia had promised to meet the emperor at Mainz, and his journey was a sort of triumphal march. The Prince Archbishop Elector of Mainz made it a point of honour to display all his luxury and magnificence, and all Germany hastened to avail itself of his hospitality. From the 19th to the 21st of July the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, the young Francis, and the stately, urbane, and gigantic Frederick William, lodged in his palace. Fifty princes, a hundred counts and barons, made for them a military and feudal court. The French princes, august courtiers of these warriors armed in their quarrel, appeared, followed by a train of *émigrés*. The city was full of officers and gentlemen in gala costume, and resounded with military preparations and social festivities. The German nobility presented a magnificent spectacle, not again to appear till fifteen years later, and then in a strangely different fashion. But the tale of that future is reserved by M. Sorel for his subsequent volumes. His work at present ends with that moment of tragic suspense at Paris, and of mistaken elation in Germany, which marked the fatally eventful outbreak of the great revolutionary war. From the interest of what M. Sorel has already published, we look forward with a very confident anticipation of pleasure and profit to other volumes of his, the appearance of which we trust will not be long delayed.

ART. VIII.—*The Family of Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court, Hereditary Masters of the Royal Buckhounds. With some Account of the English Rule in Aquitaine.* By MONTAGU BURROWS, Captain R.N., M.A., F.S.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: 1886.

THE ingenuity of Her Majesty's loyal subjects has been put to a severe test during the last few months—their ingenuity and their memories. Like very good children counting the number of the presents they have had on their birthdays, we have all been trying to add one more to the long list of glories of the Victorian era. The yearbooks and annals of science and literature and art, of war and battles, of legislation and discovery, have been ransacked, and we are all inclined to be proud of the result. But how is it that so little has been said and so little been made of the rise and progress during the present reign of the Oxford School of History? For *history* we had almost written *historians*; but this would have been to subordinate the great results arrived at to the personal achievements of the men who have been working with a purpose and for an end, and who, more or less consciously, have always had that end in view. The recognition of history as a science, and the winning for her a throne on which she may take her seat without fear of supercilious slight or contemptuous comparison, is a triumph won for a cause, say rather for a great idea; and the greater the toilers, and the more magnanimous they are, the greater will be their joy at the result which their labours have brought about. The historians have worked so loyally for history that through them we have learnt to understand and believe in a science of history. But it has been a long fight, and it is not yet quite ended.

As there always seems a certain kind of reluctance on the part of 'the Powers' to admit a new kingdom or a new republic into the comity of nations, so it is with the realms of science. The old kingdoms are a trifle jealous of a new claimant for recognition to equality—or shall we say *parity*?—among themselves. Even scientists are men of flesh and blood, and of like thoughts and passions with the painters and the poets; and, being so, even they are capable of littleness, at any rate capable of amiable weaknesses, as others are. As to the great pioneers and discoverers of physical science, none have met with more generous and grateful

down the rapids in a cataract, sometimes seeming scarcely to move at all and yet never stagnant. There was never a point at which it could be said, 'Here is a new stream' and there is the old.' It was always one, even though now and then some affluent brought in some new accessions, and for a while gave a strange colour to the troubled wave.

Arnold, however, like many a man of original genius, was not so much a discoverer as he was the spokesman of his time in proclaiming his favourite doctrine. He was the first to formulate the thought which had already been floating in the minds of scholars and students, though none as yet had given it distinct examination. Such a man as Hallam must have felt and known that in strictness the title of his great work was a misnomer; for if there really are any which may be called middle ages, between what ages do they occupy their intermediary position? The term might be convenient, as it is; but was it not misleading? and did it not suggest a fallacy? So, again, there must have been times when Hallam himself felt more strongly than any one else the abruptness of that plunge into the constitutional history of England which found him out of his depth (if one may be allowed the figure), though striking out like the strong swimmer that he was for the light before him, with little but darkness in the distance behind. While Hallam was earning his well merited fame there were hardly fifty men in England who lived from day to day, habitually recognising that an historian's first and paramount duty is to abstain from generalisation till he has acquired the power, or cultivated the faculty, of intelligently observing and accurately registering facts; and that, in accumulating such facts as are significant, he is bound to examine the minutest evidence, and especially bound to push his researches beyond the point which previous explorers may have reached, by a laborious scrutiny of such original sources as others may have neglected or misinterpreted.

In the second decade of the reign of George II. there had been quite a rage for printing what were called State Papers. The collections of letters and despatches and other miscellaneous documents which were published by Carte and Collins and Murdin, by Whitelock and Birch and Knowler, make up a very formidable array of bulky tomes, and they were all issued between 1739 and 1746. They constituted an apparatus of which Hallam availed himself most ably and conscientiously. But all these

collections dealt with the seventeenth, or but very slightly with the more romantic sixteenth, century. Of the ages anterior to the Elizabethan era few men knew anything. Even such a noble work as Rymer's '*Fœdera*' sets forth no single document earlier than the year A.D. 1069. For the general history of the world the era of *Anno Domini* was accepted as a point of departure sufficiently precise, definite, and satisfactory. For the history of England, that began at the Conquest, and it was as certain, and no more, that it occurred in A.D. 1066 as that the creation occurred in B.C. 4004. For the student of English history to go behind the one date was as absurd as for the student of ancient history to go behind the other.

This was a position so generally acquiesced in that even so brilliant a writer as Sir Francis Palgrave used to be looked upon and spoken of rather as an antiquary than an historian—one whose studies lay in curious and recondite lore, fusty codices (what were codices?) and rolls and charters, and what not, and who busied himself with minute inquiries as to institutions and phases of society which could be only so much guesswork, such as an inner circle of esoteric philosophers or the mystics of history were supposed to care for, and they alone. When Dr. Lingard's *History of England* began to make its way, not only good Protestants, but others, too, of no particular theological views, were somewhat startled. It dawned even upon the casual reader who took up a volume because people were talking about it that there were other points of view from which the policy of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth might be regarded besides the popular one. The very foundations of his faith seemed to be shaken when he was tempted to doubt whether the Reformation or the suppression of the religious houses was an unmixed blessing after all, and whether it was quite certain that the Catholics who refused to conform to the new ritual and took the consequences of their refusal were all conspirators and traitors, the irreconcilables of the sixteenth century, 'steeped to the lips in crime.' Palgrave's beautiful little volume, '*The History of England during the Anglo-Saxon Period*,' appeared in the '*Family Library*' in 1831; the far more important book on the '*Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*' was published in the following year; and Kemble's '*Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*' followed in 1839; yet no one of these works, it may safely be said, attracted nearly so large a number of readers as Dr. Lingard's '*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*,' which came out

in 1845; though it may reasonably be suspected that the popularity of these volumes was in some measure due to the curiosity which had been aroused by the astonishing fact that a little before their appearance Her Majesty had been pleased to bestow upon a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic a pension of 300*l.* a year in recognition of his services to historic literature.

It was just at this time that the mighty influence exercised by the great man whom some still reverently delight to call by his old honoured name of John Henry Newman was at its height. We are in the habit of talking of the Cardinal as one who was essentially a polemic—a theologian first and last—whose forte, and his foible, was casuistry. The truth is that before the ‘Tracts for the Times’ came to an end young Oxford was already getting a little wearied with all the theological disputation, which seemed to lead to nothing. What was felt, and felt increasingly, was a burning desire to be better informed upon the historical basis of all this dogma that was being insisted upon so sternly; this novel ritual which was loudly declared to be not new at all, but only a resuscitation of what was as old as Christianity; this symbolism which was pointed to so admiringly as the ceremonial of an age which saw deep into the hidden mysteries of the faith; this art which the barbarians of yesterday pronounced to be barbarous because they themselves were barbarians, but which to our clearer vision was plainly the only true and lovely and noble art to be found on the face of the earth. It is sometimes—indeed it is too often—forgotten how much Cardinal Newman had to do with awakening the spirit of historical research, and how much he did in that direction, leading the way into regions of antiquated, neglected, or forgotten sources of inquiry.

There was learning enough and to spare at Oxford in those days, but it had a flavour of its own. The venerable President of Magdalen was not so old but that he could bring out a new edition of ‘*Reliquiæ Sacræ*’ in 1846. The gracious and generous courtesy of the Principal of St. Mary Hall had lost none of its attraction, though forty years had passed since he had first published ‘*Wood’s Athenæ*’; and in the meanwhile he had been piling up immense stores of information on books and their writers which were freely at the disposal of the veriest tyro. Young men trembled as they entered the Bodleian, where the tall form of the great librarian, whom some called an ogre and some a demigod,

met them, his eye glaring at a stranger with a gaze that seemed to look him through and through, and a tongue that was just as likely as not to pronounce the intruder a dunce and a blockhead before he knew where he was. But Dr. Bandinel had been one of the chief editors of the new edition of Dugdale's 'Monasticon' in George III.'s reign, and it was commonly believed among undergraduates that he had read every book in Bodley, and had them all at his fingers' ends. Then there was that incomparable sub-librarian too, of whom it was declared that you might puzzle him with a printed page perhaps, but with a codex never, and whom, for all his vast learning, the ladies pronounced to be the handsomest man in Oxford, not excepting even the *ἀγαλμα* of Christ Church, destined to be Dean of 'the 'House' by-and-by. And yet these Oxford pundits, and the score of others whose wise names remain as names of honour, were after all but specialists. They were editors, they were bibliophiles, they were archæologists, they were collectors, they were theologians, they were *scholars* in the sense that the great Dr. Gaisford would have used the word, but they were not historians. The time of figs was not yet. It was in the decade that followed Arnold's appointment to the professorship that certain young men of great gifts and great promise appeared at Oxford who were to be the bringers-in of new things. First and foremost among them was Freeman of Trinity, even then a formidable personage with a gigantic memory, a ready tongue, a fund of knowledge always at command which appalled the gainsayer, combative, some said, even to the verge of truculence, with a terrible gift of scorn; and yet so honest, and all aflame with such magnanimous enthusiasm, that even they who trembled could not but admire. A couple of years his junior was Stubbs of Christ Church. The future Bishop of Chester must always have been one of those whom his contemporaries regarded with a certain awe. The mighty grasp with which he holds his vast and multifarious learning, the largeness of view, the loftiness and majesty with which he passes on his way, the matchless precision of language, the vigorous manliness, the graceful playfulness, the profoundly critical insight—and all this wonderful combination of the noblest characteristics of genius controlled by an absolute surrender of himself to the fearless quest of truth, must have made themselves felt hardly less in his younger than they have done in his maturer years. It must have been a real delight to both when Mr. Stubbs was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity,

where Freeman had been chosen Fellow just three years before. At this time Dr. Liddon was an undergraduate at Christ Church, and Dr. Jacobson, the late Bishop of Chester, had recently been made Regius Professor of Divinity; Professor Bright, then a Fellow of University, had just gained the Ellerton Prize, and Max Müller had lately taken up his residence at Oxford, and all men's eyes were upon him. A year or two later another Christ Church man, less brilliant it might be, but not less sound, laborious, or single-minded, came up to Oxford; he too was recognised by the wise as a man who was a scholar and something more—Professor S. R. Gardiner.

At first sight it might seem that among the names we have brought together there were some who had little in common with their associates. But who is not influenced by the companionships and the rivalries of his early manhood; by the agreements and the discussions and the very quarrels, which all contribute something to the making of us? Of these whom we have mentioned, each one was in some sense a co-operator in bringing about the new order. The old ecclesiasticism was not by any means prepared to surrender the ground which it had won. The new learning was beginning to assert itself with courage and intelligence. Both one and the other were more and more inclined to appeal to history; but history, such as had been taught heretofore—could it be relied on?

It is observable, and not a little suggestive, that no great historical work has ever been written at Oxford. From Gibbon's days to our own it has always been the non-resident who has been the literary teacher of the mere academic. Dr. Stubbs, Professor Freeman, and Professor Gardiner all left the University soon after taking their degrees. So did Professor Brewer, whose name can hardly be omitted when we are upon the subject of the Oxford School. All gained their early reputation at the University, but they won their spurs in a larger arena. Oxford has always behaved more generously to her illustrious sons than her sister University has done; it has never been among her traditions to treat the absentee as an alien to be kept at a distance. Like a true *alma mater* she has always maintained a close connexion with her children, and they, incomparably more than Cambridge men, are at ease in the old home. While Dr. Stubbs was at Lambeth, and Freeman living on his estate in Somersetshire, each was still a power at Oxford, and both were regarded as representative Oxford men. As early as

the time of the first University Commission (1850) Mr. Freeman's evidence is remarkable for the contrast which it exhibits to the suggestions of the then Regius Professor of Modern History. Between the two there is not only a difference in view, but a difference in principle. Professor Vaughan evidently regarded the historian as nothing more than a chronicler at best, and history 'a boundless field of details.' * 'History,' he says in another part of his evidence, 'is not a statement of principles so much as of details more or less comprehensive.' As to there ever growing up a science of history, it is evident that Professor Vaughan had no conception of that. As to the only other history professor in these days, Dr. Cardwell, his view of the matter may be inferred from his curt replies to the inquiries addressed to him, ending up with the delightfully complacent paragraph:—

'The study of ancient history in the University is sufficiently provided for, so far as general regulations are concerned, by the statute requiring examinations for the first degree.'

In the thirty-seven years that have passed since this remarkable sentence was written the old order has indeed changed, and it is not at all too much to say that in the meantime over the whole field of English literature, and in the whole domain of English thought and opinion, the advance of discovery and the conclusions arrived at by the great teachers of physical science have hardly exercised a more profound and revolutionary influence than has been produced by the researches pursued, the problems offered for solution, the intelligent curiosity aroused, and the solid results already attained by the great pioneers of historical science and the school they have succeeded in founding. Since those days history has passed out of her childhood. She is no longer regarded as a mere 'boundless field of facts,' of which the historian is concerned with making a more or less cumbersome and unwieldy catalogue: she claims to take her place among the sciences whose vocation it is to inquire into the significance of phenomena which have no more value than specimens in a child's museum so long as they are regarded only as interesting curiosities. She, too, claims to be concerned with the patient weighing of evidence, the discovery of correlated forces, the intelligent appreciation of pregnant analogies, the tracing of tendencies here and the recovery of missing links there; and thus, by investigating the laws of

* Oxford University Commission, Part II. p. 273.

human progress, her foot planted firmly on a basis of certainty which a philosophical review of the ages behind her shall at length enable her to win, she may be able to some extent to forecast the future of the generations yet unborn.

Since the University Commissioners issued their report in 1854 the Arnold, the Stanhope, and the Lothian Historical Prizes have been founded, and at least four new professorships have been established which may all be regarded as chairs for the promotion of historical learning and historical research. It has been recognised that the new science needs to be pursued along new lines of inquiry, and that it has its departments and its specialists who may be left to conduct their researches, some in a narrower, some in a wider field.

The first Chichele Professor of Modern History was appointed in 1862. The choice of the electors fell upon a commander in the Royal Navy who, after seeing much service in various parts of the world and having won his medals for gallantry in action, had entered the academic arena when most men are thinking of leaving the University, and in due course obtained a Double First. The career of Professor Burrows is without a parallel in the history of Oxford. No writer of fiction would have dared to invent so curious a romance. For a quarter of a century the last founded chair of modern history in Oxford has been filled by a retired captain in the Royal Navy, and if the work which Professor Burrows has done during his tenure of office is not of the same complexion as that which some of his colleagues have been producing in the meantime, it is work which has a value of its own and which, as subsidiary work, deserves to be spoken of with respectful appreciation. For history can no more dispense with her specialists than any other science can; and it would be as foolish to expect that the historian can do without the antiquary or the genealogist as for the physiologist to disparage the study of fossil anatomy.

The work which stands at the head of this article is a good illustration of this position. Professor Freeman has been charged more than once with unfairly girding at the pedigree-makers. If genealogy begins and ends with the construction of a family tree, the connexion between the root and the leaves being largely supplied by conjecture, and the branches being a mere display of names picked out from documents of very various authority and pieced together with the smallest possible exercise of critical skill, such genealogy can only mislead, confuse, and discredit history. The mere pedigree-maker is a mere mischief-maker. But

inasmuch as all history naturally falls into the history of races, of nations, or of tribes, and the course of events for ages has been shaped by the wisdom or the folly, the weakness or the force, the prowess or the crimes of individuals, and inasmuch as every man is the product of his parentage and remote progenitors, it must be true that we cannot afford to overlook the story of the rise or the domination or the fall of clans and families whose bond of union was the tie of kinship, and who by their close coherence constituted a sensible force which made itself felt in the developement of the national life.

Our local and our family historians have from time to time done us invaluable service; they are the microscopists of history, and it cannot be too often repeated that without their aid the historian would have to creep timidly along many a mile where now he can march forward fearlessly, making sure progress.

Professor Burrows has very candidly set forth the genesis of his latest undertaking.

‘This book’ (he says) ‘might be styled “The Contents of an Old Chest.” Lost for about a century, and its very existence not only forgotten but unsuspected, it fell to my lot a few years ago to be the fortunate means of recovering it for the family into which I had married. After many a sidelong glance at its contents, and many a half resolution not to venture upon so arduous an undertaking, I have at last grappled with the difficulties of deciphering the ancient deeds. . . . The chest, more than four feet long, is of the fifteenth century, substantially constructed of good old English oak, and contains some six hundred deeds and papers, commencing with the De Roches property in 1271, taking up that of the De Brocas in 1320, proceeding continuously through the ages till the Gaddiners succeeded to the Brocas estates, and ending abruptly enough in 1782. . . . The documents and the notes are submitted for the edification of the curious in such matters; the book itself is an attempt to add something to our historical knowledge.’

We all belong to ‘very old families.’ Our ancestry goes back to a remote past. We all had forefathers. The beggar and the prince are alike in this, that neither the one nor the other can have come into being without progenitors. The question is of what sort were they from whom we are sprung, and whether they were men to be proud of or men to shame their posterity. The less the base and wicked, with bad blood in their veins, say about their ancestors, and the less trouble they take in discovering their descent, the better for themselves and those who came before them. Why should be put on record the villainy of our forefathers? But the

pride of race is a legitimate and honourable pride, if we can boast of the prowess or the wisdom, the nobleness or the heroism, the patriotism or the self-sacrifice of those with whom the tie of kinship unites us from generation to generation. They are to be envied whose sires were envied because they were, and deserved to be, held in honour. But a mere 'family tree' which sets forth how one John Smith was the son of John Smith, and he of a William, and he of a Thomas, till the eye, and the eye only, is carried up to a Gilbert de Smitt 'who came in with the 'Conqueror,' is about as silly and worthless a fabrication as a man need desire to have hanging up in his hall. Accordingly, it is never enough to invent the names of his forefathers unless he can invent something which may redound to their credit. What did my forbears do, of what sort were they, that I should claim affinity with them? That is the question which Mr. Burrows sets himself to answer, and he has worked most conscientiously, and not unsuccessfully, at his task. He found the rise of this Brocas family to be hidden by clouds of legend and tradition that passed away into darkness the moment he tried to handle them. They were of course of Norman descent; they had been Crusaders; one of them in single combat had cut off a Moor's head; they had built castles, received lands from the Conqueror himself; indeed it was difficult to say what they had *not* done in the shadowy past. Unfortunately, it was still more difficult to find out what any one of them had done till the fourteenth century had begun and Edward II. had been on the throne some years. Before that century had closed this Brocas clan are found pushing their way into all kinds of offices of honour and emolument. Wherever we look, one or other of them turns up: sometimes as master of the horse to the king, sometimes as warden of his castles; now as ambassador, now as captain of Calais, now as master of the royal buckhounds. In one generation three of them were knights. They marry heiresses, they are great builders, conspicuous warriors, shrewd administrators, and so loyal that they go down with the fortunes of their sovereign Richard II., the house suffering humiliation for a while, but after a while emerging from obscurity and once more having a good time of it. But where did they spring from? Normans they certainly were not. Englishmen they could not be; their name forbids the supposition. And yet in the days of the Edwards there was no such thing as a family starting up into greatness in a single generation except through the great

avenue of ecclesiastical promotion ; and, whatever else these Brocas people were, ecclesiastically minded they assuredly were not. It was while vexing himself with this question of the origin of the family that Professor Burrows at last found a clue. His attention was turned to the history of the English occupation of France, and especially to that of the great southern province of Aquitaine, which he calls Gascony. This is a subject which, as our author very truly says, has by no means received adequate attention ; the sources of information, though abundant, have been strangely neglected among us, and until recently were almost unknown ; and when writers have discoursed eloquently upon our relations with France in the days of the Plantagenets they have exercised for the most part a prudent vagueness or a necessary reticence. It is not without some irritation and some shame that we can read how

‘ the Gascon Rolls, containing many thousands of official documents, extending over two centuries out of the three during which our island was connected with its dependency, were brought from Bordeaux when the English were expelled in 1453. Ever since that date they had been deposited in the Tower of London till of late years, when they were transferred to the Record Office. The magnitude and expense of the task has hitherto, we must suppose, deterred those from whom the publication of this priceless series of papers might have been expected. All the more honour to the veteran author, M. Francisque-Michel, who has just published a first volume of the Rolls, dealing with a small portion of the period. This is quite as much an English as a French matter. [Is it not much more ?] *The French Government, however, has been enlightened enough to undertake the expense of the work.* Is not the call upon England to take measures for producing the required history all the more deserving of attention now that so much is being done by those who are certainly not more concerned ? ’

It was among these early Gascon Rolls that Mr. Burrows found the first notices of the Brocas clan, and it was by their help that he was able to give significance and coherence to his narrative of the rise of this hitherto mysterious family. Unhappily, the Gascon Rolls do not commence till 1242—just a century too late for throwing much light upon more important questions, but just a century earlier than the time when the Brocas family became notables in England itself. Already we find them people of importance in Gascony, and their names prominent among the minor politicians of their day. It is clear that they rose to wealth and power on the banks of the Garonne, and that it was thence that they migrated when the English power in this district was waning. And this is of itself a fact that sug-

gests much more. It suggests that the hold which England had upon the province during the thirteenth century was much firmer, and the connexion between the two much closer, than has sometimes been represented. The Gascon was an English subject in the thirteenth century at any rate: as much so, and in some respects even more so, than the Australian is to-day. He might hope for advancement and employment under the sovereign here as there; a career was open to him within the four seas as on the mainland. The separation in sentiment or language was hardly a whit wider than it is between the Canadian and the mother country to-day; and if there was jealousy and rivalry, it was sharpened by the too great share which the alien won from time to time in the good things which the Englishman was inclined to regard as justly his own. And it is because a family history like this forces us to cast a glance at matters such as these, and leads us to seek for clearer views of the tenure on which England held her continental dependencies, of the ways in which she governed them and of the influence which their possession exercised upon the development of our commerce, our manners, and our literature, not to speak of other points which will occur to any thoughtful reader, that this book acquires an importance which it never could have if it were a mere clever unravelling of a genealogical tangle. They were Gascons, these Brocas gentry: what does the name imply?

‘Few fields of research,’ says Professor Burrows, ‘would repay the labour of an Englishman better than the history of Aquitaine, Guienne, or Gascony, by whichever of these general names we choose to call it, during the three centuries of its government by the kings of England.’ As we are allowed the choice, we prefer to start with one of these names and to end with another. The kingdom of Aquitaine, the duchy of Guienne, the province of Gascony, stand for very different geographical areas, which at no time were conterminous. In Cæsar’s day the Aquitani occupied the southern portion of Gaul, they were a people of Iberian race, and so were distinct from, not to say opposed to, the Celts of the centre and the Teutons of the north. As a matter of course all three were compelled to bow before the great conquerors. When the whole of what we now call France had been brought under the Roman sway, Aquitanian Gaul became a province whose limits were but imperfectly defined. Sometimes it comprehended no more than the country between the Pyrenees and the

Garonne; sometimes, according to the decree of Augustus, it stretched as far as the left bank of the Loire.

When in the fifth century Wallia the Visigoth demanded the reward of his services at the hands of Honorius, the country between the Garonne and the Loire was ceded to him and his followers. That seems to have been all that could then be called Aquitania. Ninety years later, again, the huge Frankish monarchy absorbed the whole of Gaul, and, after a fashion of their own, the Franks marked down Aquitania as the country between the Loire and the Pyrenees. Of this, however, two parts were independent: that on the S.E. which was known as Septimania, with Narbonne as its chief town; that on the S.W. in the basin of the Adour, occupied then, it seems, by the Vascones. This latter strip of territory appears to have formed the beginning of what English writers have called Gascony, with a very vague notion of what they were talking about.

In 778 we come upon another demarcation of territory. Karl the Great set up his third son as king of Aquitaine, a kingdom which extended from the Pyrenees to the Loire; but Gascony was left out, an independent district. There a number of fierce lords held each his own domains, and acknowledged no central government. These Gascon gentlemen, it seems probable, were descendants of the brave and lawless brigands of the Pagus Andorrensis, which it is said Karl had thought well to declare independent, and which has contrived to retain its independence to the present hour in that wild and romantic region known as Andorra. Iberian in race, the Aquitanians had become more Romanised than any part of Europe outside Italy—had become and continued so. In dress, in manners, in morals, and luxury and refinement, they were strangely unlike the Frenchmen of the north. It horrified these latter to see the attendants of Constance of Aquitaine at that awful time when the tenth century was drawing near its close, flaunting and simpering about the new built palace at Paris with hair cut short, and smooth chins, and high-heeled shoes ‘like play actors.’ In another century after this Aquitaine had absorbed Gascony and had become a duchy over which two rival courts claimed overlordship—the one ruling at Poitiers the other at Toulonse.

When William IX., the last duke of Aquitaine, died, he left his dominions to his daughter Eleanor, who brought them as her dower first to Louis VII. of France and, after she had repudiated him, to Henry II. of England. Aquitaine

was then perhaps at its greatest. It stretched from the Loire to the Pyrenees, from the Atlantic to the Rhine. But it was a nebulous kind of realm. No one quite knew of what it consisted. There were a number of petty potentates who claimed a certain independence, or a certain sort of lordship the one over the other. That had come to pass on a large scale which came to pass in England on a small scale about a century later, when people cut up their estates and yet retained their manorial rights, and other people created new manors for themselves and held their own courts with their several customs, and threw off all subjection to the true lord of the soil, sometimes trying to escape all service or payment even to the court of the hundred.

But, shadowy as the boundaries of Aquitaine might be, it was a great possession at the worst, however hard it might be to govern. It was worth retaining, worth fighting for, worth looking after and administering with watchfulness, sagacity, and rigour. Henry II. was prepared to do all these things, and did them all. If the Loire was his northern boundary, he would be master of the Loire, and it was not long before his diplomacy and astuteness had secured for him the possession of Nantes, which he made the great northern seaport of his Aquitanian territory. Between him and the Mediterranean there lay the duchy of Toulouse, and the Carcassonne with Narbonne, a prize worth clutching if only it could be gained. It looks as if the memorable financial revolution which the imposition of the Great Scutage in 1159 brought about contemplated some ulterior object beyond the mere humbling of Raymond of Toulouse. Was it Becket, the most far-seeing and commanding intellect of his age; was it Becket, who would have proved himself the Bismarck of the twelfth century if his sovereign had had the wisdom to give him a magnanimous support; was it Becket, who had his dream of an English empire that should stretch from sea to sea—from the Hebrides to the Gulf of Lyons? At any rate the dream was wellnigh realised; but Henry hesitated—held back—retired and left his audacious chancellor behind him at Cahors, while town after town and castle after castle went down before the thunder of his onslaught; and yet all in vain, for the seaboard of the Mediterranean was never reached after all. And Toulouse was, and was to remain, a standing menace to the English king.

If only we had those Gascon Rolls, of which Professor Burrows tells us, during the period between Henry II. and the first half of Henry III.'s reign, what strange light they

would throw upon the administration of the southern dependency under the rule of the Angevins ! Alas ! they are gone past recovery ; the earliest is, as we have said, of the year 1242, when England had lost everything in France excepting the Norman islands and an Aquitaine which was little more than the district between the Garonne and the Adour. That glorious woman, Eleanor of Aquitaine, the wife of two kings and the mother of three, with one of her daughters married to the Emperor and another to the King of Castille—she herself the greatest of them all—saw that English empire at its height, and lived to see it all crumbling to its very foundations. Three years after her death, Philip Auguste, ‘ by the help of a jurisprudence devised for the purpose, was able to declare all the fiefs which John held of the French crown to be forfeited to that crown ; ’ the single continental dependency which remained was the heritage of Eleanor—the duchy of Aquitaine. At the risk of being charged with inconsistency, we will venture from this time to speak of Aquitaine by the more modern name which Professor Burrows prefers to use. From the time when the province became England’s only dependency on the mainland it is usually spoken of as Gascony, and its lords and people as Gascons.

If our readers have followed us in our rapid review of the historical geography of this country between the Loire and the Pyrenees, they will be in a better position to answer the question which occasioned the digression we have been led into. The Gascons had evidently but little fellow-feeling with the Frenchmen of the Seine ; they were by no means inclined to regard the kings at Paris as their superiors, or the followers of those kings as even their equals. Very notable is the absence of Gascons from that horrible and inhuman business called the Albigensian Crusade. It seems that the Archbishop of Bordeaux did take some part in the fray ; but where were the Gascon nobles ? That their sympathy was with the wretched heretics is more than probable, but that would not have been enough to account for their masterly inaction if they had had any love for Louis, or any desire that a Frenchman like the elder Simon de Montfort should be exalted, and all the independent princes on their eastern border laid low. But we are in the dark as to the state of Gascony during the first half of the thirteenth century. Only when Henry III. had been twenty-five years upon the throne is the curtain raised.

We more than doubt whether Professor Burrows has

rightly interpreted the policy of Henry III. in his rule of this important dependency of the English crown. We see no indication of 'a long, persistent, and on the whole successful effort to bring the naval strength and commercial resources of England to bear in the best possible manner against the growing power of the French crown.' Only once during those fifty-six years was there anything like an attempt to recover the ground lost by the peace of 1206, and a more contemptible failure than that shameful campaign of 1242 has rarely been known in our history. Nevertheless, Gascony still remained English as before. It was all to the interest of the Gascons that it should be so; the 'country party' in the province were, as they always were and always will be, haughty, exclusive, and jealous of their own interests, real or supposed; they clung to their feudal rights, they quarrelled among themselves; they put forth their claims upon this or that privilege or franchise or jurisdiction, and as a rule they won from their overlord what they clamoured for. But they were getting poorer and poorer; that was inevitable, as the townsmen were getting richer and richer. Bordeaux grew to be one of the wealthiest seaports in Europe and, says Professor Burrows, the most beautiful. Her merchants had their mansions there, and there the King of England had his palace. There Henry III. took up his residence more than once. For two years Simon de Montfort from that same palace governed the province; and there too Prince Edward kept his state when Simon was recalled.

'Vast sums of money,' says Professor Burrows, 'were spent in the province, by which Bordeaux especially benefited. . . . On its ample quays were landed the corn, cheese, butter, skins, fish, leather, rope, and, above all, the tin, the wool, and the cloth of England. From thence it sent forth to the British and Flemish ports great fleets of wineships, generally sailing together for mutual protection, and governed, like men of war, by codes of laws. Free trade between the English and Gascons anticipated by centuries the modern lessons of political economy and gave unfettered vigour to the commerce of both countries.'

But the interests of the traders and the large proprietors were by no means identical; and as for the smaller proprietors, they must needs have tended to embark in the ventures of commerce. The great lords were doomed, but they whom we may call, *mutatis mutandis*, the country squires became at Bordeaux what the younger sons of the English gentry became in after times at London or Bristol

or Exeter—the foremost men among the great traders and adventurers; and as the cities grew and flourished, they grew and flourished with them. It was apparently to this class of the smaller landed proprietors—the representatives of what we now understand by county gentry—that these Brocas people belonged. When Mr. Burrows tries to prove more than this, we suspect that he proves too little or too much. To us it seems clear enough that some members of the family had exhibited a conspicuous talent for business, and from being nobodies had forced themselves into a prominent position before the reign of Henry III. was half over. They somehow got their hold upon this tract of land and that; they were flourishing burgesses of the town of Sault de Navailles, five or six miles from Orthez in the Basses Pyrénées; then they got entrusted with the charge of the castle by Prince Edward, and proved themselves capable and prudent. From this their rise seems to have been continuous. Whatever they did they did well; they were the architects of their own fortunes, and what they made they had the wit to keep and not to squander. What more need any man wish to discover about his forefathers? The small people of the thirteenth century became the great people of the fourteenth. If they had not been men of sagacity, courage, decision, and foresight, they would have been small men to the end; nay, instead of rising, they would have sunk and been absorbed among the masses. As late as 1331 these Brocas people were evidently regarded by their neighbours as *parvenus*, and there were those who objected strongly to these self-raised men, stigmatised as ‘of ignoble birth,’ acquiring a fee-noble in the very district where they had been settled so long. The territorial aristocracy, as ever, would not quietly submit to the new capitalists taking rank with themselves. It was the old story—Mrs. Partington and her mop doing battle with the Atlantic Ocean.

The Brocases were evidently useful to the first two Edwards, and were by no means ready to allow their services to be forgotten. Had they suffered losses here, and lent the king money there? Had hectoring lords despoiled them of their property, or one of the race been knocked on the head somewhere in Scotland?—possibly in some piratical descent upon the coast, and this much more probably than, as Professor Burrows suggests, at Bannockburn. Let them be where they might, or do what they pleased, the king should hear of it. They were great petitioners, and their

petitions have always a tone of injured innocence about them. They were not the men to do nothing for nothing, or miss their reward. They had a very clear eye to the main chance. If the king could not pay them their due in hard cash, then let his highness at least help them to pay themselves. There were all sorts of posts of emolument which good men of business could turn to account, and for which it was only reasonable that an ambitious official should offer a substantial consideration. By all means let this or that Brocas receive the appointment, the balance against the king could be lessened, and the nominee of the crown could soon recoup himself and do something more. They played their cards skilfully during the reign of Edward II. If their hearts went after Piers Gaveston, they were shrewd enough not to compromise themselves. He was not the man to help a friend, and such men can never hope to stand in the day of adversity ; but he was a Gascon, and so were they. Perhaps—it did not look probable—but perhaps there might be a career for the rising generation even of Gascons at the king's court. Edward I. had clearly been one of the great ones of the earth. If his son was weak and incompetent, it did not at all follow that his grandson would be. Moreover, there were signs that the English baronage were declining in power, and the great lords were too jealous of one another to allow of their hanging together for any great length of time. In point of fact, they did not hang together. The battle of Borough Bridge was a calamity to the English baronage, however little it might prove a decisive victory to the Despencers or their supporters. So here are two or three of the rising generation of Brocas—mere lads—putting in an appearance at the court, and early in Edward III.'s reign picking up some of the good things. One of them is master of the horse to Prince John ; another is sent to the University of Cambridge, apparently at the expense of the king ; a third became rector of the rich living of Guildford, presented thereto by another Gascon, for they stood by one another, these 'foreigners,' and all are rising men—that is to say, men of character and men of brains. At least six of the clan were enjoying offices about the king's person at the same time.

The most prominent and the most successful of them all was Sir John Brocas, master of the king's horse for some thirty years during that time of war and battle in which Edward III. was engaged while vainly trying to make himself or prove himself King of France. Whether the worthy

knight was present at Crecy and Poitiers and other previous conflicts must always remain questionable, though Professor Burrows has no doubts where the glory of his heroes may be sung. But that Sir John was a shrewd man of business and a very able head of a department is certain, and also is it certain that he got his reward. The list of his lands and grants and offices is bewildering. Not the least important among these offices was that of chief forester of Windsor, in which capacity he seems to have availed himself of his opportunities by adding house to house and field to field. The great castle was much too small for all that was required of it, and the king saw, what others doubtless had already seen, that new and larger buildings must soon be added to the old. The Brocas estate did not decrease in value, we may be sure; nevertheless the old knight before he died made a free gift of the large property that lay in Windsor and its neighbourhood to the king, and we may be sure that he and his were no losers by the surrender. When the great extension of the castle was carried out, Sir John Brocas is one of the commissioners for executing the works, and he is associated with a greater than himself, and one who has left behind him a greater name—William of Wykeham, the real architect of the place.

The Windsor estate was but one of many which Sir John Brocas possessed, and he himself was only one among many of his race who helped to build up the fortunes of his kindred. There was Master Bernard Brocas, Rector of Guildford and Prebendary of Chichester and Wells, a great man in Gascony, Controller there, and Registrar of the Court, and a great deal else. Next there was Arnald Brocas, who succeeded Master Bernard as Rector of Guildford, who was Clerk of all the King's Works in 1381. Then there was Sir Oliver Brocas, who was Esquire of the Household, and who built up a large estate in Kent; and there was Sir Bernard, the Lord of Beaurepaire; and all these alive together and all playing into one another's hands, and all full of ambition, self-control, sagacity, and force over and above that indefinable something else which we call luck, because we have no better word and because we feel that there is something more to be said, and which yet we know not how to say when we seek to account for a successful career. These people never fell ill at the wrong moment, never got into scrapes that were found out, never died too soon or lived too long. They were never in the wrong place when they were wanted, they never lost their tempers, never backed the

wrong horse, never coveted barren honour, never pursued shadows when the substance was attainable, never allowed their zeal to go beyond discretion. You may call them trimmers if you choose, but of such are the wise men of the world, who do not tilt with windmills, and who get the solid good things of life and leave their broad acres to their posterity in quiet confidence that these latter will not forget the schooling they have received and the lessons they have learnt from their forefathers.

Yet when men like these rise too high they fall like others. Sir John Brocas had been steadily and warily building up the fortunes of his house; but already there were little clouds here and there that seemed to bode trouble. His two elder sons died before him, the one unmarried, the other with an only son, apparently of no capacity or promise; the third son alone remained. He was all his father could wish him to be, but he, too, had his troubles. He had made a brilliant marriage, but his wife was unfaithful—so unfaithful that the outraged husband obtained a divorce. Sir Bernard was not the man to be crushed by a scandal. His first wife's misconduct only made him more resolved to get a better one next time. He aspired actually to ally himself with Joan Plantagenet, the fair Maid of Kent; and he might have won her, too, if she had not made up her mind to wed a better than he, even the Black Prince himself. Whereupon Sir Bernard did the next best thing that was open to him—he took to wife the heiress of the De Roches family, and became by this stroke of policy not only a great territorial landlord but Master of the Buckhounds, an office which became hereditary in his family. When the Black Prince engages upon that cruel raid into Narbonne—hanging, burning, slaying—Sir Bernard is at his side; so he is when the victory of Poitiers is over. Other doughty warriors spend their prizemoney in revelry. Not he! The roysterers may take their pleasure in their own way; he has his. So when John Pecche of Roche Court gets into difficulties, Sir Bernard has money to lend upon the estate, and by-and-by there comes something like a foreclosing of the mortgage: Pecche goes out and Brocas walks in. Of the fallen house we hear no more; of the rising one there are five centuries of records, such as they are, to prove how stubbornly they could cling to their own. Old Sir John must have been a proud man when he died in 1365, and in the fulness of his heart he settles lands on the Windsor Lazar House, and founds oratories. For was it not well to

make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and, in the event of anything going wrong in this world, securing a safe berth in the next?

As Sir John Brocas took care to provide for his soul's interests, so did his son. He too gave largely to more than one religious foundation. He founded a chantry at Clewer; he was a liberal benefactor to Southwick Priory; he assigned estates in Dorset and Wilts to the Prior and Convent of Mons Ederosi in Normandy. He could well spare them. As early as 1366 he and his appear to have had the whole administration of Gascony in their hands. Next year he was probably at the memorable battle of Navarete. While the Black Prince was celebrating his victory in rejoicings and festivities at Burgos, and allowing himself to be hoodwinked by Peter the Cruel, somehow Sir Bernard managed to take care of himself, and in July 1368 he is safe and sound at Winchester, and among the guests at the enthronement of William of Wykeham, his father's friend and his own. Next year he is knight of the shire for his own county. After 1373 he disappears from the House of Commons; there was nothing to be got there. Better look after his own lands down in the country, and get a license to impark his estate at Beaurepaire, and enclose therewith a slice of the royal forest of Pamber. Then year by year things went strangely in the political world. Edward III. appeared to be in his dotage, while the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were in sullen conflict, the one a hero and the people's idol, who was fading away out of life; the other a reckless incompetent, who had just been shamefully humbled and driven out of France. The Black Prince and the Commons were for reforms; John of Gaunt was for strengthening the baronage and for getting himself named as next heir to the throne—that meant that young Richard of Bordeaux should be set aside. The Black Prince died on June 8, 1376. Of course Brocas was present at his funeral. The prince made his will the day before, and appointed among his executors John of Gaunt and William of Wykeham. The two were soon at variance; Wykeham's sun suffered eclipse, but Sir Bernard Brocas even at such a time could sail upon the top of the wave. Professor Burrows has his brief, and pleads his client's cause skilfully, but he is not likely to convince many that the prudent knight at such a crisis as this could have gained the captaincy of Calais, with no less than six other appointments, military and diplomatic, in the course of two years, only to keep him

out of the way. The truth seems to be that Sir Bernard was necessary to both parties by turns. John of Gaunt has the upper hand one day and Wykeham the next, and each found it advisable to conciliate Brocas, who made his account out of each in turns. Ten years later he is in Parliament again, and so is Geoffrey Chaucer; and soon after he and his kinsman Arnald Brocas are concerned in the rebuilding of Westminster Hall, with Wykeham as the architect and Chaucer as clerk of the works; while old Gower, already half blind, was munificently contributing to the rebuilding of St. Mary Overy's church on the other side of the river. New College, Oxford, had just been finished, and Winchester School just begun. Wicklif had been dead a year or two. Richard II. was ruling as a despot, and Sir Bernard was getting richer and richer, though he had but one son alive to represent him, and his two nephews had died without heirs. At last, like the lucky man that he always was, he himself died just at the right time before the crash came, and there is his tomb to testify of his greatness in the place of honour within St. Edmund's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

Only one Brocas remained—the second Sir Bernard, son and heir of the first—and within five years of his father's death his head was fixed up upon London Bridge, and rightly or wrongly he had died a traitor's death for the part which he took, or was supposed to have taken, in the desperate attempt to restore Richard II. to the throne. With the death and attainder of this last Sir Bernard Brocas, and with the reversal of that attainder and succession of his son to the estates (which was another instance of the good fortune of the family at this time), the story might well have closed, and the sequel need not have filled many pages. This, too, is Professor Burrows's own opinion; but that he had so much material on his hands, and so much time had been spent upon that material, and so much to say about it that he could not—perhaps it was not in flesh and blood—forebear from saying a great deal more. His text was the Brocas chest of documents, and the sermon must needs deal with the whole text; and the preacher could not resist the temptation of going on to the bitter end. We doubt very much whether our readers would thank us if we indulged in any elaborate comment.

Nevertheless, the long story of the fortunes of the family for nearly five centuries from the death of its last hero is not without interest or instruction. It was more than two

hundred years before another Brocas received the honour of knighthood, and he was the only spendthrift, profligate, and something worse whose name brought shame upon his house. It is suggestive to note how these people exhibited for ages their characteristic wariness and tenacity. Men might come and men might go, but the Brocases clung to their houses and lands. The son and heir of the last Sir Bernard held up his head somewhat proudly during his lifetime. He was more than once knight of the shire and High Sheriff for Hampshire, but after him there was no more rising and no more glory. It seems as if they had had enough of politics and of the court; they were not ambitious, they did not aim high. During all the wars of the Roses and all the terror of the Tudors they kept themselves close and walked warily, but they held their own and did something more. They married heiresses again and again; the elder branch came to an end, and the great Beaurepaire estate passed through the heiress to the Pexsalls, who in their turn died out in the male line. But there was still a Brocas to the rescue, and another Bernard, who represented the younger branch of Horton, married the heiress of the Pexsalls, and Beaurepaire came back to the descendants of its former possessor. They retained the Mastership of the Buckhounds till 1633, and the last Brocas of Beaurepaire died in 1777, leaving no legitimate heirs. The blood was worn out at last; the wonder is that it lasted so long.

It seems pretty clear to an observant eye that this race had no elements of greatness in it. The founders of the family were shrewd sagacious men, of business capacity, adventurers with a very unusual faculty of getting on and of making good use of their opportunities. They transmitted to their posterity many of those qualities which helped their own advancement. What one generation gained the succeeding generation kept, but they never got beyond the point which was reached at the end of the fourteenth century. After that it was only a question of time when they would come to an end. We conceive that Professor Burrows's book would prove a work of unusual interest to Mr. Francis Galton and the students of *heredity*, and to them we commend it in the confidence that they will find more instruction in the volume than the students of history. Nevertheless, we should do an injustice to the Chichele professor if we conveyed the impression that history lies under few or no obligations to him for all the labour and research which he has spent upon this family

chronicle. The book is full to overflowing of illustrations for the historian, and it is for these that such monographs are as a rule chiefly valuable. Take, for instance, the carefully compiled dissertation upon the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds, and the really valuable account of the conspiracy of the earls at the beginning of the year 1400; the instances we get of the general rapacity and wild scramble for gain; the buying and selling of everything whereby money could be made during the fourteenth century, whether it were widows or orphans, prisoners of war, places of emolument or next presentations to ecclesiastical benefices—all are to be had for money, and nobody is ashamed. Then, too, there are episodes more or less picturesque and startling in the chronicles of the house. Such a one is the career of Sir Pexsall Brocas, of whom it is a little difficult to decide whether he was vicious and criminal because he was a madman, or mad as the consequence of his vices and his crimes. He was brought before the High Commission Court in 1604, on some very serious charges (though he had been knighted by James I. the year before), but he managed to get a pardon for rioting, forgery, and perjury—a sufficiently heavy accumulation of misdeeds, which it seems there was no denying. Five or six years after he gave out that he was going to found a new college at Oxford, to be called Brocas College. Three years later, ‘on Sunday, October 24, 1613, Sir Pexsall Brocas did open penance at Paul’s Cross; he stood in a white sheet and held a stick in his hand, having been formerly convicted before the High Commissioners for secret and notorious adulteries with divers women.’ This is very strange when we consider the times and the rank and wealth of the penitent; but much more strange and almost incredible is the next piece of intelligence which reaches us, that this same man ‘was attended by thirty men in scarlet that waited upon him to the Lord Mayor, *when he went to demand a dinner after his penance.*’ The riotous and debauched old knight, who, we are sorry to find, died on his bed ‘full of years and dishonour,’ could boast of having been the last man in England who kept a professional jester in his house. Surely it was quite unnecessary. Sir Pexsall’s whole life was a broad farce, though there is a certain lurid glare about it now and then. The jester could never have outdone his master in playing the fool. Did he offer to change caps with the eccentric knight when he heard that Sir Pexsall had seriously attempted to provide a monument for himself in Westminster Abbey?

Then came the troublous times, and some legendary gossip has been handed down regarding them. From the mists and vapourings there emerge two Brocas figures—brothers armed in the opposing camps; they are grandsons of Sir Pexsall—Captain Thomas Brocas of Roche Court, fighting on the side of the Parliament, and Robert, his brother, with the king at Oxford. Here is a sufficiently tragic illustration of what was going on in many an English household in those grim days. There was no trimming possible then, no halting between two opinions. ‘He that is not with me is against me’ was thundered in the ears of any man and every man who had ‘a stake in the country,’ anything to lose or anything to save, or anything to give to the one side or the other. This Robert Brocas, for example, could hardly ‘lie close’—he had married one of the queen’s maids of honour; scandal said there was little love between them; but Robert Brocas was pledged to stand by the royal cause, there was no getting away from it.

Charles I. occupied Oxford on October 29, 1642, and evacuated it on June 3, 1644. Some day a diligent antiquary like Professor Burrows will give us an exhaustive monograph upon *Oxford during the royal occupation*. As yet we know but little of the busy, restless, anxious, noisy, violent, wicked life of the old city during those memorable two years. Only we all have a strong suspicion that Oxford must have been no pleasant resting place, no home of the domestic virtues, no retreat for quiet sober people in those days. Let us give the maid of honour and her husband all the benefit of our charity and the credit of being a united pair: their union did not last long.

‘We know nothing of our young couple till the curtain lifts, with all the mystery of a stage tragedy, but also with all the horrible reality of life, and Robert Brocas’s body is found one morning, covered with wounds, in the fosse of Oxford fortifications. The date is variously stated as 1643 and 1644, but beyond the fact, which is undoubted, none of the circumstances, nor even the exact date, have yet yielded to such research as has been bestowed on the matter.’

Was there an inquest? Was there *any* inquiry? Nobody can tell. ‘It was only a dead gentleman found in a ditch.’ From which we may infer that the occurrence was common enough, and that Oxford must have been in a strangely lawless and disorganised condition; the presence of the king or queen did not afford much security for the life or property of the inhabitants.

As for the Brocas house, it had evidently begun to decline;

they were getting poor at last, and there is little more to be said about them. In 1662 an anomalous John Brocas turns up, a tradesman at Axminster, for, says Professor Burrows, euphemistically enough, 'the younger branch of the family 'had merged in the commercial class.' It is a comfort, however, to an antiquary that this *member of the commercial class* 'became famous in legal history.' Being a Brocas he should not be as other men are !

'While ringing the church bells [at Axminster] he was 'caught by the bellrope and strangled.' Not hung, observe, only strangled. 'The bell was claimed by the crown as 'deodand;' for had it not strangled a Brocas? But the precious relic was not to be surrendered without a struggle; there were those who were prepared to do battle for the sorry hemp that had twisted itself round the throat of a celebrity; there was an appeal—the crown should not have that rope. 'In the Court of King's Bench, before which the case 'finally came, the judges being equally divided on the question, nothing was done. On a later and similar occasion 'Chief Justice Holt decided against the claim upon a bell.' So the Brocas appellants, it seems, came off triumphant, and the rope that strangled the Brocas was still allowed to toll the bell in despite of the claims of the crown of England ! Once more after this there is a Brocas who becomes famous, for one year of his life at least. Sir Richard Brocas was Lord Mayor of London in 1730—'a gentleman of strict integrity,' say the City records, but withal improvident. When he dies his widow, Dame Phœbe, is left in such straitened circumstances that the Corporation allow her an annuity of 100*l.* a year. This was in 1737—the race had very nearly come to an end.

When all is said that can be said for a family like this, it is impossible to feel any deep interest in their long career. Even of the first Sir Bernard, in Edward III.'s reign, we can say little more than that he had greatness thrust upon him rather than that he achieved it. In the course of nearly five centuries these respectable English worthies were harmless country gentlemen and nothing more; their name during all this long period is unknown in the muster roll of science, literature, politics, art, or even commerce, yet they cling to their possessions and hand them down from father to son till there is no son, and then they pass to daughters till there are no daughters—they simply come to an end.

What a testimony this chronicle affords to the abiding vitality of our institutions; to the grand continuity of our 'law system and empire;' to the security of our tenure of

property from generation to generation ; to the little disturbance there has been in the order of government of these islands during the lapse of ages. We have had no foreign armies playing havoc among us—‘ the land as a garden of ‘ Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.’ We have known civil war and revolution—faction wrangling with faction and king and people in deadly conflict. Now and then a wild mob has got the upper hand for a week, or a dynasty has been tumbled down and blood has been shed, and the end of all things has seemed at hand. Patient people with the gift of silence held their tongues, went on their way doing as they were told, refusing to lead, bending under every storm, and submitting stolidly to the powers that be. At last things came right, and the patient people and their children were as their fathers had been. The next generation found that as far as they were concerned there had been no catastrophe and astonishingly little change ; the deluge had not supervened, there had only been a thunder-storm and a downpour ; some said there had been a shower of blood, but it had only been a red drop or two. Whatever it was, the kind earth covered it, and the average life of the average men went on pretty much as before. Such is the march of English history. We do not set ourselves to draw up new constitutions. We do not plant trees of liberty to-day and cut them down to-morrow. We do not try wild experiments of confiscation and deal in repudiation and the issue of assignats ; our revolutions are not signalised by wholesale massacres ; our reforms are remedial, not destructive of all that has its roots in the past. If we change, we change, as the trees of the forest change, by slow growth and silent progress ; the dead branches are sometimes blown down by the fury of a storm, sometimes cleared away by the woodman’s axe. But year by year the fresh leaves start, and the old boughs shelter us with their spreading greenery. Is it better to be for ever hacking and trimming and clipping and paring, or to meddle as little as may be with the living tree, and let it grow ?

ART. IX.—*Speeches of the Marquis of Hartington delivered at Manchester on Friday, June 24, 1887, and at Blackburn on Saturday, June 25, 1887.*

IN the speech which Lord Hartington delivered in the Free Trade Hall to the Liberal Unionists of Manchester on Friday, June 24, he expressed some misgiving as to the propriety of the course which he was adopting. He halt accused himself of indiscretion, and even of criminality and cruelty, in intruding a jarring note upon the unison and harmony with which the jubilee of the Queen had been celebrated during the week that was then closing. Lord Hartington's self-reproach was, like all he does and says, generous and ingenuous. But he is not open to blame. The accord had been marred before he spoke. Ireland—or rather the faction which calls itself Ireland—stood ostentatiously apart from the congratulations which the Queen's subjects offered her with otherwise unbroken unanimity. Irish members of Parliament refused to take part in the jubilee celebration of June 22. The busts of Brutus and Cassius were not more conspicuously absent on the occasion which the Roman historian commemorates than the persons of Mr. Parnell and his associates from Westminster Abbey. This sullen seclusion from the general rejoicings did not stand alone. The Pope sent his message and messenger of congratulation. But Ireland no longer listens when Rome speaks. The Roman Catholic Episcopate imitated the disloyal apathy or hostility of the Irish members. Town councils, and boards of guardians, and other public bodies passed resolutions refusing in terms of insolence to join in the congratulation. The Irish in New York held a crowded meeting on the day of the jubilee to protest against the celebration, appropriately selecting the Church of the Holy Innocents for a requiem service on behalf of the Phoenix Park and Maamtrasna murderers, and the other 'Irish victims of cruel laws during the Victorian era.' The Irish recusants, both of the dispersion and at home, show little regard for Mr. Gladstone's feelings. During nearly half of the fifty years of the bloody Victorian era, Mr. Gladstone has been in office. During ten of them he was Prime Minister. These ten years deserve to be noted in the Irish (Newgate) Calendar of Holy Innocents with the blackest mark. The 'cruel laws' which the Cooper Institute agitators denounce were never more ruthless and never claimed more numerous victims.

The facts we have recited acquit Lord Hartington of the charge of breaking the harmony of the jubilee week. They show that the disaffection of Ireland—that is to say, of that portion of the Irish people which is habitually spoken of as if it were the whole—is not confined to the Parliamentary Union. With a cynical disregard of the profession made, not so much indeed by them as on their behalf, they make no attempt to veil their disloyalty alike to the throne and to the person of the Sovereign. The last link which unites the two countries is in their view simply the link which is last of all to be broken. When the Queen was proclaimed, just fifty years ago, in St. James's Palace, the most conspicuous figure in the front line of the crowd which occupied the court below, was that of O'Connell, 'waving his hat and cheering most vehemently.' The contrast between the sentiments and conduct of the Irish leader then and of the Irish leaders now is of more than personal interest. The fifty years which preceded the accession of the Queen might have excused a certain languor of loyalty upon the part of O'Connell. The fifty years which have followed it leave this sentiment without excuse on the part of his successors. The Irish members express great reverence for the name and gratitude for the services of John Stuart Mill. Mr. John Morley, as he told the Cobden Club revellers at Greenwich a short time ago, loves to quote him. May we commend to Mr. Morley's attention a passage which he will find in the sixteenth chapter of Mr. Mill's work on 'Representative Government'? Explaining the fact that the Irish—that is to say, the Irish Celts and Roman Catholics—were not yet as completely reconciled to England as the Bas Bretons and the Alsations to France, he attributed it in part to the circumstance that they were sufficiently numerous to form a respectable nationality by themselves, in part to the misgovernment of previous generations. But, he added:—

'This disgrace to England and calamity to the whole empire has, it may be truly said, completely ceased for nearly a generation. [These words were written in the years 1860–61.] No Irishman is now less free than an Anglo-Saxon, nor has a less share of any benefit, both to his country and to his individual fortunes, than if he were sprung from any other part of the British dominions. The only remaining real grievance of Ireland—that of the State Church—is one which half, or nearly half, the people of the larger island have in common with them. There is now next to nothing, except the memory of the past, and the difference in the predominant religion, to keep apart two races, perhaps the most fitted of any two in the world to be the completing part of one another. The consciousness of being at last treated

not only with equal justice, but with equal consideration, is making such rapid way in the Irish nation, as to be wearing off all feelings that could make them insensible to the benefits which the less numerous and less wealthy people must necessarily derive from being fellow-citizens instead of foreigners to those who are not only their nearest neighbours, but the wealthiest, and one of the freest, as well as most civilised and powerful, nations of the earth.'

What has happened in the quarter of a century and more which has passed since Mr. Mill wrote to reverse the tendency to unity and reconciliation which he observed to be in operation, and the completion of which he regarded as near at hand? The 'only remaining real grievance' which he admitted was removed by Mr. Gladstone nearly twenty years ago. Unfortunately the manner in which the thing was done to a great extent marred the beneficial effect of the doing of it. Mr. Gladstone, as he avowed, was animated only by a single regard to right, but the nation, he said, was swayed by fear. He listened to the voice of justice. It listened to the Clerkenwell explosion. He was converted by reason. It was converted by dynamite. No wonder after this statement that dynamite has become the favourite missionary instrument of Irish politics. Mr. Gladstone has been the great adversary of his own reconciling policy. He has done his best of late to revive the bitter memories of the past, and to renew that feeling of hatred on the part of Ireland to England which expresses itself now, not merely in the demand for parliamentary separation, but in manifestations of disloyalty to the Crown. Since Mr. Mill wrote the land system of Ireland has been revolutionised. The farmers of that country, as Mr. Gladstone has declared, possess advantages which are not enjoyed by the tenants of any country in Europe. Yet the hostility of the Irish leaders to England is fiercer than ever; and they have communicated that hostility to a large portion of the Irish people. But the aims of the leaders and the followers are different. With the former complete separation from England is the end desired; with the latter it is a means to an end.

On this point we commend to our readers the careful study of an excellent and well-written review of the course of Irish affairs during the past fifty years, which Sir Rowland Blennerhassett has contributed to Mr. Humphry Ward's 'Reign of Queen Victoria,' published by Smith, Elder, & Co. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett attributes the renewed hostility of Ireland to England to the perpetual unsettlement of the Land Question during the past forty years by inconsistent and con-

tradictory legislation. He especially blames the recognition and re-establishment by Mr. Gladstone of the system of dual ownership. The Irish tenants have gained by it, but it has sown the seeds of class hostility and social variance. The Encumbered Estates Acts of 1848 and 1849 were based on the sound principle of single proprietorship, but the framers of those measures set to work in the wrong way. They ignored the fact that, by usage derived from the old tribal system of Ireland, the tenant was, or conceived himself to be, in a certain qualified sense, part owner of the land which he occupied; and that in many cases such improvements as were effected were of his doing. By sales forced or voluntary the land was transferred from impoverished Irish owners to adventurous English capitalists, who in their relations with their tenants acted not so much on the usages of English agriculture as on the doctrines and practices of English trade. They ignored virtual rights, which they deemed to be usurpations, and had no idea of practising indulgences incompatible with the business-like conduct of their estates. The consolidation of holdings and the conversion of tillage into pasture evicted thousands of tenants and unpeopled large districts of their inhabitants, who carried with them to America a sense of wrong and a purpose of revenge which have become an hereditary passion. The famine of 1845 and 1846, due to the potato disease, and the death and expatriation of millions of the people, had thinned the country and laid the basis of that undying animosity of the Irish in America towards England which troubles the New World not less than the Old. For the time, however, the economic result of the change was good. Capital was drawn to Ireland, and as it gave employment to a reduced population, the whole nation entered upon that period of prosperity which in 1860 promised the reconciliation which Mr. Mill at that time regarded as all but accomplished.

The indifference of the Irish people at home to political agitation had been shown in the collapse of O'Connell's movement for Repeal, and in the ridiculous catastrophe of the rebellion of Young Ireland at Ballingarry. There had been two currents of dissatisfied feeling in the country: one, agrarian, animating the great bulk of the peasantry; the other, purely political, the tradition of which descended from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and Emmett to Meagher, Mitchel, and O'Brien, and which continued far into the nineteenth century the disaffected Republicanism of the Protestant North at the close of the eighteenth.

Each of these agencies was powerless apart. For some time they went their separate ways. The Roman Catholic clergy, then the leaders of the peasantry, from whom in the main they sprang, and not as now their followers, set themselves against the Fenian movement, which revived in a baser form the traditions of the 'United Irishmen' and of 'Young Ireland.' Mr. Isaac Butt, who had begun his career as an Irish Conservative, and who in that character had defeated a motion in favour of Repeal moved by O'Connell in the Dublin Corporation, returned to political life, after an interval of eclipse, as an advocate of sweeping reforms in the land system of Ireland. Afterwards he became the preacher of Home Rule, in a sense, unlike Mr. Gladstone's, theoretically at least compatible with the maintenance of the Act of Union in its most essential points. Mr. Butt, however, did not take up the Home Rule question until the Land Question had, as it was supposed, been settled, once for all, by the first of Mr. Gladstone's final measures—that of 1870.

The passage the year before of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill became, as we have pointed out, as much an incentive to disturbance as an instrument of reconciliation, through the unfortunate avowal of its author, an avowal which may have been true as expressive of his own state of mind, but which was a libel on the mind of Parliament and the nation—that it was brought into the sphere of practical politics through the alarm expressed in England by the attempt to blow up Clerkenwell Gaol. This was one of a series of outrages due to the Fenian organisation, and to the strength which it had received through the disbanding of the Irish brigades, which had served on either side in the American Civil War. These criminal attempts, though annoying, and in the places where they occurred alarming, were not seriously dangerous to the Empire. They were the work of the Irish enemy in America, with which the bulk of the Irish in Ireland had no active sympathy. The danger began when the idea occurred to Mr. Davitt of associating an agrarian agitation with the separatist movement, adding to the cry of 'Ireland for the Irish' the cry of 'The Land for the People'—that is to say, for certain people to whom it does not belong. Mr. Gladstone once charged Mr. Parnell, in language for which he has since half apologised, with marching through plunder to disruption. That, no doubt, was Mr. Parnell's aim. Plunder was his means, disruption his end. He has

declared that he would not have taken off his coat to help in the work of land reform, except as an instrument of Irish independence. On the other hand, the Irish people, in the Davitt-Parnell sense of the term, are indifferent to disruption, but they care a great deal for plunder; and they take the road to dismemberment as a short cut to spoliation. An Irish Parliament will, they fancy, give them the lands they occupy for their prairie value or for nothing at all. Thus, through the astuteness of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, the association has been effected of a handful of political adventurers, in whose ranks are, no doubt, to be found one or two patriotic enthusiasts, but most of whom desire an Irish Parliament from motives of personal ambition and greed, with the tenant class, who wish to be placed in possession of other men's property. This combination has put what is called the Irish people at Mr. Parnell's back. It has given to the rebel conspiracy the force to which Mr. Gladstone has surrendered. He possibly thought that his second Land Bill of 1881 would detach the farmers from the politicians. He may have supposed that by the suspension of the ordinary law through Ireland, by the abolition in some cases of trial by jury, by the ruthless exercise of the power of imprisonment, he would take the heart out of the rebel movement. But the alliance of plunder and disruption has held together. The Land Bill of 1881 has rather aggravated, on its purely political side, than abated, the evil which it was intended to redress. The system of judicial rents has made the relation of landlord and tenant one of constant quarrel and periodic litigation. Some of those who supported it failed to see in it that final settlement which Mr. Gladstone perceives in every measure which he introduces; but they thought that it might procure an interval of peace until a large scheme could be prepared for transferring by fair purchase to such cultivators of the soil as chose to use it the ownership of their farms in fee simple. The refusal of the Irish tenants to fulfil their duties under an Act framed for their benefit, their repudiation, at the instigation of the authors of the Plan of Campaign, of their obligation to pay more than such fraction of their rents as suits them, have transformed the message of peace into a declaration of war.

Lord Hartington said at Manchester that reunion is impossible with that section of the Liberal party which proclaims the rightfulness of violent resistance to distasteful laws, and denies the validity and sanctity of contracts. Unfortunately, these words describe the attitude which Mr.

Gladstone has taken up. By a moral perversion, which we believe to be without parallel in the history of English statesmanship, he has become a convert to doctrines and an abettor of tactics which set aside the elementary obligations of citizenship and of commercial good faith. He declares that the conduct of tenants in combining to keep possession of their land and to withhold their rent is analogous to the action of artisans in combining to arrange the terms on which, in future, they will sell their labour; and Mr. John Morley, whose hand is becoming deeply dyed with the stains of the base material in which it works, is not ashamed to echo the assertion, which it is indulgent to call a sophism. If, as has been said, a body of artisans, who had made a contract to work for a certain rate of wages, were to repudiate the bargain and, taking possession of their employer's factory and machinery, were to use them for their benefit until they could exact higher wages, the analogy would be close; but to state the facts truly would not answer any profitable demagogic purpose. Mr. Gladstone's language on other subjects has been not less mischievous; and his conduct has been marked by the grossest inconsistency. On May 24, 1882, Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons defined boycotting as combined intimidation for destroying private liberty of choice by fear of ruin and starvation, and as having murder for the sanction by which alone it can be made effective. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone was still of the same mind. He wrote a letter to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, emphatically denying that the Government of which he was the head, when it resigned office in that year, had decided to abandon the legislation then in force against boycotting. The Government, he said, had resolved to abandon the coercive clauses of the measure about to expire, but intended to invest the Viceroy by statute with power to enforce the procedure clauses which related to changes of venue, special juries, and boycotting whenever and wherever necessary. 'The single point,' he added, 'which remained for further consideration was whether the provisions as to boycotting, of which we had resolved to recommend the retention, should remain in force unconditionally throughout Ireland, or, like the other provisions, should be left subjected to executive discretion.'* This year a great change has come over Mr. Gladstone's mind. Addressing a group of Dissenting ministers invited to meet him at Dr.

* Annual Register for 1885, p. 164.

Parker's, he said: 'Combination and exclusive dealing'—he does not like the word boycotting, apparently, when he has to apologise for the thing—'may be very bad things, but they may be the only weapons of self-defence belonging to a poor and disheartened people.' He afterwards described these operations 'as methods of action which, though not to be desired in a healthy state of society, may, when society is in an unhealthy state, be the only available remedy at the command of the people.' As a matter of fact, this poor and disheartened people are not as poor as they are represented to be, and disheartened is the very last word which their proceedings suggest. The revenue of this poor and disheartened people, as Sir Rowland Blennerhassett shows, increased 176 per cent. between 1850 and 1884—more rapidly than that of Great Britain. In the thirty-three years ending in 1885, there has been an increase of 258 per cent. in the number of bank depositors, and of 222 per cent. in the aggregate of the amount deposited, while the improvement in the houses of the poor is remarkable. Mr. Gladstone does injustice to the New Ireland which he has helped to call into existence. But be this as it may, in 1885 Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind to continue to withhold the only available remedy at the command of a poor and disheartened people. He now desires to put into their hands an instrument which he has himself described as working by the ultimate sanction of murder to interfere with lawful freedom of choice through the threat of ruin and starvation. Whom can Mr. Browning have had in his mind when, in his 'Parleyings with George Bubb Dodington,' he deploras George's inability 'to play statesmanship's new card, which 'carries all'?

'You see, a little year ago

They heard him thunder at the thing which, lo!
To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what erst
Heaven-high he lauded, lies hell-low, accursed!
. Who, awe-struck, cares to point
Critical finger at a dubious joint
In armour, true *as triplex*, breast and back
Binding about, defiant of attack,
An imperturbability that's—well,
Or innocence or impudence—how tell
One from the other? Could ourselves broach lies,
Yet brave mankind with those unaltered eyes,
Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?
Dare we attempt the like? What quick uncouth
Disturbance of thy smug economy,
O coward visage! Straight would all descry

Back on the man's brow the boy's blush once more !
 No : he goes deeper—could our sense explore—
 Finds conscience beneath conscience such as ours.

By stress

Of what does guile succeed but earnestness,
 Earnest word, look and gesture? Touched with aught
 But earnestness, the levity were fraught
 With ruin to guile's film-work. Grave is guile.'

In one of those recent contributions to periodical literature in which Mr. Gladstone shows something of the French art of the author of the '*Propos de Labienus*,' in insinuating contemporary politics into discussions apparently historic, he quotes a saying attributed to Lady Clanricarde, to the effect that she wished that the Peelites would not continually put themselves up to auction and then buy themselves in.* The most illustrious survivor of the Peelites unfortunately retains the habit of putting himself up to auction, but he no longer buys himself in. He allows himself to be knocked down to the highest bidder. He has disposed of himself to Mr. Parnell. This fact has grave consequences. It renders Mr. Parnell's conduct and character an element in the problem of Liberal reunion. Lord Hartington declares that the association of the Irish Parliamentary party with the secret societies of America makes alliance with that party and with its allies impossible. But Mr. Gladstone is its ally, and apparently feels a stigma upon Mr. Parnell's honour as he would a stigma upon his own. He is his incessant apologist. Mr. Gladstone, without knowing anything about the matter, acquits Mr. Parnell of the authorship of the letter of which a fac-simile was published by the '*Times*,' approving the murder of Mr. Burke, but regretting that of Lord Frederick Cavendish. He supported him in his refusal to go before any other tribunal than a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and in his resolute silence. We agree with Mr. Gladstone and with all the world that a man must be held to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, but this sound principle is subject to the qualification that the accused person is ready to submit the question of his guilt or innocence to an authoritative tribunal. If he shrinks from that ordeal, the presumption is disturbed. Mr. Gladstone follows Lord Spencer in acquitting Mr. Parnell, so far

* The History of 1852-60; and Greville's Latest Journals, in the '*English Historical Review*,' April, 1887, p. 285.

as his knowledge goes, of complicity with crime. But Lord Spencer can speak only of the period of his second vice-royalty which followed the Phoenix Park murders. Mr. Parnell was not in public life during Mr. Gladstone's first administration and Lord Spencer's first tenure of the office of Lord Lieutenant. Lord Spencer was not Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during the first two years of Mr. Gladstone's second ministry, which cover the period of Mr. Parnell's alleged complicity with crime. Lord Spencer's acquittal of Mr. Parnell is, therefore, worth very little. Mr. Gladstone, it would almost seem, forgets that he was Prime Minister in October 1881, when Mr. Parnell was arrested and detained in Kilmainham, under three warrants, one on the ground that he 'was reasonably suspected' of having been guilty since September 30, 1880, as principal of a crime punishable by law; that is to say, of inciting to the intimidation of persons in order to prevent them from paying their rent. A second warrant charged him with the crime of intimidating persons in order to prevent them taking advantage of the Land Act. Under a third he was detained as being reasonably suspected of treason felony. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gladstone will decline responsibility for the conduct of Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster, who were then respectively Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary. In the dinner at the Devonshire Club on Wednesday, June 29, Lord Cowper declared that he had reason during his vice-royalty to suspect the Irish leaders of connexion with crime. Mr. Forster unhappily cannot now speak for himself. Mr. Gladstone's own words and conduct five years ago contradict his language now. Mr. Gladstone, as others will remember, though he may have forgotten, significantly, if in veiled terms, intimated the approaching arrest of Mr. Parnell at a meeting in Leeds a few days before it was effected. He had been informed of the design, and of course had assented to it. He knew the grounds of it, and if he had not convinced himself that there was reasonable suspicion, that is to say, strong presumptive proof of Mr. Parnell's guilt, Mr. Gladstone, in agreeing to his arrest and protracted detention in prison, is chargeable with an offence as grave as can easily be imagined. The truth seems to be that, as boycotting is a crime with ruin and starvation for its aim, and murder for its sanction, or a justifiable because the only available weapon of defence in the hands of a poor and disheartened people, according to Mr. Gladstone's personal and political exigencies, so Mr. Parnell in respect of the same transactions and at the same moment

is guilty or innocent according as he is the antagonist or the ally of Mr. Gladstone. Co-operation with Mr. Gladstone has a retrospective effect upon conduct, not operating merely in the nature of a free pardon, but converting reasonable suspicion of guilt into absolute clearance from every kind of imputation. Kant once entered in his note-book a reminder to himself to remember to forget the death of poor Klein—if that was the name of his faithful servant, which it very likely was not. Mr. Gladstone's note-book, if he keeps one, must be full of memoranda of things to be forgotten. When so much escapes his memory of the things which he himself has said and done, we cannot be surprised that he should forget the sayings and doings of others, and especially the challenge which Mr. Forster delivered to Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons in February 1883, to clear himself and his Parliamentary associates of at least connivance with projects of assassination, and Mr. Parnell's refusal frankly to meet the challenge. It may be that Mr. Parnell, being innocent, dares not declare and prove himself to be so, through fears of his masters and paymasters of the Irish Brotherhood and the Clan-na-gael in America. If this be the case, it only shows with what sort of people Mr. Gladstone, through Mr. Parnell, is allied.

Whatever interpretation be put upon the facts, it is in our view scarcely possible that the Liberal party should be reunited under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. He is the man who, unlike M. Thiers's Conservative republic, divides them the most. He is the great irreconcilable and the great obstacle in the way of reconciliation. Apart from the policy which he has adopted, and the lawless and immoral methods which he approves—having described the facts we do not shrink from the words—his Parliamentary tactics have been such as to interpose the gravest difficulty in the way of association with him on the part of politicians who retain any respect for Parliamentary institutions. Mr. Butt, it may be remembered, was deposed from the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party because he protested against their conduct in the House of Commons. He could not see, he said, how it was possible for any right-minded man to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and then to use his power as a member of Parliament to baffle all her measures, confute all her counsels, and disrupt the citadel of her power. England, he went on to say, would stake her last shilling and stake her last man rather than give over the management of Irish affairs to men who had shown by their conduct in her

own senate good reason for believing that whatever power they had they would use for her destruction.* Mr. Gladstone and his followers have during the present session of Parliament made themselves parties, not by connivance only and indirect sanction, but by positive co-operation, to the tactics which Mr. Butt considered incompatible with loyalty to the Queen.

In these circumstances the reunion of the Liberal party under his leadership, which Mr. Gladstone professes to desire, is open to grave objection. In one of his speeches in Wales Mr. Gladstone expressed a readiness to discuss the matter with Lord Hartington. But Lord Hartington is not Sir George Trevelyan. He declines 'to creep back by 'himself into the favour of the Liberal party unaccompanied 'by the friends with whom, during a trying time, he has 'been acting.' In saying this he has made it clear that he is speaking not only of the Liberal Unionist party but of that larger Unionist party of which the Conservatives form a section, and, numerically, the most important section. If the question of Irish government is to be finally settled, it cannot be settled by a party vote. Mr. Gladstone affects to see national unanimity on the part of Ireland—though it would be easy to show that its eighty-five representatives have, owing to the terrorism which coerced the constituencies, as little moral title to speak for the country as the Irish Parliament which was bribed into the Union had; but, if national unanimity in Ireland justified Mr. Gladstone's proposal, an equal unanimity in Great Britain can alone justify its adoption. A measure passed by sectional votes on this side of the Channel in contradiction to the preponderant opinion of England would have no moral validity. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, does not hold this view. He is fond of referring to the fact that Ireland, Scotland, and Wales returned a majority in his favour, remembering to forget that this greatly diminished majority was secured by the protestations that his scheme was dead, and that the principle of leaving Irish affairs, loosely so called, to some undefined assembly was alone before the country. His defeat was due, he complains, to England alone. Mr. Gladstone's argument assumes that the Union is already repealed, not only with Ireland, but with Scotland, to say nothing of Wales, and that the votes ought to be counted, as in the election of a Lord Rector at

* Annual Register for 1878, pp. 209-10.

a Scotch University, by nations. It assumes a system of federation already existing. We venture to think that the predominant sentiment of England, of that larger England which includes the English race—Lowland Scotch and Northern Irish as well as Southern English—in all parts of the United Kingdom—cannot be left out of account, and, indeed, that the determining voice must be left with it, as representing an immense preponderance of population, wealth, and intelligence. There must, further, be a unanimity of parties as well as of races. Lord Hartington, therefore, very properly contends that in any conference which is to take place with a view to an agreement on the question of the Government, the precedent of the Reform conferences of 1885 must be followed. Lord Salisbury must be represented as well as Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone. This was Mr. Gladstone's original idea, while he still had hope of settling the question independently of the Irish vote. Lord Hartington deferred the practical consideration of the question until the Crimes Bill should have passed the House of Commons. But he lays down preliminary conditions with which, reasonable and, indeed, essential as they are, Mr. Gladstone cannot comply without unsaying the words and undoing the actions of the past twelve months. Lord Hartington declines to consider even the possible reunion of the Liberal party, if Mr. Parnell and his followers and those Scotch and English Liberals who hold his doctrines of anarchy and disorder, of resistance to the law, and of the nullity of solemn contracts are comprehended in it. Among those Liberals, Mr. Gladstone, to say nothing of Sir William Harcourt, is included by the statements to which we have already referred.

It is true that Mr. Gladstone, whose life has been spent in unsaying one year what he said the year before, whose tergiversations have been so numerous that it is hard to say at any time which is his back and which his face, may recant his recantation of the principles of law and order and fidelity to contracts. The apologist of boycotting in 1887 may denounce it in 1888 as he did in 1882, and be prepared to legislate against it once more as he was in 1885. Instead of acquiescing in and encouraging, as he does now, the Plan of Campaign, he may protest against it and take steps to resist it. The Parliamentary leader who has converted legitimate opposition by a minority into factious obstruction to the will of the majority, may return to his old doctrine and practice. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone was anxious for the return of a

Liberal majority to Parliament so powerful as to make the Liberal policy of conciliation and justice to Ireland independent of the Irish vote. He may once more repudiate Irish assistance if he finds he can do without it. Mr. Gladstone, strong in the pride of his own unbroken consistency, is fond of speaking of the two Mr. Pitts (not including Lord Chatham) and the two Mr. Goldwin Smiths. There are, at least, half-a-dozen Mr. Gladstones, and there may be a seventh. But if there is a seventh, who shall guarantee us against an eighth? The retractation may be followed by a re-retractation. Who shall bind Proteus? It may be doubted, however, whether even Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity in providing himself with loopholes of retreat, in another sense than the innocent one which the poet meant, will enable him to slip the knots with which he has bound himself to Mr. Parnell, and through Mr. Parnell to those Irish-American conspirators who accept his scheme of Home Rule simply as offering the thin end of the wedge, which they may drive up to the head, for the disruption of the United Kingdom. We fear that they hold him fast, and that they will drag him further; that, like another chief of 'dear old Scotland,' he has waded so far in his doubtful enterprise that he will find that returning is less easy than going on. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone has more than once intimated that the alternative of his scheme is not a smaller measure but a larger one, that it is not local self-government in the sense of Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury, nor Home Rule in Mr. Chamberlain's sense, but repeal out-and-out. He seems to imply that, rather than accept less, he would insist on more. What Mr. Gladstone describes as the alternative of his scheme would, we believe, be simply the first of its consequences, to be followed by the total separation of the two countries, the design of which, as a matter of Parliamentary accommodation, Mr. Parnell has suspended, but which there is no reason to think that he has abandoned, or will be allowed by his allies to abandon.

We are not surprised that Lord Hartington should be reluctant to admit that the Liberal party as it has existed since its re-constitution after the Reform Act of 1832 has disappeared. He hopes against hope that it may be restored to its old integrity and efficiency; and he is unwilling to shut the door against any possible chance of this consummation. Lord Hartington states that on the greater number of questions he is still in agreement with many of his old colleagues. If it may be permitted to invert the statement,

and to say that on the greater number of questions many of his old colleagues in office are still in agreement with him, we should be prepared not only to accept it, but to enlarge it, and to include the Home Rule question also. The converts to Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule are converts to it as Mr. Gladstone's scheme, and not as a scheme of Home Rule. If he were to abandon or modify his views, they would abandon or modify their views. If he were to retire from political life, as during the last twenty years and more he has at intervals talked of doing, the great majority of Gladstonians with various excuses, according to their several natures, would revert to the convictions and traditions of Liberalism, as they were understood until after the General Election of 1885. But we can scarcely hope for such a return on Mr. Gladstone's part to a sounder mind, and it is impossible for him to stand still. If he does not go back he must advance. Not only does his own temperament marshal him the way that he must go, but the associates by whom he is surrounded—the Laboucheres, Conybeares, and Parnells—urge him forward and close every path upon him other than that in which they are resolved that he shall walk. Mr. Gladstone has committed himself in express words, or by implication, to doctrines absolutely incompatible with the supremacy of the law and with the faithful observance of contracts, with the rights of property and with freedom of personal action, with the title of the Parliamentary majority to rule, and with the duty of the Parliamentary minority to obey. Gladstonism, which on the one side has become Parnellism, is on the other side fast converting itself into Laboucherism. It is Mr. Gladstone's habit to formulate a principle for every contingency, and the repudiation of contracts, the right of violent numbers to set at nought the law and to intimidate men from doing what they have a legal right to do, and into doing what they have a legal right not to do, have been erected by him into a sort of moral code, a kind of higher law to be enforced by illegal associations against Parliamentary statutes and the decisions of courts of justice. Mr. Gladstone is a convert to the principles of terrorism. It is impossible to confine to Ireland the application of doctrines framed, perhaps, for exclusive use there. Mr. Gladstone, during his visit to Wales, by significant silence, still more than by express words, showed that he has become aware of this. He had no word to say in rebuke of the Welsh tithe outrages. How could he after justifying in Ireland the only available remedy

of a poor and disheartened people against the tyranny of those who desire to pursue peaceably their own trades, and to retain or regain possession of what he has left to them of their own property? He did not explain to the Welsh farmers that in refusing to pay tithes, of which the amount was deducted from their rent, they were making that deduction over again. How could he after sanctioning as a legitimate combination, analogous to a strike in England, the concerted refusal of Irish tenants to pay to their landlords the full rent due to them, by contract or under judicial decision, for the past use of their lands? The action of the Irish and Welsh farmers may be excused by ignorance and passion; Mr. Gladstone's encouragement and silence are offences deliberately committed against the light, and deserve a far severer condemnation. The saying of the French moralist that a bad maxim is more pernicious than a bad action, inasmuch as a bad action is single, and may terminate in itself, while a bad maxim may be, and almost certainly will be, the parent of innumerable bad actions, measures the moral difference between Mr. Gladstone and the ignorant peasants whose lawlessness he justifies and abets.

We cannot hold, therefore, that the Irish Home Rule question alone severs the new Liberalists, to borrow a word from the political nomenclature of Germany, who follow Mr. Gladstone, from the old Liberals, Whig and Radical, who follow Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Bright. Until the doctrines we have exposed, and the tactics of Parliamentary obstruction called in to their aid, are disavowed and abandoned, there can be no recombination of the divided sections of what was once the Liberal party. The union of Liberals and Conservatives, necessary for the maintenance of the integrity of the United Kingdom, is still more necessary for the maintenance of the authority of the law and of Parliament. In his speech at Blackburn Lord Hartington referred to Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion of a national party of the future which should stand aloof from the principles of a bigoted and reactionary Toryism on the one hand, and from the revolutionary and anarchic theories of certain sections of the Liberal party on the other, and which, while maintaining law and order and firm government in every part of the United Kingdom, should earnestly apply itself to the redress of grievances and the work of social reform. Such a party, though Lord Hartington does not yet know whether to regard it as the shadow of a

dream or as foreshadowing a reality, will be something more than a Unionist party. The maintenance of the Parliamentary Union is simply the occasion of its existence. But even now, without waiting for the formation of such a party, duties as urgent as the defence of the United Kingdom from disruption, and yet more vital, summon all to whom the name and wellbeing of England are dear. Inconvenient to England and disastrous to Ireland as the separation of the two countries would be, Ireland is not necessary to the safety and greatness of England. Its loss would not be fatal to us. But the adoption into legislation, if legislation is compatible with systematised disobedience to the law, of the principles which Mr. Gladstone now avows, is absolutely irreconcilable with orderly social existence. The mere statement of them, the supposition that they admit of defence or argument, is in itself in some sense a graver danger than any loss of territory. The combination of parties brought together in the first instance to defend the Parliamentary Union from open attack finds that it has a yet more momentous task to discharge. The external disintegration of the Empire, calamitous though it would be, is a less evil than the internal disintegration of society. The great Unionist party must become the great National party—a party comprising Whigs, Radicals of the old school, and Conservatives. Between the furthest of these extremes, the distance is less than that which divides any of them from the Gladstone-Parnell-Labouchere party. Between the Radicalism of Mr. Bright or even of Mr. Chamberlain, sobered and modified as it probably has been by the experience of the past eighteen months, and the Conservatism of Lord Salisbury, enlarged as it has been by a similar experience, there is no difference on urgent topics which does not admit of rational accommodation. The questions of the disestablishment of the Church and of what Mr. Chamberlain calls free education do not separate him from Lord Salisbury more than they separated him from Mr. Gladstone and the majority of his colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. With a fair allowance of open questions, there need be no difficulty in the way of the inclusion of the statesmen we have named together with the Duke of Argyll, Lord Derby, Lord Selborne, Sir Henry James, Lord Northbrook, and Mr. Courtney—some or other of them—in the same Ministry. The authorised Midlothian programme contained nothing which a rational Conservatism would not be ready to accept, which a rational

Conservatism has not already accepted. But these are early days for Cabinet-making. The new party must be formed before it takes shape in an administration. The dominating fact of the present position of affairs is that, to use Mr. Chamberlain's words, 'the cleavage in the ranks of the Liberal party has become complete and irretrievable.' We ourselves foresaw and foretold in an article published two years ago, and entitled 'The Parting of the Waters,' that a schism was impending and inevitable between those politicians who were ready to ally themselves with a revolutionary faction and those statesmen who adhere to the old traditional principles of the Whig party.

This complete and irretrievable cleavage (if such it be) is, it is curious to reflect, the work of the man to whom the Liberal party had entrusted its interests and existence, and who two years ago solemnly declared that he remained in public life simply to guard it from injury. On June 29, 1885, Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Chairman of his Committee that he had not expected to ask re-election from his Midlothian constituents. But he went on to say: 'I am not at this moment released from my duties to the party which has trusted me, and the first of these duties is to use my strongest and most sedulous efforts to prevent anything that may mar the unity and efficiency of that great instrument which, under Providence, has chiefly and almost wholly made our history for the last fifty years.'* That great instrument has broken in Mr. Gladstone's hands, because he attempted to use it for a purpose for which it was never framed, and for which it was not suited. He has remained in public life not to prevent anything which might mar the unity and efficiency of the Liberal party, but absolutely to destroy its unity and to paralyse its efficiency, and indeed to put it out of existence altogether. The measure of the responsibility which he felt for its maintenance as the Providential instrument for the national well-being measures the responsibility which will attach to him for its destruction. It is given to few men to destroy great historic works. Mr. Gladstone is the Herostratus of politics. He is an 'architect of ruin.' Mr. Gladstone will scarcely pretend even now that in 1885 he held that Home Rule, in Mr. Parnell's sense, suggested itself to him as the best means of maintaining the unity and efficiency of the Liberal party. Indeed, it stands on

* Annual Register for 1885, p. 134.

record that he desired an absolute Liberal majority in the House of Commons in order that he might deal with the Irish question independently of the Irish vote. The Liberal party, in its unimpaired unity and efficiency, was to frame such a scheme as seemed to it just to Ireland. His majority not sufficing for this purpose, Mr. Gladstone reversed his procedure, and endeavoured, through the providential instrumentality of the Irish vote, to force upon the Liberal party a settlement in harmony with Mr. Parnell's ideas of what was just and expedient. Mr. Gladstone, whose resources whether of civilisation or anarchy are not easily exhausted, not being able to coerce the Irish vote by a Liberal majority, tried to coerce the Liberal majority by the Irish vote. Whatever explanation may be offered, Mr. Gladstone has, by his own showing, been untrue to his supreme political duty—to the one obligation for the discharge of which he remained in political life. He has betrayed the confidence which the Liberal party reposed in him, to hand down in unimpaired efficiency to his successors that great historic and providential instrument of good of which the guardianship had been placed in his hands. He has acted as if he were the owner of the Liberal party and not its trustee, its master and not its agent; as if it were at his discretion to guard or to destroy it; to leave the instrument to rust unused or to break it by misuse, or to employ it for any purpose which personal ambition or the caprice of the moment might dictate. We will say frankly that in our view Mr. Gladstone's conception of his relations to the party betrays a profound moral obliquity. 'He,' Coleridge somewhere says, 'who begins by loving Christianity more than truth, will go on by loving his own sect more than Christianity, and will end by loving himself more than either.' So he who begins by loving his party more than his country, will go on by loving his faction more than his party, and end by loving self more than either. We cannot help thinking that the later years of Mr. Gladstone's life illustrate this moral decline.

The Liberal party, which was the great instrument of Providence, was destroyed because it refused to be the instrument of Mr. Gladstone's personal ambition. If not a great man of action, Mr. Gladstone is at least a man of great activity. The necessity of being conspicuously employed in some world-resounding exploit has grown upon him with advancing years, until at last it has absorbed his whole nature. He has been surrounded by men who have

humoured him into the idea that, as the court is where the king is, so the Liberal party is where Mr. Gladstone is; that he constitutes it, that he is it. Lord Wolverton, who has a singular faculty of making foolish speeches, denounces as traitors those politicians who, to use Mr. Bright's phrase, decline to turn their coats simply because Mr. Gladstone has turned his coat. This criticism, if that can be so called which is mere abuse, corresponds to a feeling which gives to the project of Home Rule an apparent popular sanction that does not belong to it. If a Liberal is to be defined as a follower of Mr. Gladstone, of course any one who declines to follow Mr. Gladstone ceases thereby to be a Liberal. If the Liberal creed is the creed which Mr. Gladstone for the moment professes, if any opinion which he adopts becomes immediately an article of faith, an old Liberal ceases to be a Liberal at all, just as an old Catholic, who refuses the Vatican decrees, ceases in the Pope's view to be a Catholic. It is this servile doctrine of the purely personal basis and obligations of party that keeps the Gladstonians together. The Dissident Liberals, as Mr. Gladstone calls those who adhere to the old Liberal creed, have done a service only second to that which they have rendered in saving the Union, by revolting against and breaking down this abject superstition. A demagogic dictatorship is the great danger of English politics, and a return to principles, even though it should break up parties, may be essential when parties have become simply the retainers of great political chiefs. If anti-vaccinationists, female suffragists, local optionists, anti-State-churchists, feel themselves at liberty to make test questions of the several principles—we will not call all of them fads—expressed in these names, and to vote for or against Liberal or Conservative, Radical or Whig, as they accept or refuse the required pledges, surely the maintenance or surrender of the Parliamentary union is an alternative which may far more legitimately decide party alliances and combinations. In it and in its far-reaching consequences the most vital issues are concerned. The *idem velle, idem nolle de republica*, which is the only legitimate basis of political connexion, could never be more legitimately invoked; for the question is whether the State shall continue to exist in the form to which a thousand years of history have brought it, and which it has for nearly a century exhibited, or whether a disjointed federation of mutually jealous and semi-hostile provinces shall be substituted for it. But this is not all. In the address, which a large number of

the most eminent graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, members of the Liberal party, counting in their number men of European eminence in every department of scholarship, science, and speculation, have presented to Lord Hartington, they rather imply than distinctly express their approval of his opposition to Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule. They single out for emphatic commendation his 'endeavours to save the name of English Liberalism' from being perverted to describe a doctrine of lawlessness, and from being soiled by connivance with 'that abuse of the forms of the House of Commons and that waste of its time which threaten to bring our Parliamentary institutions into contempt.' The tone of many of Mr. Gladstone's recent speeches, and the whole spirit of his review, in the 'Nineteenth Century,' of the last two volumes of Mr. Lecky's masterly 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' show his tendency to the Jacobinical spirit of the French Revolution. This spirit has long been subtly working within the Liberal party, and Mr. Gladstone's declaration in favour of Home Rule has simply given occasion for its display. That was a concession to rebellion against the authority of Parliament and the law, and it has speedily developed into principles hostile to legal order and constitutional government. However lamentable the result may be with respect to the fame of the greatest Englishman of his generation, whom history, however, will judge not by the closing years of his career, which for the moment we can alone take into account, but by its whole course, we cannot regret that the matter should have been brought to a clearly defined and decisive issue. Mr. Gladstone has become the captive of the Home Rule party, and in subscribing to their end he has adopted their doctrines and methods.

The future will decide not merely whether Ireland shall be separated from England, but whether England shall be governed on Irish-American principles. It is absurd to say, as Mr. Gladstone does, that Ireland objects even to beneficent laws when they come to it clothed in a foreign guise—that is to say, when they are invested with the authority of that Imperial Parliament in which Ireland has more than a fair representation. Neither Ireland at large, nor Irish members, have ever shown the slightest indisposition to receive, or even extort from, the Imperial Parliament all that they can get, and to use it to the utmost. What they object to is the authority of Parliament and of law. They would exhibit the same hostility to the enactments of a legislative body in

Dublin, and to the enforcement of those enactments by the judicial and executive powers, if they were not to their mind, that they show to the Imperial Parliament and the Queen's authority. They have been taught the lesson of rebellion and disorder by Mr. Gladstone, or rather they have taught it him, and been confirmed in it by his conversion, and they will better the instruction when they are confronted by feebler powers of resistance. Disaffection on this side of the Channel has been encouraged by the preaching here of the doctrine of anarchy and revolt by which Ireland has been demoralised. The danger can be met only by the consolidation into one party of all the supporters of Parliamentary rule, and of the supremacy of law and social order. It is fortunate that England possesses in Lord Hartington a statesman whose position and personal qualities make him the natural head of such a party. Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from the Liberal leadership in 1875 gave Lord Hartington for the first time the opportunity of showing the remarkable gifts of intellect and character by which he is distinguished. Mr. Gladstone's adoption of the Separatist projects of Mr. Parnell, and his capitulation to the anarchic and factious doctrines of the Irish revolutionary party, have enabled Lord Hartington to display yet more signally the highest qualities of statesmanship. The hour has brought the man. Mr. Gladstone's fault is half redeemed by the disclosure which it has made to the nation of the security which it possesses against danger in the strong and sagacious intelligence, the upright character, and the steady and disinterested purpose of Lord Hartington. He is the best type of the English politician, and the nation trusts him absolutely. He will be true to that trust, because he cannot be untrue to himself. Mr. Gladstone's latest device of a provisional and sham retention of Irish members at Westminster, while giving them a parliament in Dublin, which, practically independent from the first, would soon become formally so, is simply trifling with the subject and the nation. With the help of Sir George Trevelyan it seems temporarily to have imposed on some hundreds of the electors of Spalding. The words in which Lord Hartington concluded his speech at Blackburn express, however, we feel sure, the conviction and purpose of the nation:—'No solution is admissible which does not subordinate whatever local autonomy it may grant to the maintenance of one Imperial Parliament, competent to deal as it pleases, and in what manner it pleases, in the way it thinks right and

‘just and fairest, not only with any one portion, but with ‘every portion of the United Kingdom.’ The parallel which Mr. Gladstone drew in his speech at Sir Joseph Pease’s symposium on July 2 between the relations which Ireland would hold under his scheme to the Imperial Parliament and those of New South Wales, Victoria, and our greater colonies, betrays his inner, perhaps unconscious, thought. These colonies are not represented in the House of Commons. Parliament, whatever rights are formally reserved, would never venture to exercise any authority over them in the conduct of their own business, and feels no responsibility for it, and their union with England endures simply as long as they desire that it shall endure. This state of things, which is Mr. Gladstone’s ideal for Ireland, is that against which Lord Hartington strenuously sets his face. As to Mr. Gladstone’s criticisms of his former colleague, it is not necessary to say one word. We are content to leave to the judgement of the nation the qualities of mind and character revealed in the speeches at Manchester and Blackburn and at Devonshire House, and those betrayed in the speech at Sir Joseph Pease’s and in the subsequent correspondence.

Note on the Article on the ‘Education of Women.’

SINCE this article was printed, an event has occurred which confirms in so striking a manner our brightest hopes, and reflects so much honour on Girton College, that it deserves to be recorded in this place. Miss Ramsay, the young daughter of a Scotch baronet, has been placed at the head of the classical students of the University of Cambridge in the present year, and this lady has achieved the almost unprecedented feat of standing in the classical Tripos, alone—not only without a rival, but without a competitor. We heartily congratulate her on a success which does so much honour to Scotland, to Girton, and to herself. This incident affords the most substantial ground for the claim, supported as it is by very high authority, for the admission of women to the degrees conferred by the University.

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- ART. I.—1. *L'Administration de l'Agriculture, 1785-87.* Par H. PIGEONNEAU ET A. DE FOVILLE. Paris : 1882.
2. *La Vie Agricole sous l'ancien Régime.* Par le Baron A. DE CALONNE. Paris : 1883.
3. *La Vie Rurale dans l'ancienne France.* Par A. BABEAU. Paris : 1883.
4. *Le Village sous l'ancien Régime.* Par A. BABEAU. Paris : 1878.
5. *Statistique Internationale.* Ministère de l'Agriculture de France. Nancy : 1876.
6. *Le Morcellement.* Par A. DE FOVILLE. Paris : 1885.
7. *Rapports sur l'état intellectuel, moral et matériel des populations de la Bretagne et de la Normandie.* Par H. BAUDRILLART (Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques).
8. *La France Economique.* Par A. DE FOVILLE. Paris : 1887.

ENGLAND draws her supplies from the civilised world, while France is self-sufficing, and might be self-supporting. England concentrates her agriculture on bread and meat; the produce which is raised in France is as varied as it is abundant. No comparison between the two countries in respect of fertility is fair if it is based solely on the products of which our farmers have made a speciality. While variety is the essence of French husbandry, quantity and quality within a limited range is the characteristic of English farming.

Within her own borders France produces not only the necessities but the luxuries of existence, all that is required

to enjoy as well as to support life. No finer horses are bred in England for their respective purposes than the Anglo-Norman carriage-horse, the sturdy Percheron, the heavy animal of the Boulonnais, or the mettled *race bigourdane* of the plain of Tarbes. France is justly proud of her cattle. The white Charollais-Nivernais cattle are unrivalled for their precocity and their power of work. The golden-hued cattle of the Parthenais, with their delicate heads, large soft eyes, and black points, fill the markets of Cholet, or are bought up by Norman graziers for the rich pastures of the Vallée d'Auge; like the Limousin cattle, they are excellent in the plough, but are slow in arriving at maturity. No finer beef is sent to market than that of the Manseau breed crossed with the Durham which the Comte de Falloux has brought to perfection; and England cannot dream of competing with the veal of Champagne. The cows of the Cotentin have no superiors as milkers. The bright-coloured red Salers or Auvergne cattle, with wide-open, backward-sloping, tapering horns, or their rivals of the D'Aubrac breed, with their white muzzles and badger-coloured hides, or the *race femeline* of Franche-Comté, are praised for their excellence in meat, milk, and work. Agriculturists in the south again have their special breeds, such as the *race gasconne* or the *race ariégeoise*, the strongest workers of the districts south of the Garonne, the *racés bigorraise, tarentaise, agenaise, and basquaise*. The department of the Aisne, and especially the neighbourhood of Soissons, holds its own with its merinos and métis-merinos against the English Leicesters, while the mutton of the Berrichon or the Solognot is as famed for its delicacy as that of Clun Forest or Wales, and the ewes of the Larzac breed, on the pebbly *causses* of Aveyron, produce the celebrated Roquefort cheese. The mules of Poitou, of Barcelonnette (Basses-Alpes), and of Hautes-Pyrénées are famous for their size and strength. The long-necked, wall-sided, round-backed, long-legged white pig, once so familiar in rural districts, is improved by judicious crossing; and the Craonnais breed or the *matelin* or Baugé (Loire-Inférieure) are not to be despised. In the production of milk, butter, and cheese the Vallée d'Auge, the *terre classique de l'herbe*, where grass is literally the *bras d'or*, or the districts of Isigny and Gournay, are unrivalled by the richest pastures of which this country can boast. The eggs and poultry of the *basses-cours* of Western Normandy supply food both to France and England. The northern departments not only feed thousands of cattle on the pulp of the beetroot,

but manufacture enough sugar for home consumption and foreign exportation. The mulberry plantations of Gard or Hérault, the wool of the Aisne, and the flax of the Pas de Calais supply the raw material of the textile fabrics of France. 'Les arbres de Normandie,' as Bernardin de St. Pierre called the apple trees, produce cider in abundance; wines and spirits of all kinds and qualities are manufactured from vines, beetroot, or potatoes; hops supply the wants of her people, though the loss of the Alsatian provinces has reduced the growth; olive-yards and walnuts produce oil for domestic use. France supplies the English markets with her early vegetables, the asparagus of Argenteuil, the artichokes and broccoli of Roscoff, and the kitchen-garden produce of the environs of Paris or the *hortillons* of Amiens. Every grocer's shop in Europe contains her almonds, her preserved fruits, her dried apples, or her tinned vegetables. According to the season she floods Covent Garden with her strawberries, cherries, pears, apricots, and plums; her *chasselas* grapes from Thomery, her peaches from Montreuil, or her melons from Vaucluse. Angers sends her flowers, famous since the days of King René, and Grasse her perfumes to every part of the country. Nor is France deficient in the more solid sources of national wealth. She has coal, iron, lead, stone, timber, slate, and clay for earthenware in rich abundance. La Belle France fairly earns the enthusiasm of her patriotic inhabitants by her natural fertility.

France is, in fact, a country of varieties and of differences; her climate, her soil, her scenery, her agricultural practices, her land tenures are no less diversified than her crops. Every climate, except that of the tropics, is represented in the country. Her soil is, on the whole, superior to that of England, and in one respect she has a marked advantage. Berri has its *brandes*, Gascony its *landes*, Champagne its bald, dusty chalk hills; but throughout the length and breadth of the country there are none of those stubborn clays which break the heart of the English farmer. Her scenery is said to be monotonous; yet every district, even of those which bear no marked features, differs from its neighbour. The rolling, treeless, unenclosed plains of Picardy are totally unlike the small, well-wooded, double-hedged fields of Normandy, or the *clostertes* of Anjou, or the copse-clad labyrinth of short, choppy hills and valleys of the Vendean *bocage*, where the peasantry could literally fulfil the command *s'égailler*, and disperse themselves like dew. The uniformity of English agriculture, land tenures, and

civilisation imprint monotony on much of her rural economy. But throughout France diversities of climate, landownership, and land tenure have left their mark. Here farm labourers are hired by the year, and are lodged and fed in the farmhouse; here they have their separate homes—houses which they have purchased with their savings—and small properties that supplement their weekly wages. Here each flock of sheep is the property of single owners, here of many Provençal sheepmasters; here, as in Champagne, the common herdsman leads the flocks of the villagers to the pastures. Here is a *métayer* or a *maître valet*; here a peasant proprietor, or a Picard, holding under the *droit de marché*; here a rack-rented tenant farmer, or a Breton *domanier à congément*. Each different system of land tenure affects the grouping of the rural population. In Seine-et-Marne or Somme, large farms and farmsteads, isolated from one another, are the rule, as on a smaller scale they are in Brittany. In Champagne, Picardy, or La Brenne the cultivators of the soil are grouped together in villages; a palisade of hedge and trees marks the clusters in which, on the high tableland of the Pays de Caux, the Cauchois congregate; in Marche the farmers are clustered together in village communities of peasant owners, each village group consisting of members of the same family. Architectural peculiarities mark the differences of climate or of soil; the white, flat-roofed, red-tiled houses of the south, the Norman farmsteads standing in the midst of pastures and orchards, the Pyrenean dwellings built of flints intersperse with courses of brick, the whitewashed buildings of Saintonge, the brick walls and slated roofs of the Ardennes, the black, lava-built dens of the Auvergnat, the sombre granite houses of the Breton, the thatched cottages of the Marche, the cave dwellings burrowed into the chalk cliffs of the Loire, each tell their own, and each a different, story.

Variety is at once the charm and the solid advantage of France. It is by her diversities of soil and climate that her peasant proprietary thrives. By the same diversity she is protected against foreign competition or adverse seasons. As in England the relations of landlord and tenant farmer constitute practically the only system of land tenure, and corn-growing and cattle-feeding her only agricultural industry, so her districts are purely agricultural or purely manufacturing. It is not so in France, and too much stress can hardly be laid on the contrast. On the one hand her land tenures are more flexible and more elastic, and her

modes of cultivation more diversified, so that all her eggs are not stored in a single basket; on the other hand, agriculture and manufacture are not separated into distinct districts. The squalid haunts of English trade are surrounded at the best by blackened wastes; in French Flanders dense population and high farming advance hand in hand. At the doors of factories, at the brink of coal-pits, is some of the best cultivated land in the world, land which affords recreation and profit to thousands of artisans. The importance of this feature in its bearing on the happiness of the industrial population and on the alleged pulverisation of the French soil can hardly be exaggerated.

To attempt within the limits of a single article a detailed picture of the varied rural economy of France would be an impossible task. We propose first to sketch the history of her agricultural progress; and, secondly, to glance at the existing condition of the cultivators of the soil, in order to see whether the varied relations of labour with land which prevail in France have stood the strain of agricultural depression better than the uniform system of landlords and tenant-farmers with which we are familiar in England. On some future occasion we hope to point out some of the features of her farming practice which may interest English agriculturists.

Traces still linger of the primitive method of common field husbandry upon which, in France as well as in England, was superimposed the feudal system. In Marche, for instance, the border country of 'no man's land' which separated the *roitelet* of Bourges from his English rival in Aquitaine, are to be found family communities grouped in villages consisting of from ten to twenty houses, inhabited by men of the same name who farm their private properties and enjoy the use of common lands. The Department of the Creuse, which represents part of this district, contains about $3\frac{1}{2}$ million acres. Of this, 1,900,000 acres are owned by peasant proprietors, and 650,000 acres are held in common. Interesting as it would be to trace the growth of this system out of the primitive village community, and to follow the steps by which it was almost universally exchanged for some form of feudal tenure, our present object is rather to sketch the growth in importance and efficacy of the despised practice of agriculture.

At first in France, as well as in England, the monks were the only pioneers of good farming. The North of France owes some of its agricultural pre-eminence to the start which

it obtained through the great monastic establishments with which it was studded. Already in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the monasteries had begun to reclaim the vast forest of the Ardennes which stretched from the east to the sea coast. In other districts their influence proved less advantageous. La Brenne in Berri, like the Vale of Evesham, was sacrificed to their desire for grain crops when pasture was the natural source of wealth. Yet even here it has been to the monks of St. Cyran and Méobecq that the Brennois owes the pisciculture of the district, with its three well-arranged ponds *à menu*, *à norrain*, and *à gros poisson*.

With the fourteenth century begins the literature of French farming. And here, on the threshold of the history, appears a distinctive difference in point of development between French and English agriculture. Charles V. caused the treatise of Crescentius of Bologna to be translated into French, and paid 1,000 livres to 'le rustique Jean de la Brie, dit le Bon Berger,' for his 'Livre de Berger.' Thus, while in England the gentry succeeded the monks as pioneers of agriculture, in France it is the State, whether represented by the monarchy, the empire, or the republic, which followed the Church in promoting the progress of good farming. The sixteenth century witnessed a general impulse to the study of farming. It was now that Herrera in Spain, Tarello in Italy, Heresbach in Germany, Fitzherbert and Tusser in England wrote upon the subject. In 1554 Charles Estienne, a member of the illustrious family of printers, published his 'Prædium Rusticum,' which was the first methodical work on French agriculture. It contains disquisitions on everything necessary for the *maison rustique*, descends into such details as the management of *mouches à miel*, and concludes with a curious chapter on sport and on birds and beasts of chase. As Googe translated Heresbach, so Gervase Markham made an English version of the 'Prædium Rusticum.' The gentry began to pay attention to the cultivation of the soil. Fitzherbert found relaxation from his judicial labours in farming; Michel de l'Hôpital solaced his exile from court with his farm at Etampes. One other book of importance belongs to this period. In 1563 Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter, wrote his 'Recepte veritable par laquelle tous les hommes de la France pourront apprendre à multiplier et augmenter leur trésors.' It may be compared with Fitzherbert's treatise on enclosure, and Markham's 'Improvement of the Weald of Kent.'

Religious wars checked further progress. When peace was restored, Henry IV. and Sully laboured to promote a better state of things. Strong in the faith that arable and pasture farming are the nursing-mothers of a State and the true gold mines of Peru, they protected agricultural implements from seizure for debt, offered rewards for the reclamation of wastes, opened out new roads, and urged the adoption of new crops and improved practices. Nicot had already introduced the tobacco plant; the potato was known as food for cattle; beetroot, hops, and forage crops were ready for use, but their value was little understood. To destroy the wolves which devoured sheep by thousands, Henry revived the *louveteurs* whom Francis I. had instituted; to improve the French horses he organised the State breeding establishments. In Olivier de Serres, Seigneur du Pradel, the father of French agriculture, the king and his adviser found an able coadjutor. At Henry's request, De Serres wrote a treatise on the silkworm. But his great work is his '*Théâtre d'Agriculture*,' published in 1600. He wrote of the beetroot: '*Le jus qu'elle rend en coulant est semblable au sirop à sucre.*' It was two centuries before his hint was taken, when France was thrown back by the loss of her colonial sugar supplies upon her native resources. He also insisted on the value of sainfoin, and introduced it into the Vivarais. Arthur Young was an enthusiastic admirer of the great French agriculturist, made a pilgrimage to his birthplace, Villeneuve de Berg (Ardèche), and subscribed to the statue then being erected to his honour.

Once more a dreary interval elapsed during which agriculture remained stationary. Colonial and commercial enterprise, or foreign aggrandisement, absorbed the energies of the ministers of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. As in England so in France, little use was made of the new crops which subsequently enriched the country. No care was bestowed on the improvement of live stock; horses alone received attention; the Government *haras* date from the seventeenth century, and the only important work published in the period is the '*Parfait Maréchal*' of Jacques de Soleyssel. Yet the name of Dom Pierre Pérignon of the Abbey of Hautvilliers, near Epernay, who died in 1715, deserves to be venerated as the inventor of champagne. The tide of fashion set in the direction of Le Nôtre's improvements, who laboured to show how

'L'Art peut subjuguer la Nature rebelle.'

The patronage of Louis XIV. was reserved for this 'Capability' Brown of the seventeenth century, and for Jean de la Quintinie, the first kitchen gardener of the day.

On the peasantry the reign of the 'Grand Monarque' inflicted cruel hardships. The frequent risings of the *Jacquerie* in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries proved that even the proverbial patience of a rural population was limited. Throughout the sixteenth century rebellions had been frequent; Guienne had had its *Piteaux* in 1541, and Auvergne its *Gauthiers* in 1562; in 1594 *Périgord* was harried by the *Croquants*, whose name passed into a common expression for a 'poor wretch':—

'Passe un certain croquant qui marchait les pieds nus.'

But the peasants had never before known such misery as between 1680 and 1750. In 1697 they were obliged, as Boisguilbert states in his '*Détail*,' to sell the land which they had painfully acquired in the two preceding centuries. Famine was chronic in rural districts; bread made of fern-leaves was the diet of the peasantry, and they died like flies. The winters of 1709 and 1740 were two of the severest ever known; the cattle plague which visited the country in 1747 carried off its victims by the thousand; taxes grew heavier every day, and their incidence fell exclusively on the industrial classes. The nobility flocked to Paris, became absentees, and vied with one another in lavish display, for which the peasant paid. Campaigns abroad denuded the country of its strength; at home the wars of religion or of the *Fronde* had turned districts, like *Berri* and *Sologne*, into deserts; the peasantry wandered over the country, listless, livid spectres, neglecting their land because they had no certainty of reaping its fruits, living on roots and herbs. Vauban, in his '*Dîme Royale*,' states that one-tenth of the people were beggars, and that five-tenths of the remainder could give no alms because they were starving. The revocation of the edict of *Nantes* destroyed hundreds of local industries which had eked out the earnings of the peasantry. Thus, to take a single district in the North of France, the hat factory of *Neufchatel* near *Caudebec*, the paper-mills of *Vire*, the cloth works of *Coutances*, the pin factories of *Conches* and *Laigle*, were either wholly or partially closed. The old Burgundian saying applied in the seventeenth century to many parts of Central France:—

'En mil trois cent quarante et huit
A Nuits de cent restèrent huit.'

Even the measures taken by the Government to prevent the recurrence of famine aggravated the evil. Everything was sacrificed to corn; the time for sowing was fixed by law; vineyards were ploughed up; no new crops could be introduced; the impoverished soil became more and more exhausted.

The second half of the eighteenth century witnessed a complete change. We turn, as it were, from the sombre etchings of La Bruyère to the smiling pictures of Watteau. The best side of the reign of Louis XV. and of the ascendancy of Madame de Pompadour is the encouragement offered to agriculture. The period from 1750 to 1789, in spite of many dark features, is the brightest we have yet reached in the history of French husbandry. Farmers felt the spur of commercial progress. Political science and philosophy combined to encourage agriculture. Law's disastrous enterprises had so shaken the old commercial system, that France welcomed with delight the theory that Quesnay and the physiocrats pushed to extravagant lengths, and believed land to be the only source of wealth, and tillers of the soil the only productive labourers. The Encyclopædists and Rousseau stimulated the love of rural life by their doctrine of a return to nature. Country pursuits became a passion:

‘Choiscul est agricole et Voltaire est fermier.’

Agriculture was officially recognised as a department of the administration in 1759. The *agromanie* was encouraged not only by Louis XV., his mistresses, and his ministers, but by men of science like Buffon. Sèvres china presented its idyllic pictures of Arcadian felicity; and Voltaire, the darling of the hour, wrote—

‘Et l'on ne doit pas moins pour le soutien du trône
A la faux de Cérès qu'au sabre de Bellone.’

Enlightened prelates, like the Archbishop of Bordeaux or the Bishop of Agde, who introduced into Lower Languedoc the African sheep of the *race barbarine*, vied with the lay peers in agricultural zeal. The Marquis de Turbilly was the Townshend of the new movement, and offered the best example of a reforming landlord. He improved his estates near La Flèche, reclaimed wastes, and incited his tenantry to healthy rivalry. He was the adviser of Louis XV., and of Bertin, the first Minister of Agriculture, and his ‘*Mémoire sur les défrichements*’ (1760) was studied by Arthur Young. A host of agricultural writers sprang up, among

whom may be mentioned Duhamel de Monceau and Mira-beau, the father of a more celebrated son, whose '*Ami des Hommes*' was published in 1755. In 1751 the first agricultural newspaper, the '*Journal Economique*,' was set on foot by Guettard and Boudet. An agricultural society was established at Rennes in 1757, and this example was followed in every part of the country. In 1761 a central society was formed at Paris, to correspond with the various local societies. A veterinary school was created at Lyons in 1762, chiefly through the instrumentality of Charles Bourgelat; and four years later a second was founded at Alfort. Prizes were offered at provincial academies on agricultural topics; courses of lectures were given on botany; steps were taken to create itinerant inspectors and professors; finally, Bertin himself opened the model-farm school at Annel-lès-Bertinval near Compiègne.

The movement culminated in the reign of Louis XVI., who placed himself at its head. Marie-Antoinette had her dairy at the Trianon, and Louis, by the aid of Daubenton, formed his flock of merinos at Rambouillet with the Abbé Tessier for its head shepherd. Great landlords followed the royal example, like the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, the patron of Arthur Young, who established his model farm at Liancourt, or the Duc de Béthune-Charost, of whom Louis XV. said, '*il n'a pas beaucoup d'apparence, mais il vivifie trois de mes provinces.*' It was now that Parmentier introduced the potato into cultivation as an article of human food; turnips were imported from England into the North of France, and the Government spent a considerable sum on the purchase of seed from English farmers; mangelwurzels were brought from Germany; the use of sainfoin and colza spread in the northern districts. Now also Althen, whose romantic life was chiefly passed in slavery in the East, introduced madder into the district of Vaucluse, made the fortune of the province, and died in miserable poverty. Gilbert, who might almost be called the Arthur Young of France, was the apostle of judicious rotations, and sought to replace the old three-course system, with its wasteful fallows, by such crops as lucerne, clover, vetches, and sainfoin.

The Government redoubled its efforts to promote the growth of farming. It recognised the value of statistical information, and charged intendants with the duty of procuring returns from every parish, many of which are still extant, of the prospects and results of the harvests. It distributed tracts and treatises, encouraged men of science to investigate

the principles of farming, fostered stock breeding. New systems, crops, and implements were introduced; new blood was imported from Denmark to improve the Breton horses; the Dishley sheep were smuggled into the North of France to cross with the merinos. Forest laws were better administered; rivers and watercourses were cleaned, straightened, and embanked. Fiscal imposts were lightened; exemptions from taxation conferred on the best farmers; military duties modified in the interests of the tillers of the soil; aid was distributed to those who had suffered from floods, storms, bad harvests, or the cattle plague. It is curious to notice the demand for free trade. Wages, it was said, could not rise unless corn was rendered dearer by permission to export. The eighteenth century at its close was a free trader, for the same reason which makes the nation at the end of the nineteenth protectionist. Other economists were more visionary or more enlightened. Turgot and Mirabeau dreamed of free trade in corn in peace and war, with friends and enemies. One of Turgot's first measures as a minister was to authorise the free circulation of corn within the limits of the kingdom, a measure which he had advocated in his famous letters written as intendant of the Limousin. In 1787 freedom to export corn out of the country was granted. A committee of agricultural inquiry was appointed on which sat such men as Lavoisier, Dupont de Nemours, Tillet, and the Abbé Lefebvre. Its recommendations throw considerable light on the existing state of agriculture. The committee complains of the inability of corporate bodies to grant leases, the incidence of tithes, the vexatious rights of common pasture. It deplores the small quantity of live stock, and points out the means of carrying a larger head afforded by roots and artificial grasses. It proposes to encourage domestic industries by the cultivation of flax and hemp and the establishment of spinning schools. It advocates, as the Abbé Rozier had already done, the creation of experimental farms. It urges the reclamation of sandy wastes by the growth of pines. The credit of this last recommendation was due to Brémontier, who was permitted to carry out his plan on the sterile districts between the Gironde and the Adour. In the reign of Louis XVIII. a statue was erected on the dunes, which he had fertilised, to the memory of the man who conquered for his country upwards of 370,000 acres.

For the most part the Government proved powerless to carry out its projected reforms; an empty treasury, an ex-

hausted credit, a corrupt currency, presented insurmountable obstacles. As though in mockery of deferred repentance, these tardy efforts only served to accelerate the Revolution. The peasantry were still exposed to cruel injustice. Inequalities of taxation, local and personal, urban and rural, exemptions bestowed upon the rich, different laws, customs, and usages created a chaos of inextricable confusion which readily lent itself to endless waste, corruption, and wrong. Turgot and Necker failed to break up the corn rings; societies of jobbers still raised and lowered prices; and it was the royal speculations in these operations which gave rise to the legend of the 'Pacte de Famine,' and sent the Paris mob to seek the *boulangier* at Versailles. Like all these tardy efforts at reform, the fashionable pursuit of agriculture and the sympathy of philosophers only rendered revolution more imminent. Formerly the peasant was sunk in torpid acquiescence; he accepted his condition as inevitable; his mind was concentrated on the accumulation of sou after sou to gratify his *soif du sillon*. Now he awoke to find that he was the only productive labourer, the sole representative of the virtues of primitive society; landlords apologised for the feudal dues which they exacted; State taxgatherers admitted the fiscal system to be intolerable. As the peasant paid his dues at the mill, the bakehouse, the winepress, the bridge, the market; as he was dragged from his plough to labour for others, while his own land lay untilled, his smouldering discontent was fanned into a flame. No longer torpid and apathetic, he was alert, open-eyed, straining his ears to catch the faintest whisper of coming change. At last two passionate desires banished every other feeling from his mind—the fierce wish to sweep away those royal, ecclesiastical, and feudal dues which he was told were as unjust as he knew them to be oppressive, and the intense longing to possess the land which he was assured was his by natural right.

When the storm burst, the condition of the peasant was indisputably improved. Territorial privileges were abolished, feudal incidents disappeared; the peasant proprietor was freed from his fetters. Though the Revolution did not create, it greatly enlarged his class. In the fourteenth century peasant proprietors were numerous in France, and, on the whole, they increased continuously. In 1697 they were forced, as we have seen, to sell their estates. But this check was only temporary. Forbonnais points out that in 1750 impoverished landlords sold their lands to their tenants.

Necker states that there was in his time 'une immensité' of peasant proprietors. Doniol ('Hist. des Classes Rurales') says that before the Revolution a quarter of the soil had passed into their hands. Arthur Young goes further when he declares that in 1787 a third of the land was tilled by peasant owners. The returns on which the land-tax was based in 1790 show that, in many districts, the number of proprietors then amounted to two-thirds of those among whom the land is now divided. It is probable that before the Revolution there were four millions of peasants who farmed their own land. The sale of the lands of the Church, the nobles, and the communes increased their number by nearly a half. It would have added many more, but that the sale of the common lands was suspended because it deprived commoners of their rights. The early extinction of commons in the north is one of the most important causes of its agricultural supremacy.

The National Assembly, the Convention, and Napoleon interested themselves in the promotion of the science of farming. Experimental farms were established at Sceaux and Versailles; Gilbert was employed to import merinos from Spain; a national sheepfold was established at Arles; Napoleon ordered an accurate agricultural survey of the country. But the real energies of the country were absorbed elsewhere, and progress was suspended. Thouin, François de Neufchâteau, the Comte de Chanteloup, François Yvart, and many others vainly strove to inculcate the union of science with practice. Their words fell unheeded on the ears of a nation absorbed in the conquest of the world or a death-grapple for existence. Another cause which impeded the growth of scientific agriculture was the ill-success of theorists. As Gabriel Plattes, Jethro Tull, and Arthur Young failed in land management, so the Marquis de Turbilly, the Comte de Chanteloup, and Althen lost fortunes by their experiments. In more peaceful times France has advanced with greater rapidity. Among the crowd of names associated with recent progress we shall mention only three—names hardly less familiar in England than in France—those of Mathieu Dombasle, de Gasparin, and Léonce de Lavergne. The first-named conferred inestimable benefits on the country by the improvements which he effected in agricultural implements. His statue at Nancy represents him in his simple farming dress, holding in his hand the 'Annales de Roville;' at his feet is the plough, which symbolises his extraordinary influence on the cultivation of the soil.

Since 1840 thousands of acres have been added to the profitable occupation of the country. Waste lands have been broken up, marshes drained, sands planted, foreshores enclosed; in Brittany alone 750,000 acres have thus been brought into cultivation. New roads have been opened up, new facilities of transport provided, new markets brought to the door of the farmer. Agricultural education, adapted to the scientific and the ignorant, has been organised by the State in a manner which cannot fail to produce important results. In the best cultivated districts of France the soil is well tilled, and the crops are well adapted to the requirements of the locality; the best implements are employed; marl, lime, and manures are freely used; the wasteful system of fallow is abandoned. Farm buildings have improved, and if less machinery is used in the cultivation of the soil, it is because less is required. But, true to her character for variety, the difference between the best and the worst cultivated districts is startling. The cereal produce of the country has more than doubled since 1815; the area of wheat cultivation has extended, to the restriction of rye and maslin; and, though the average yield of wheat per acre scarcely exceeds half that of England, that of oats has nearly doubled, and the French farmer competes successfully with his English rival both in the quantity and in the quality of his barley. In industrial crops the most noticeable feature is the extended cultivation of sugar beetroot, the lever of northern farmers, which has increased fivefold in the past forty years. In meadow management and in dairy work the French are admittedly our rivals; they are our superiors in the produce of their poultry yards. In horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs a marked improvement is manifest both in quantity and in quality. Yet the great deficiency in the rural economy of France still continues to be the comparatively small quantity of its live stock. For this there are several reasons. The peasant proprietor values his cattle for their work, as well as for their milk, meat, and manure. He cannot afford to keep two sets of animals, horses for the plough and cattle for the butcher. But this question of employing cattle in agricultural operations has recently assumed a new aspect. Formerly the peasant killed his cattle either too soon or too late—as young calves, or as worn-out animals from the plough. He still rears calves for the butcher, an operation which we in England regard as wasteful, but which is profitable for small landowners. He still sends his cattle to the market after they have served their time at the plough. But

he no longer sends them when they are aged and worked to skin and bone. He uses them carefully for five or six years, and then sells them to the grazier before they are too exhausted to be fattened. Frenchmen urge that the beef of healthy animals is far better than that of the unnaturally precocious beasts which our farmers send to market at two years old. Again, sheep have declined in numbers, and it is obvious that this diminution is the inevitable result of the extension of a peasant proprietary. There is no room for a flock upon his small holding. The extinction of *vaine pâture*, and *parcours*, and commons rights has destroyed the only means which the peasant possessed of keeping sheep. Other causes combine to produce the same result. Wool no longer fetches its price, and the peasant will not eat mutton. Since the days of Bakewell English sheep have been bred for meat; French sheep from the time of Louis XVI. have been valued for their wool. If it is said, Why not breed sheep exclusively for meat? the answer would be, Who is to eat it? Parts of Bas-Languedoc, and especially the department of the Aude, are the only districts with which we are acquainted in which the beef of the *pot au feu* is replaced by mutton. The labourer fed on the farm in Touraine or Anjou expects beef, and turns up his nose at mutton; domestic servants will rarely touch it. Except in the towns it is hardly eaten.

But if we trace to this deficiency of live stock the defects of French farming, the ultimate cause of both the one and the other is the slow growth of the population. All the improvements to which we have alluded have been effected without the stimulus of rapidly increasing numbers. In the seventeenth century the population of France was about twenty millions. The results of the last census, taken in 1886, have not yet been published; but in 1881 the population amounted to 37,672,000. The 'Journal of the Statistical Society' for January 1881 states that while the birth-rate exceeds the death-rate in Sweden by 11.5 per thousand, in Denmark by 11.1, in the United Kingdom by 9.2, in France the annual excess is only 2.3. In some districts the population is actually declining. This remarkable contrast between England and France explains the divergence in the agricultural history of the two countries.

In many points French agriculture has followed the same lines of developement as English farming. Both countries felt the impulse given to agriculture in the sixteenth century, which in both countries gave birth to a great agricultural

literature. The misery of rural France in the central portion of the period is paralleled by the condition of the rural population under the Tudors, though the causes were in the one case civil war, in the other industrial revolution. Towards the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, agriculture revives in both countries, only to be in both countries checked as the period advances. From 1740 onwards the progress of both countries was rapid. Farmer George, like Louis XVI., headed the movement; great landlords followed the royal lead; Lord Townshend, Bishop Watson, Arthur Young, Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Coke of Holkham, each had their French rivals. In both countries the taste was accompanied by a change in the prevailing tone of philosophy and literature; in both, the State recognised the need of improvement by the creation of agricultural boards. From this point the history of the two countries diverges rapidly asunder. The reasons of the divergence are sufficiently obvious. The French Revolution of 1789 was diametrically opposed to the agricultural convulsions which changed the face of rural England in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. France offers no parallel to the commercial exigencies which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries required the home production of wool, and evicted crowds of small farmers from the land to make room for the shepherd, his dog, and his flock. So again the circumstances under which the French and English Revolutions took place were widely different. The population of France remained stationary, while that of England increased at the rate of geometrical progression; the one country, confronted by the practical problem of making bread and meat for the million, concentrated her energies on the wholesale production of corn and cattle; the other, opposed by no such difficulty, developed a different system of land tenure and of farming. The effect of the French movement was to tighten the peasant's grasp upon the land, of the English to tear it from his clutch.

Population, then, is the factor which has mainly determined the course of agricultural development in England and in France. The contrast between the private enterprise of England and the State intervention of France is due to the different directions which the same all-powerful cause has given to farming. At home the Church, and subsequently great landlords and large tenant farmers, revolutionised agriculture; in France the Church and the State have been the chief pioneers of improvement. Where properties are

large State interference is rarely necessary, because enlightened self-interest generally coincides with public policy. But among a mass of ignorant small owners minute, isolated policies prevail, and the State alone regards larger interests. In the eighteenth century the existence, not merely the commerce, of England imperatively demanded large holdings, owned by capitalist landlords, and let to capitalist tenants. By this means only, when no foreign produce supplemented native resources, could the soil supply food to its vast population. France has felt no such overwhelming pressure of population; no inexorable law of demand and supply has divorced her peasantry from the soil. In England, for public purposes, the State favoured the growth of a small class of capitalist landlords; in France the State sacrificed the few to the many, and promoted the increase of small owners who stand on the border-line of pauperism. In England the State leaves agricultural improvement to private enterprise; in France, she supplies the capital and direction in which her land system is wanting. It would be a tedious task to describe minutely all the means by which in France the State discharges the duties which arise out of her agricultural policy. But there are not wanting signs that the French system of land tenure may, before many years are past, become, to a certain extent, the English system. From this point of view a brief summary of some of the leading features of State aid appears necessary.

In France, as in Germany, Italy, and the United States, agriculture is recognised as a department of the administration. Elementary agriculture is taught in primary schools, where children learn to distinguish between plants, grasses, and soils; often a plot of ground is attached to the school, which serves as an experimental farm. The school teachers are supplied with training in the subject by departmental professors, who, under the orders of the Minister of Education, give courses of lectures in the *écoles normales*. The rest of the system of agricultural education falls under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture. Three classes of schools are provided—(1) the *fermes-écoles*; (2) the *écoles pratiques* or *régionales*; (3) the *écoles nationales*. The fabric is crowned by the Institut Agronomique, which was removed from Versailles and reconstituted at Paris in 1876. The *fermes-écoles* are numerous and useful; among them are those of Trois Croix, near Rennes, St. Gauthier at Domfront, St. Michel (Nièvre), Nolhac (Haute-Loire). Many of these primary agricultural schools were founded by private

enterprise after the Restoration, but in October, 1848, they were recognised as part of the administrative system of the State. Lads enter these farm schools as apprentices, not as pupils. They must not be over sixteen at the time of entrance; they are fed and treated as labourers; they go through a course of two or three years, and at the end leave the school with a certificate which qualifies them to act as bailiffs. If they show any decided aptitude, they may obtain a bursary at one of the *écoles nationales*. The cost of each farm pupil to the State is about 10*l.*; the State also defrays the expenses of the salary of the director and his assistants. The director obtains the labour of the pupil for nothing, and manages the farm for his own profit and at his own risk. The *écoles pratiques* are assisted and superintended by the State. It was intended that there should be one school in each of the twelve regions into which France is agriculturally divided. These agricultural high schools are designed for the sons of the wealthier class of cultivators. The cost is from 400 francs to 500 francs a year. The pupils learn practical agriculture and the elements of physics, chemistry, natural history, botany, veterinary science, and stock breeding. They have not proved particularly successful; the best known is that of Merchines (Meuse). The three *écoles nationales* are placed in the centres of three districts of France. They are Grignon, near Versailles (Ile de France); Grand Jouan, near Nozay (Loire-Inférieure); Montpellier (Hérault), formerly La Saulsaie (Ain). All three schools were founded before the Second Empire—Grignon in 1827, Grand Jouan in 1832, La Saulsaie in 1840. They were all of them adopted by the State in October, 1848. Grignon is a huge brick building of the seventeenth century. It was given by Napoleon to the Duke of Istria, and bought from his widow by Charles X. for an agricultural college. Auguste Bella was the first director. The course of instruction lasts two and a half years; and each year is divided into two terms, the first from October to March 15, the second from March 15 to August. All the pupils are obliged to pass the entrance examination, unless they have previously taken the degree of Bachelier ès-Sciences. They may be either *externes* or *internes*. The *externes* pay 200 francs a year for their lectures; the *internes* pay from 1,000 francs to 1,200 francs for their pension and lectures. There are bursaries in each of the three colleges, which are filled up by open competition among the pupils of the farm schools. The Institut

Agronomique, which crowns the fabric, forms a faculty of agriculture.

Besides these schools in the general practice and science of agriculture, there are special schools such as the sheep farm at Rambouillet, the gardening establishment at Versailles, the school of drainage and irrigation at Lézardeau near Quimperlé, the three veterinary schools of Lyons, Alfort, and Toulouse, and the *écoles de dressage* like that near Caen. In 1879 departmental professors were appointed, whose duties are twofold. Under the direction of the Minister of Education, they lecture at the normal schools to pupils who are being trained as schoolmasters; under the instructions of the Minister of Agriculture, they hold conferences with the agriculturists, teachers, and proprietors of each canton, perambulate all the country villages to observe agricultural processes, keep in touch the various local societies, and spread the knowledge of improvements. By the law of June 16, 1879, each department is to be provided with a Professor, and their agricultural duties were minutely defined in a circular of M. Tirard in 1881.

Agricultural shows and competitions as well as horse-races are encouraged by the State. The great central show is held at Paris; but, for the promotion of provincial competitions, the whole country is divided into twelve regions, Algiers forming a thirteenth. These *concours régionaux* are under the direction of the State, which gives the prizes and pays the expenses of the judges. Agricultural societies have been formed under State patronage for the departments, the arrondissements, and even for the cantons. Veterinary science is a subject to which the State pays great attention. There is a veterinary officer attached to each arrondissement, who has passed through the four years' course at one of the three veterinary schools, and has received the diploma entitling him to practise. The powers of the veterinary officers are considerable. All the foreign live stock is subjected to a veterinary examination at one of the points at which it is permitted to be imported, and only sound animals are allowed to enter the country. Internally the existing law contains most stringent provisions for the slaughter of infected cattle. State indemnities are granted to owners of slaughtered animals. The State interests itself in the breeding of horses, cattle, and sheep. The Ministry of Agriculture contains, for instance, a *Directeur des Haras*, who has under him inspectors general and inspectors. At the Haras du Pin there is a free school, in which is taught

every detail connected with the management of horses. There are twenty-one dépôts of the great Haras de Pompadour; and more than 2,500 stallions are placed at the disposal of the owners of mares.

Nor is the State aid confined to education and the improvement in live stock. Each *arrondissement* has its *Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées* who assists proprietors in all drainage operations. In each *arrondissement* again there is the *agent voyer*, who inspects the roads of the district in his care. There are three different classes of roads, the *chemin vicinal*, *départemental*, and *national*. The first class is kept in repair by the Communes, the second by the Department, the third by the State. It is the duty of the road overseer to assess the expenses of the repairs.

Lastly, the State assists works of irrigation, reclamation, and similar improvements, indirectly through the *Crédit Foncier*, and directly with subventions and loans. It has facilitated means of transport, subventioned the erection of bridges in place of the old ferries, assisted canals, railways, and roads. It has aided in works of irrigation like those of Verdon near Aix, St. Martory (Haute-Garonne), Lagoin (Basses-Pyrénées), La Bourne near Valence. It has helped to improve barren wastes by such means as winter submersions in the valleys of the Durance, the Arc, and the Isère. It has attempted to replant the forests, and so check the ruinous floods so common in the mountainous districts of the Alps. It has assisted in the reclamation of La Sologne, the barren tract of heath and furze or sandy wastes diversified with marshy ponds, which formerly belonged to the Orléannais, and now makes up part of the Departments of the Loir-et-Cher, the Cher, and the Loiret: thirty years ago the district was a desolate thinly populated plain, soppy as a sponge in winter, dry as a cinder in the summer, and so unhealthy that the average length of human life was only twenty-seven years, inhabited by a stunted race whose stupidity passed into the proverbial saying of 'un niais de Sologne.' The State set on foot drainage works, cleaned out the watercourses, introduced marl, planted pines, and set an example which has been followed by many proprietors. So, too, it has aided to drain the district of the Dombes (Department de l'Ain) where grass alternates with water, and cattle with fish, and to bring into cultivation the *landes* of Gascony by pine plantations. Private companies, working with concessions from the State, reclaim bays of the sea on the west coast, and convert the marshes into polders; thus in the bays of Mont St. Michel,

des Veys, and Bougeneuf, thousands of acres have been reclaimed by the Compagnies des Polders de l'Ouest and de Bouin.

The agricultural history of France and England runs parallel for centuries, and then diverges in opposite directions. We have already traced the course of developement which French agriculture has followed, and alluded to one aspect of the different results which have been attained—namely, the contrast between private enterprise and State intervention. Another result is represented by the absence of peasant proprietors in the one country and their presence in the other; another by the uniformity of English, and the variety of French, land tenures. It remains to glance at these last two points, to investigate the condition of the peasant proprietary of France, and to enquire which of her land systems has best stood the strain of agricultural depression.

France and Corsica contain, roughly speaking, 132,000,000 acres. How is this property cultivated, and how divided? Both questions are difficult to answer. French statistics are often handled by English writers with very little caution. Thus no account is taken of whether Corsica is, or is not, included. Or again, in comparing the produce of 1840 and 1852 with that of 1862 and 1873, it is often forgotten that, by the annexation of Savoy and Nice, France gained an increase of nearly 3,000,000 acres, and that, by the Treaty of Frankfurt in 1871, she lost rather more than this through the surrender of Bas-Rhin and parts of Haut-Rhin, Meurthe, Moselle, and Vosges. By the annexation she acquired backward provinces, by the surrender she lost some of her best cultivated soil. It is therefore easy, if these facts are not taken into account, to establish a marked retrogression in agriculture between the years 1862 and 1873. Again, in estimating the produce of different classes of crops, several stumbling-blocks arise. Thus under the head of 'farineux' are included not only the ordinary cereals, but chestnuts and potatoes, which cover an area of more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres. Again, in the returns for 1840 and 1852, mountain pastures are not included under the head of productive land; in the returns for 1862 and 1873 they are so included. Again, in calculating the number of owners, it must be remembered that the number of *côtes foncières* supply an illusory test, since several *côtes* may be the property of the same proprietor. Lastly, the word *parcelle*, on the increase of which English opponents of peasant proprietorship

are apt to base their charge of the pulverisation of the soil, gives rise to ambiguity. Its meaning, as a term of land-surveying and of law, is not necessarily a small plot isolated from its neighbours and belonging to a different proprietor; it does not always imply a different ownership, but only a division and a different cultivation. Even those who bear in mind these pitfalls find statistics a difficult subject, and we can only vouch for the approximate truth of the figures given below.

Reducing hectares to their rough equivalents in English acres, these 132 million acres are thus distributed: $65\frac{1}{2}$ million acres are arable; the extent of cereal crops is about 40 million acres, of which wheat occupies 17 millions, and the remainder is distributed between barley, oats, rye, maslin, buckwheat, maize, &c. There are $18\frac{1}{2}$ millions of grass land; $6\frac{1}{2}$ million acres devoted to the culture of the vine; $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions appropriated to gardens, orchards, chestnuts, mulberries, olives, and almonds. $93\frac{3}{4}$ million acres are agriculturally productive. The remaining $38\frac{1}{4}$ million acres are thus disposed of: woods and forests, 21 millions; marshes, mountains, bogs, barren lands, 11 millions; lakes, rivers, watercourses, meres, and pools, $1\frac{3}{4}$ million; finally $4\frac{1}{2}$ million acres are occupied by towns, roads, &c.

The classes who own or cultivate this land are very various. But one remarkable feature deserves notice, because it presents so great a contrast with England, namely, the proportion which the rural population bears to the total population of France. At the close of last century Lavoisier estimated that fourteen millions out of twenty-five were engaged in agriculture. In 1851 the industrial classes numbered 83 per cent. of the total population, and 56 per cent. were agriculturists. In 1876 the industrial population had risen to 90 per cent., and 53 per cent. were engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The classes of which this large rural population is composed consist of landowners, tenant farmers, including *métayers*, *domaniers*, and *maîtres valets*, labourers, whether hired by the week, the day, or the year.

The first important question which arises is: How is the landownership distributed? In 1842 the population of France consisted of 33,000,000 souls or 7,000,000 families. Of these 7,000,000 families, 5,500,000 possessed land; 5,498,000 enjoyed annual incomes ranging from 3*l.* to 400*l.*; the remaining 7,000 derived incomes from their estates exceeding the last-mentioned sum. M. de Lavergne calculated in 1862 that $37\frac{1}{2}$ million acres were owned by 50,000

owners whose estates averaged 750 acres; $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions by 500,000 owners whose estates averaged 75 acres; and $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions by 5,000,000 who held properties averaging $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres. In other words, that one-third of the land was held by 50,000 owners, one-third by 500,000, and one-third by 5,000,000. The statement is too neat and clear cut to be absolutely true. Yet, so far as the number of small proprietors is concerned, it is substantially confirmed by the calculations of M. Bochin in 1871, and M. de Foville in 1884. M. Bochin reported to the Société des Agriculteurs that 14,000,000 names were entered for the land tax, and that, if 5,000,000 names were struck off as duplicates, the soil would be found to be divided between 9,000,000 proprietors, of whom $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the exact figure named by M. de Lavergne, are medium-sized and small proprietors. Half of this last class, added M. Bochin, are in a state bordering on destitution, paying no direct taxes, and even receiving parish relief. Thirteen years later M. de Foville divides properties into five classes: (i) very small, below 7 acres; (ii) small, from 7 to 15 acres; (iii) middle-sized, from 15 to 125; (iv) large, 125 to 500; (v) very large, above 500. He proceeds to show that, roughly speaking,

Class (i) occupies $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole land of France.

” (i)	”	$15\frac{1}{4}$	”	”	”
” (ii)	”	39	”	”	”
” (iii)	”	19	”	”	”
” (iv)	”	$16\frac{1}{4}$	”	”	”

Thus we may say that $64\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., or two-thirds, of the whole land of France is held by proprietors of small or middle-sized estates, ranging from below 7 acres to 125 acres.

It is very difficult to group the departments by the size of properties; yet, if it could be done, interesting light might be thrown upon the conditions necessary for the existence of peasant proprietors. The greatest proportion of large properties is to be found in two regions; the one situated in the south, south-west, and south-east, the other in the central districts upon the borders of the Loire. Thus, in the Hautes-Alpes 69 per cent. of the properties are over 300 acres; the Cher comes next with 54 per cent.; the Bouches-du-Rhône third, with $53\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the Basses-Alpes, Alpes-Maritimes, Hautes-Pyrénées, Pyrénées-Orientales, Basses-Pyrénées, Hérault, Ariège, Lozère, properties of 300 acres average from 30 to 50 per cent. of the whole. So

again, to take a central district, in Loiret, Cher-et-Loir, and Indre, from 40 to 50 per cent. of the properties are large. The southern zone of large properties consists in whole or part of mountain and hill. Here it might be supposed, on the analogy of Wales or the New Forest, was the locality best adapted to the peasant proprietor, because here he has rough pasture for his live stock. But as a matter of fact the rough pasture is nearly always let to Provençal shepherds, who come up with their caravans of sheep for the *transhumance*, which lasts for six of the summer months. This remark applies strongly to Hautes-Alpes, which stands first in the proportion of large properties, for it contains the famous mountain pastures of Orres and Vars. Cher stands second on the list, and may be taken as a representative of the central district of large properties. Here again is a country covered with wide expanses called 'brandes,' in which wild heath, sandy wastes, and marshy pools preponderate. It was one of the favourite hunting districts of the French monarchs. Here are situated the proverbially barren tracts known as La Sologne and La Brenne; here, too, are fed the flocks of Berri, which are the sheet anchor of the country, as is testified by the arms of Bourges—three rams argent on a field azure, with a shepherd and shepherdess as supporters. Bouches-du-Rhône, the third on the list of high averages, contains two large districts wholly unsuited to peasant farming. The first is La Crau, a dry, treeless uninhabited plain, on which some 200,000 sheep cover in the winter before the mistral, and pick up a meagre livelihood before the *transhumance*. The second is the Camargue, a district which is repeatedly flooded. Like La Crau it is largely given up to flocks of sheep, which, during submersions, have a right of asylum (*droit d'esplèche*) on the first-named plain.

The departments in which large properties are rarest are the following: Gers, Charente, Haute-Loire, Manche, Lot, in which from 6 to 10 per cent. of the properties exceed 300 acres; and Charente-Inférieure, Rhône, Tarn-et-Garonne, and Seine. It is impossible to assign any general reasons for the relatively large number of peasant proprietors in these departments. In each different locality much depends on the character of the soil and climate, the special crops, the rate of agricultural wages. Thus, for instance, in Manche, with its unrivalled pastures, its ready markets for eggs, poultry, and butter, its fruit orchards, and its domestic industries, peasant proprietors flourish. Owing to the

amount of grass and to the decrease of population, but little agricultural employment is provided. Consequently wages are very high, and self-farming is profitable. The same remarks apply to the neighbourhood of Paris, where the rural population is attracted into the city, and where market-garden produce commands a ready sale. In Rhône, again, where manufacturing industries abound which give employment to thousands of peasant proprietors, tenant-farming is unprofitable, while at the same time the market is good, and the peasant supplements his earnings in the muslin works of Tarare, or some of the numerous manufactories of Givors. So, lastly, Charente-Inférieure is well suited to a peasant proprietary. Its soil varies between the reclaimed marshlands of La Rochelle and Rochefort to the valleys and gently undulating plains of Saintes, the well-wooded district of St. Jean d'Angely, or the healthy ground of Jonzac. Peasant proprietors, who number considerably more than half of the adult male rural population, are to be found in the richest districts, where, besides the vine and the ordinary cereals, hemp, flax, fruits, and garden vegetables are grown in great abundance. There is also a large trade carried on in horses. One farmer breeds the colts, the other buys them at six or eight months and sells them at two or two and a half years old. Lastly, every farmhouse has its still for the manufacture of spirits; large quantities of oil are extracted from walnuts; and the paper works on the river Touve employ thousands of artisans who are also small landowners.

It appears, then, that in purely agricultural districts, where hired labour is cheap, or in mountainous and barren tracts, peasant proprietors do not thrive. On the other hand, the system of small farms worked by their owners succeeds wherever population is dense, labour dear, manufacturing industries abundant, and markets good for garden stuff, dairy produce, or poultry. The absence or presence of peasant proprietors depends on certain conditions of success, without which no peasant proprietor is eager to buy the land. They will not thrive wherever they are planted, a fact which is often overlooked by theorists who point to the French peasant as a proof that owners of land will make gardens out of deserts. The fact is, no French peasant makes the attempt where it appears useless. If he can command some specially fertilising substance like the seaweed which the Breton peasant collects, or if he enjoys exceptional advantages of climate like that of Roscoff, his industry and

energy know no limits, and he will in a few years transform a wild coast into a *ceinture dorée*. But it is not inland on the barren moors of heath, ling, broom, and stunted pine, that he thrives or even exists. A closer review of French farming will prove the point that the presence or absence of peasant proprietorship depends on the presence or absence of some essential conditions of success.

Compare the district round Yvetot and that near Neufchatel, both in Seine-Inférieure. The first is a sheep pasture, the second a rich grass country; in the one, one-fifth of the landowners are peasant proprietors, in the other, seven-tenths. Again, the most barren district in Maine-et-Loire is the county of Baugé and Segré; the richest is the vicinity of Saumur; in the first, large properties and *métayers* are the rule; in the second, half the land is owned and tilled by peasant proprietors. In Mayenne, where cattle breeding is extensively practised on a large scale, there are only 25 per cent. of peasant proprietors to 26 per cent. of *métayers*, and 49 per cent. of tenant farmers. In Finistère, on the other hand, where the peasant has reclaimed the country, which fattens a quantity of stock on the rich plain of the Leonais, which possesses the *ceinture dorée* of the coast and supplies the peasant with fertilising manure, the Breton will give anything for land: 53 per cent. of the farmers are peasant owners cultivating estates averaging $16\frac{1}{2}$ acres; 41 per cent. of the remainder are tenant farmers, and 6 per cent. are *métayers*. The department of the Indre contains three distinct regions—the Boischaut, Champagne, and Brenne. The first district is rich and fertile; the second and third are unproductive, barren, or marshy tracts, where the only product is sheep, and at nightfall the only sound to be heard for miles is the cry of the curlew or the bark of a sheepdog. In Boischaut, seven-tenths of the land is owned and tilled by peasant proprietors; in Champagne and Brenne large estates are almost the universal rule. Again, in the Department of Saône-et-Loire, in the Mâconnais, which is the richest district, there are 90 per cent. of small owners; in the Autunois, which is almost the poorest, only 25 per cent. The two great corn-growing districts of France are Beauce and Brie. The first is an arid, unwatered plain, where sheep and cereals alone can be produced, where natural pasture is hardly to be found, and where high farming is necessary. There the peasant proprietor is practically extinct. Brie is a well-watered tract, which in a dry season grows more wheat than even Beauce produces in a wet year.

It abounds in large farms, but in the grassy valleys are numbers of small peasant proprietors who till their own plots and eke out their earnings by hiring themselves out as labourers, rearing calves, or by dairy produce and market gardening.

On the other hand, such districts as Creuse, Puy-de-Dôme, Franche-Comté, and Champagne may be quoted against our contention. But, in point of fact, these apparent exceptions prove the point. Thus, the Creuse is a barren district, purely agricultural, in which wages are cheap, and peasant proprietors enormously preponderate. But it is to be noticed that here every peasant proprietor enjoys common rights, and thus he is enabled to exist. Yet here and throughout Auvergne, in which commons are numerous, the peasantry could not exist on their land. For nine months every year the Marchais leaves his home and hires himself out as a stonecutter or a mason; so also, for the same period, the Auvergnat emigrates in search of employment as a chimney-sweep, a scavenger, or a porter. Their wages enable the family to live during the winter, and, if necessary, to buy out brothers and sisters, and so avoid the *partage forcé*. These districts are often quoted, it may be observed in passing, as instances of the bad farming of small proprietors. This is unfair to the peasant. The farming is really done by the old men, the women, and the children; the stalwart youths are never at home during the months of agricultural labour. Again, in Franche-Comté there are upwards of 90,000 holdings, only 800 of which are above 100 acres, and 50,000 are under 12 acres. Yet the district is mountainous, and, therefore, apparently militates against our contention. The explanation is, that the mountains are not let to Provençal shepherds, but are the common lands of the upland villages, and that every peasant plies a trade. Many parts of Champagne consist of bald, bare, dusty chalk hills, which are naturally unproductive. Yet no country possesses more small farmers owning the land they till. The inhabitants are clustered together in villages, standing a considerable distance apart, and the pastures are held in common. Only the land which stands close to the village is well farmed. As you recede further from the hamlet, the cultivation deteriorates, and at the boundaries it is miserable. Every one of the village inhabitants is entitled to keep sheep in proportion to the acreage of his freehold; and every morning the common herdsman gathers the live stock and guides them to the common pastures. It is by these common pastures that the

peasant farmer holds his own, when he would starve on the produce of his arable plot.

The condition and prospects of the peasant proprietor afford agricultural writers a favourite theme. In France the system has its opponents as well as its advocates. One school of writers, founded by Arthur Young, urge that the plough is the only effective instrument of national prosperity, and that any land system which turns arable fields into spade-wrought gardens is not only deleterious but deadly to the health of a State. Gardens are valuable auxiliaries to comfort, but it is only by a broad system of agriculture that nations are fed. In the end it is said that the inevitable result of the *partage forcé* will be either to check population or to divide estates by logarithms. The argument is supported by the positive decrease of the Norman peasantry who secure the advantages of primogeniture by unigeniture, or by the pulverisation of land in districts like Chalonne on the Loire, where the estate is so minute that the proprietors enjoy it for a year turn and turn about. In the one case the country is denuded of its strength, and every year goes weaker relatively to foreign nations; in the other this *émiettement* of the land renders the soil a mere sandheap of disconnected atoms. These arguments are strengthened by other considerations.

The peasant proprietor is miserably lodged. He has often only a single ground-floor room, entered by a door which is the common entrance of the cowhouse and the kitchen. In this room, divided by a mere partition from the stable, the family cook, eat, sleep, live, and die, sharing the accommodation the house affords with the cow, the pigs, and the poultry. In many parts of rural France the cowhouse and stable are separated from the dwelling; but even then the house consists of one large ground-floor room, which is kitchen, dining room, and bedroom in one, for the farmer, his family, and perhaps his hinds. The solitary window, for the iniquitous door and window tax offers a premium to the worst ventilated dwelling, is stained and dimmed with dirt, spotted with the excrements of flies, decorated with cobwebs which prove that the window has not been opened in the memory of man. The floor, too uneven to be swept, is made of beaten earth or ill-fitting flags. At the door is a festering mass of rotten straw, a shallow cesspool as it were, into which stable, cowhouse, and pigsty are drained, and on to the top of which is thrown the filth of the house.

Again, the peasant proprietor is miserably fed. His food varies with the district, and also with his disposition. He might eat better food, but such is his parsimony that he makes a pleasure of self-denial rather than denies himself a pleasure. In Brittany many of the peasants live on porridge made of buckwheat, without milk, potatoes, rye bread, and buckwheat pancakes without butter. If they are a little better off, they add milk and salt butter, and pork and cabbage two or three times a week. Their drink is water or cider. In Normandy, on the other hand, food is good and abundant; at its worst it consists of galettes of maize with a little bacon, butcher's meat once a week, and cider. In Anjou the farmer is well fed, and the peasant proprietor and the hired labourer share the same simple abundance. In Touraine all classes can enjoy abundance of food. The hired labourer expects, if fed on the farm, to have meat once a day; he turns up his nose at mutton, and prefers white wine to red. In the central districts of France chestnuts are the staple diet of the rural population. In Berri, Marche, Limousin, and Auvergne, chestnuts are first placed in a well-heated room, then skinned, and boiled in a very small quantity of water, covered closely in and steamed so as to retain their flavour; they are then converted into a sort of porridge or paste and eaten hot. This diet is eked out with bread made from buckwheat or rye, and potatoes when the latter are not all wanted by the pigs. Chestnuts are also *l'arbre à pain* in the Cevennes, and are said to be more nutritive than potatoes. The position of the peasant, thus miserably lodged and poorly fed, is said to be precarious and perilous. He is a proprietor only in name. The real owner is the moneylender, and the peasant proprietor is a veritable serf. So fierce is the *soif du sillon* that, to gratify it, the peasant raises money at ruinous rates to buy land. He never expends a loan on improvements, but rounds off his possession by an additional purchase. No doubt this charge is in the main true. In some parts of France the mortgage debt is said to be 80 per cent. of the value of the land. On the other hand it should be borne in mind that the general average is only 16 per cent.

Again, it is said that the peasant is badly educated. He has never learned to read himself, and having prospered without education denies it to his children. Besides, he requires his boy to drive the teams, his daughter to herd the sheep. The average of persons above six who can neither read nor write in France is, speaking roughly, 30 per cent.

Doubs (Franche-Comté) is the best educated of the departments, with a proportion of only six per cent. unable to read or write. The lowest proportions are—Haute-Vienne 61 per cent., Finistère 56 per cent., Indre-et-Cher 54 per cent., and Allier and Nièvre 49 per cent. Haute-Vienne and Indre-et-Cher are two of those central provinces of France which possess a considerable proportion of large properties; and here *un niais de Sologne* has passed into proverb. Allier and Nièvre are distinguished for the prevalence of *métayers* and tenant farmers; nearly half the rural population of Finistère are tenant farmers holding under the *domaine congéable*. Haute-Saône, Doubs, and Jura are essentially districts of peasant proprietors; yet Doubs is the best educated department of France; Jura stands fourth on the list, and Haute-Saône ninth. In Champagne the peasant proprietor preponderates, and the people are so proverbially stupid that ‘*quatre-vingt-dix-neuf moutons et un Chamois font cent bêtes.*’ Yet the average of the departments of Marne and Aube show only 12 per cent. who are unable to read or write. Again, in the northern provinces and in Normandy, where the country is tilled by peasant owners, the number of those who can neither read nor write is far below the general average of France. It is therefore impossible to show that the peasant proprietor is worse educated than the ordinary cultivators of the soil. It is perfectly true that he is illiterate; he seldom or never reads a newspaper, and cannot keep accounts; but he is remarkably shrewd and intelligent. Every faculty of his mind is sharpened and kept bright by repeated bargainings for the sale or purchase of agricultural produce. At the same time he is trained in habits of industry, self-denial, and frugality. He may be poor, but he is rarely miserable; he is independent, and his lot is never hopeless. As a citizen he is far better equipped than the English agricultural labourer, who is vastly his superior in literary accomplishments.

Insufficient food, wretched accommodation, heavy mortgages, and a low standard of education, are no doubt evils to which the peasant proprietor is exposed; but they are by no means the inseparable conditions of his existence. There are, as it appears to us, more formidable arguments based on the operation of the *partage forcé*, which secures the permanence of the system while it aggravates its possible dangers. Thus the law of partition subdivides the soil by a blind mechanical law on no principle of supply and demand, and without regard to the fitness of the owner for the

management of the land. If a partition is demanded, it must be made; a will which leaves to each heir a separate compact estate, however equitable the division, is as invalid as one that leaves to one coheir the land, to another the equivalent in personalty. The effect of this arbitrary creation of a plurality of owners is very often to waste the estate in litigation, or force the land on the market, when it either ruins the owners by producing too little or their neighbours by producing too much. It divides the estate into such minute strips that there is not space to employ a full-sized spade. A turn of the plough on the wrong side for a single season robs one man of his property or doubles that of his neighbour. Trespasses are necessarily frequent, and behind them follows litigation. Revolutionary legislation has added fourfold to the truth of the feudal maxim, 'Qui terre a, guerre a.' It splits up the estate into separate and often distant plots, so that each individual proprietor owns several scattered parcels. Hence arise a loss of productive soil by the number of fences and unprofitable roads, a waste of time, and an increase of expense by the necessity of carrying implements, crops, and manure from point to point. Thus subdivided, district properties are so interlaced that agricultural progress is checked, and cultivation reduced to one level, and that level the lowest. To such a length is pulverisation carried, that a peasant proprietor is ruined by a single adverse season. His capital is exhausted, and he sinks from a landowner into a hired labourer. Between 1826 and 1835, for instance, half the landed properties in the kingdom changed hands; and half of these changes were due not to gifts or inheritances, but to sales, forfeitures, or exchanges. The land thus passes rapidly from hand to hand; it is *terre volante*; immoveable property circulates more frequently than moveable; it is invested in as a speculation; it is treated almost as if it were stock to be bought and sold on 'change. Again, the tendency of a peasant proprietary is to throw a country back among the rudiments of civilisation. Co-operation and division of labour cease. The peasant tries to produce all that he wants upon his farm; to have a plot for his vineyard or apple orchard, a piece of arable for breadstuff, a meadow for his cow. It cuts him to the heart to buy. Consequently he often ploughs up land which is best suited by nature for pasture, and thus wastes the natural advantages of the soil or climate. Lastly, it may be urged that compulsory division leaves no adequate authority, and no clear-sighted public interests. In a moun-

tainous district, for instance, like the neighbourhood of Embrun, it is no one's business to clear out watercourses, and a single goat may cause an inundation. Mountain torrents strew the plains with pebbles spreading outwards like a fan, and threatening to convert an Arabia Felix into an Arabia Petræa. The evil is to some extent met in such cases by State interference, and by the powers vested in the Préfet, under certain circumstances, to form a syndicate for works of drainage, irrigation, and protection against floods.

Other arguments may be urged on the score of agriculture against the system ; but we do not consider them established. It is, for instance, said that the peasant proprietor is an obstacle to high farming. He cannot keep the best stock ; he has not land enough for sheep ; he cannot afford to grow wheat. But the soil of France, like that of England, is no longer young ; and the question is whether intensive farming is not the best method by which an old country can supplement the supplies it draws from virgin soils—in other words, whether the French peasant proprietor who with unremitting toil and infinite patience concentrates his energies on agricultural produce, which is naturally protected by its rapidly perishable nature, is not steering a better course than the tenant farmer who competes with new countries in the production of corn, beef, and wool. Of most of the troubles which beset tenant farmers, peasant proprietors have no experience. Farms of any size are difficult to let, especially if they range above 150 acres. But the small farmer lives by his butter, his market garden, and his *basse-cour*. His eggs are collected by hucksters or *cocotiers* who carry them to the central dépôts to be packed. From an English point of view, the subdivision of land is excessive ; but we have not the same variety of soil, climate, and crops, which complicate the agricultural question in France.

But it is urged that, though the *partage forcé* may not yet pulverise the land, it must do so eventually ; and that then the impoverished peasant proprietor will find that there are no employers of labour, but only small owners as poor and miserable as himself. In theory, this result seems inevitable ; in practice, it does not necessarily follow. The outcry against small properties had commenced twenty years before the revolution ; to them agricultural societies then attributed the backward condition of farming. The sale of large corporate and private estates, and the distribution of common lands among the commoners, seemed to intensify the evils of a system which the *partage forcé* perpetuated. It

was not till after the Restoration that compulsory subdivision began to be dreaded. Previously pulverisation was checked by foreign wars; civil law made a man a landowner, military law marched him off to Austerlitz or Borodino. Yet equal partition had already begun to produce some bad results, for in 1826 the Government issued a manifesto offering special facilities and reduced fees to all landowners who wished to surrender their estates through inability to pay the land tax of 10*d.* an acre on their estates. Since that period, however, the peasant has not merely retained, but extended his hold upon the land; he has saved money, and, except in rare instances, has checked pulverisation 'au point,' to use the words of Benjamin Constant, who foretold the fact, 'au delà duquel il deviendrait funeste.' How has he achieved these results?

The peasant has extended his hold upon the land mainly at the expense of middle-sized estates, which are too large to be worked by the labour of the proprietor and his family, and become unprofitable if tilled by hired labour. Large estates have for the most part remained intact. French landlords rarely have the bulk of their property in land, and family arrangements are easily effected among the rich. The peasant has also saved money. He has made his small holding pay because he does not hire labour, or grow corn, or depend upon wool. He is a market gardener, a vine-dresser, a florist, a dairyman, and a poulterer. He grows certain special crops which require incessant and minute attention, for which the soil and climate of the country offer him facilities. He rears little or no stock. He feeds calves for the veal market; he either breeds or breaks in mules and horses; he sells his colts as soon as they are weaned, or at two and a half years old; and this division of labour places a profitable industry within the reach of the small peasant owner. Lastly, he has avoided, except in cases which scarcely affect the question of farming, the pulverisation of the land. Parcels have recently increased very slowly, and within the last three or four years they have positively decreased. This seems to show that the peasant is not so hungry for land as to buy it when its produce is comparatively valueless, or to split it up into liliputian estates which cannot be tilled at a profit. Often the peasant is attracted away from the land by high wages or the delight of town life; he is not unwilling to sell his land and seek his fortune in trade. In Normandy he preserves his estate intact by instinctively practising the principles of Malthus, of whom he has never heard. In the

north several small proprietors throw their land together and let it as a single farm to one of their number or to a stranger, under whom they work for wages. Sometimes one of the coheirs carries on the farm, paying rent to his brother and sister, or the two latter abstain from marriage and live under his roof, working as hired labourers. Difficulties are doubtless experienced when partitions of land are insisted upon, which result in numbers of interlaced plots belonging to different owners. But exchanges are more frequent since these partitions are no longer taxed as double sales, and the Government might do still more for their encouragement. Without infringing upon the essential principles of the *partage forcé*, it would be possible to permit the head of a family to leave his personalty to one coheir and his realty to another, provided that they were of equal value, or to render exchanges compulsory for the consolidation of the various estates on the demand of two-thirds of the owners.

So long as peasant owners are able to supplement their agricultural gains by industrial wages, they are especially prosperous. Thus the weavers of Elbœuf, the ironworkers of Conches, the cotton-stuff workers of the valley of the Andelle are not only artisans, but farmers, market gardeners, or florists; in the summer they are harvesters or haymakers. It is this combination of agriculture with manufacture which constitutes an important element in the happiness of Normandy. So again, Saumur has its enamel factories, Tours its silk fabrics, Le Mans its tinned vegetables, Angers its slate quarries, Cholet its cheap handkerchiefs, Laval its sacking and sailcloth, and in all these cases the artisan is also a peasant proprietor. In Vaucluse numerous industrial enterprises employ men who also possess small plots of land, such as madder, flour, and oil mills, silk spinning, brick and tile yards, and limekilns. So also the people of the Pas de Calais and the Somme are largely employed in local manufactures which supplement their agricultural earnings. So also in Franche-Comté the peasants are turners, lapidaries, electro-platers, wood-carvers, and spectacle-makers. The same remark holds good of the Nord with its high farming and dense population. It must be remembered, as was pointed out at the outset, that manufacturers are less concentrated in towns than they are in England. If there are no manufacturing industries in the locality, peasant proprietors like the Auvergnat, the Limousin, or the Nivernais, migrate in search of work for nine months of the year.

In other districts the small landowners work alternately for one another. Thus in the Basses-Alpes they eke out their profits by *moneta forestiere*; in Hérault they are day labourers who till their own plots of land, or, as their patois expresses it, *font l'impéraou* out of working hours; in Hautes-Pyrénées they hire themselves out for daily wages; in Tarn-et-Garonne the *pagés*, as the peasants are called, work in harvest times as *estivandiers* and *solatiers*.

The peasant proprietor has suffered comparatively little by agricultural depression. Employing no hired labour, and growing corn only for his own consumption, he has not been, and hardly can be, affected by foreign competition. But for the tenant farmer the agricultural crisis is hardly less serious in France than it is in England. The proof lies on every side. Forced sales of stock and rural bankruptcies are numerous; disputes are rife respecting claims to unexhausted improvements; farms are difficult to let, rents are falling, population migrates into the towns, land decreases in value. It no longer pays to grow wheat; flock masters get nothing for their wool; American pork undersells French produce; the florist of Angers complains of his Belgian rival; the madder of Vaucluse is beaten out of the field by indigo. Wages are rising in a falling market; labour is not only scarce and dear, but it has deteriorated in quality. The younger generation is not, it is said, like the old; lads go off to seek fortunes in towns, or cannot endure, after the gaiety of barrack life, the monotony of the country. Girls will not work like their mothers, but become dressmakers or shopgirls. In France, as in England, politico-economical questions are chained to the car of party politics; no one dares to investigate the principles which regulate commercial dealings. In France, as well as in England, a new privileged class has been created, that of the *rentier*, who escapes the taxation which crushes the agriculturist. As in England, so in France, through railway rates are said to favour the foreigner; and in both countries the cry grows louder that the cheapest loaf becomes the dearest when no one has money to buy it. If French tenant farmers have suffered less than their English brethren, it is because the land has never been called upon to produce two gentlemen's incomes, and because large employers of labour are never ashamed of the blouse and the sabot.

It is the tenant farmer renting a large farm, employing hired labour, and growing corn and beef for sale and not for home consumption, who has suffered by agricultural depres-

sion. One noticeable result of bad times is the increase of *métayage*. It is admitted by many agricultural writers that on this system landlords and tenants have got most out of the land, and have suffered least from the recent distress. The proof lies in the fact that not a few tenant farmers have lately preferred to take on their farms as *métayers*. If *métayage* is indeed the land system of the future, or even affords a temporary shelter from the storm, some few remarks may be usefully offered upon the shape which the tenure now assumes in France.

Like every other system of agricultural tenure, *métayage* has been greatly abused. Strong prejudices have been created against the system by the writings of Arthur Young and Mill, who studied the tenure in its most debased conditions. Before the Revolution, land farmed by tenants was almost universally let to *métayers*; in the north and north-east alone the tenure was exceptional. Even at the present day there are very few departments in which the system is not to be found, and it prevails extensively in the centre, west, and south of France. Mayenne is the most northern department in which *métayers* are numerous. Twenty-five per cent. of the land is cultivated by peasant proprietors; 49 per cent. by tenant farmers; 26 per cent. by *métayers*. In Finistère, 6 per cent.; in Morbihan, Côtes-du-Nord, Ile-et-Vilaine, 3 per cent. of the cultivators of the soil are *métayers*. In the Department of the Sarthe they number about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the Nord and the Pas de Calais their numbers do not amount to more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the farming population. In Eure-et-Loire (La Beauce), out of an adult male agricultural population of over 70,000 there are not 300 *métayers*. In Maine-et-Loire *métayers* are very numerous, especially in the wild Bocage districts of Baugé and Segré, where their numbers exceed 7,500. Further south they grow more and more abundant. In Creuse, for instance, the land is cultivated by *métayers*, or peasant proprietors, or village communities; the English tenant farmer is almost unknown. In the department of the Allier, which includes part of the Bourbonnais and Basse-Auvergne, more than two-fifths of the landholding classes are *métayers*. In the south, land is farmed either by peasant proprietors, or by *métayers* or *maîtres valets*. Tenant farmers are scarcely more numerous than *métayers* in the north. Thus the Gironde contains 19,000 *métayers* against 4,000 tenant farmers; in Tarn-et-Garonne there are 9,000 *métayers* to 700 farmers.

Métayage has altered for the better since it was condemned by Arthur Young and Mill. In details the system varies with every district; the main features remain the same. Landlords and tenants combine to stock a farm; the tenant tills the soil, and manages the live stock under the direction of the landlord; the profits are divided as the interest on their respective capitals. The theory is admirable. It applies co-operation directly and simply to agricultural industries; it forms an association of capital and intelligence with labour, of practice with science; it brings to bear on both partners the strongest motives of self-interest. So long as landlords were resident the system succeeded, because the métayer worked under the eye of his partner. But when estates were too small to offer inducements to landlords to adopt a country life, or large enough to support them as courtiers, the system was grossly abused. Landlords resided in towns because town life offered more distractions to the wealthy, or more professions to the poor. They knew nothing of farming, abandoned the sentiment of their position, looked upon their land as so much capital realising a certain interest, and generally handed it over for fixed payments to farmers, who sublet to the métayers. This middleman, frequently a notary, was, like his employer, a bourgeois. He knew too little of farming to increase the yield from the land, and yet was determined that it should yield three rents. The terms of the tenancy grew more harsh, and the *cheptel* more niggardly. Lime and marl were unknown; no artificial manure was used; the plough was that of Triptolemus; the cropping antiquated and barbarous. The métayer, never receiving any advice or instruction, surrounded by other tenants as ignorant as himself, plodded on in the footprints of his ancestors, content if he could avert starvation from himself and his family. With his land and farmbuildings he was given a *cheptel*, consisting of eight oxen for the plough, half a dozen lean, wretched, inbred cows, a small flock of sheep, and two or three sows. All the animals were dwindling to half their proper size. Two-thirds of the land was arable; an unmanured meadow occupied one-tenth of the farm; the rest was left, with the assistance of broom, heath, or gorse, as coarse pasture. The land was incessantly cropped for potatoes, buckwheat, maize, barley, rye. The metayer's own contribution to the stock was about a fourth of that of the proprietor—two carts, two or three wooden *ariaus*, two harrows (also of wood), the harness of the oxen, sickles, hoes, and other implements.

Within recent years the system has been revolutionised. Divisions of property compelled landlords to reside on their estates, supervise the letting and management of the *métayages*, and dispense with farmers or middlemen. If landlords are interested and skilled in agriculture, the system offers exceptional advantages. The tenancy is not inherently aggressive; it does not lend itself so readily to the reclamation of land as a peasant proprietary; it is rare to find *métayers* who have reclaimed land. But where the landlord is ready and competent to take the initiative, the tenure has achieved wonders. It doubles the capital, entrusts to the brains the direction of the enterprise, and supplies the incentive of self-interest to the labour.

One condition of success is that the farm should not be too large to be cultivated by a single family. If hired labour is employed, the conditions of the tenancy become complicated by the question of wages, and misunderstandings frequently arise. The size of an arable *métayage* farm varies from thirty to seventy acres. In vine-growing countries the holdings are smaller. The land is generally let on lease for three or six years; afterwards the tenure is renewed by the *tacite réconduction*, subject to a six months' notice to quit on either side. Far more capital is put into arable farms by both the partners. Formerly the value of the landlord's *cheptel* rarely rose above 40*l.*, and the tenant's contribution often fell below 10*l.* Now both parties often contribute from 70*l.* to 100*l.* apiece, besides the capital which the landlord has sunk in the improvement of his land. The *métayer* pays a necessary rent which represents half the land tax, half the seed corn, the rent of his house and private garden, his use of potatoes, milk, and wood, and the profits of his poultry yard, the larger share of interest on invested capital which belongs to the landlord. This rent varies from 2*s.* to 1*s.* an acre. Subject to the deduction of this sum, or its equivalent in kind, the profits or produce of the farm are equally divided. The landlord contracts to keep the buildings in repair, to maintain the fire insurances, and to pay the taxes. The *métayer* agrees to keep the fences and implements in good order, to till the soil and tend the stock *en bon père de famille*. All forage crops grown on the farm are to be consumed on the premises; the milk is set aside, in the first instance, to rear the calves—the surplus belongs to the *métayer*. The cattle and other live stock are valued at the commencement of the tenancy; at the close of each year, or at the expiration of the lease, the profit or loss is shared

between the partners. All the expenses of cultivation fall upon the *métayer*. The course of cropping, the sale and purchase of stock, and the general plan of management are determined by agreement between the partners; in case of dispute the landlord's will prevails. In vine-growing districts the *métayer*, *bordier*, or *méger*, is often rather a *maître valet* than a *métayer* proper. The proprietor finds a *vigneronnage complet*, that is land, vines, buildings, implements, utensils, pays half the taxes, and defrays half the cost of the straw and poles; the tenant undertakes the culture of the vine, the vintage, and the operations of wine-making. The profits are divided upon terms which vary with each contract. The essential difference between the *métayer* and the *maître valet* is that the latter contributes nothing to the joint enterprise except his labour. He is a *métayer* in embryo; he occupies a lower step in the social ladder. He takes a farm for a year, and cultivates the soil under the direction of the landlord. He is paid a fixed sum in money, and a fixed proportion of the produce. He also shares in the success of the farm, receiving, for instance, a tenth of the fleeces or of the increase of the live stock. The system is very common, not only in the vineyards but on the arable farms of the south. Very often farms are taken by associations of *métayers* called *personniers*, or by companies of *maîtres-valets*, who work under the supervision of their leader, or *bourrat*. Some of these associated farmers have cultivated the same land for many years in succession; and when they break up, the farm is generally taken on by one of the old association.

Métayage is the most important, but by no means the only, modification of the ordinary relations of landlord and tenant which prevail in France. Two of the others might be studied, if space allowed, in their bearing upon the Irish land question. The *domaine congéable* of Brittany still finds supporters, and prevails extensively in Finistère. Of the *droit de marché* of the Picard farmer, with its dark tale of agrarian crime and outrage, and its immemorial practice of boycotting land-grabbers or *dépointeurs*, we will only observe, as a coincidence, that it must have been familiar to every divinity student of Douai or St. Omer. But, for practical purposes, the condition and prospects of peasant proprietors and *métayers* are of greater interest to English agriculturists.

No one will deny that the system of peasant proprietors is socially advantageous. It affords a training to the rural population for which we in England have found no substi-

tute. It checks the centralisation of pauperism, the overgrowth of population, and the migration into towns. The element of stability which it contributes to the State is more valuable to the French than ourselves. There the towns are inflammable as touchwood, while the country ignites more slowly. Yet even here it is useful to have a class of slow-thinking men, who will answer political firebrands with 'Cela est bien, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.' But, while conceding the advantages of a peasant proprietary, we cannot ignore the difficulties which beset its establishment. The poverty and misery or the wealth and happiness of French peasants are often exaggerated in the interests of politicians or of theorists. We have endeavoured to show that the small owner is not superior to the ordinary conditions of agricultural success. He will not thrive wherever he is planted, or exist on land which starves a rabbit. The chief conditions of his prosperity do not exist in England. We have no commons, no domestic industries, no union of agriculture with manufacture, no special crops for which his minute labour is peculiarly adapted. Some of these conditions can be created; but it is well to bear in mind what is entailed in the establishment of a peasant proprietary, as well as to recognise the duties which such a system throws upon the State.

Finally, we have drawn attention to the métayage system, because it has in France proved the best shelter for tenant farmers against the agricultural storm. The capacities of the tenure have been severely tested, and it has not broken down. This fact should at least remove the prejudices, based on obsolete conditions, which are entertained towards métayage. The English farmer has lost the whole or the greater part of his capital. Métayage suggests a means of uniting capital and labour, self-interest and intelligence, in the cultivation of the soil. But the experiment must necessarily fail unless implicit confidence exist between the landlord and his working partner.

ART. II.—*The Cruise of the 'Marchesa' to Kamschatka and New Guinea; with Notices of Formosa, Liu-kiu, and various Islands of the Malay Archipelago.* By F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, M.A., M.D. (Cantab.) In two vols. London: 1886.

IN the collection of fables in Sanskrit, known as the Pañchatantra, i.e. 'five volumes,' it is said that 'he 'who does not go forth and explore all the earth which is 'full of many wonderful things is a well-frog;' or in the neatly versified rendering of a modern scholar—

' The incurious men at home who dwell,
And foreign lands with all their store
Of various wonders, ne'er explore,
Are simply frogs within a well.'

Certainly Dr. Guillemard is no well-frog; on the contrary, the author of the work before us—one of the most attractive books of travel ever published as a record of English exploration—has, Ulysses-like, wandered far in distant lands, and in two handsome volumes has given us an extremely interesting account of his adventures and the results of his scientific investigations. *

' Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat, studio minuyente laborem.' *

The 'Marchesa,' an auxiliary screw schooner-yacht of 420 tons, Mr. C. T. Kettlewell being captain and owner, left Cowes on January 8, 1882; she visited Ceylon, Formosa, the Liu-Kiu Islands, Japan, Hongkong, the little known islands of the Sulu Archipelago, and the territory of the North Borneo Company. Returning to Singapore to take in stores, the 'Marchesa' then proceeded to Sumbawa, Celebes, and other islands of the Malay Archipelago and to New Guinea; she returned to Southampton on April 14, 1884. Dr. Guillemard gives an interesting account of his visit to the island of Formosa, but a few days only could be spared for a visit. The western half of the island is chiefly occupied by Chinese, while the eastern portion is inhabited by aborigines, of whom an old writer in his 'Account of the Island Formosa' says: 'You must know that these natives are very wild and 'barbarous, and that, a certain ship called the "Golden Lion" being driven upon the coast by tempest, they killed 'the captain and most of his crew.' This reputation the

* Ovid. Met. iv. 294.

natives fully deserve to this day, for certain death awaited every one shipwrecked on the eastern and southern shores of the island for many years, 'the head-hunting propensities of 'some of the Formosans being as keen as those of any 'Dyak.' In 1867 the United States consul at Amoy concluded a treaty with Tok-e-tok, the chief of the southern tribes, by which the latter engaged to protect any stranger who might land, and to permit the erection of a fort as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners. In 1881 a lighthouse was erected at Nan-sha, the extreme south of the island, and this part of Formosa, we are told, 'may now be considered tolerably safe, but for any one in search of adventure the east coast still remains open. It is more than 'doubtful, however, whether the results of the explorer's 'experiences would ever be given to the world.' The gorges and precipices on the east coast of Formosa must be extremely grand.

'There are few more stupendous cliffs than those of the Yosemite Valley in California, and if any one wishes for a sensation of height, combined with others, to a novice, of a less pleasing nature, he has only to

* 'hang half-way down
As one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade'

in search of birds' eggs over the grand sea wall of Hoy in the Orkneys. I have dropped my pebble over the edge of the 2,000 feet of perpendicularity which the Penha d'Aguia, in Madeira, opposes to the Atlantic surges, and have admired the glories of the ironbound coast of Norway. But all these fade into nothingness beside the giant precipices of Formosa.'

Keelung and Tamsui in the north of the island are the principal harbours; the former town partly owes its prosperity to the proximity of some coal beds, which the Chinese have for a long time worked 'in the most primitive 'fashion;' shafts were abandoned from having become flooded. English miners were imported in 1876, and since that time the output has been steadily increasing, as much as 500 tons *per diem* being an estimated quantity. The country round Keelung is charming in its rich green dress of bamboo groves and paddy; but the odours of the town, which Mr. Taintor has stigmatised as the 'filthiest town in 'the universe,' are probably unrivalled.

'Japan in summer is unpleasant; China more than occasionally oversteps the limits of our powers of endurance; but for breadth and expression, for solidity, tone, and execution, the perfumes of Keelung must rank far above those of either. Here the sanitary inspector

existeth not, and carbolic is a thing unknown. No respectable disease can complain of not having a fair field. By all the laws that modern science has taught us, by all our researches in micro-organisms, by every sacred axiom of medicine, we can confidently predict the certain death of every inhabitant in the course of the next two or three days, although, with the habitual caution of a physician, we may admit the possibility of one or two of the strongest lingering until the end of the week. But next day everything is as usual, and the fat old gentleman who constructs the queer little boats that in China do duty for coffins does not seem to be suffering from any particular press of business.'

The island of Formosa, a third part of which only lies within the tropics, is about 210 miles long and seventy broad. The soundings in the Formosa Strait, which separates the island from the mainland of China opposite Foo-chow, show the island to be connected with the mainland by a submarine bank submerged to a depth of not more than twenty to forty fathoms. The eastern face of the island, on the contrary, abuts immediately upon a deep sea, soundings of more than a thousand fathoms being found within a short distance of its shores. Here, then, we have 'the eastern limit of the vast continent with which at no very remote geological period the islands of Borneo and Sumatra were also united.' The zoology of Formosa leads to the same conclusion. The study of the Formosan avi-fauna 'shows that this tendency to Indian and Malayan rather than to Chinese forms is most striking.' In Formosa there are forty-three species peculiar to the island—an enormous number, as our author says, considering the fact that the Chinese coast is barely sixty miles distant—and of these twenty are representatives of regions other than the adjacent mainland. The same tendency is noticeable among the mammals. These facts, as the late Mr. Swinhoe and the illustrious Mr. Wallace have shown, would lead us to conclude that

'Formosa should be classed among the recent continental islands, and also that at the time of its connection with the mainland the ancestors of the Formosan, Indian, and Malayan forms were equally dispersed throughout the intervening, and at that time undivided, continent. After the separation of Formosa and the Malayan Islands, the altered geological and climatological conditions were such as to cause the disappearance of many forms of animal life, except in localities where the required conditions, such as dense forests or high mountain ranges, still remained. The immense number of peculiar species, however, tends to show that Formosa must have become detached from the mainland at some tolerably remote period, for we know, from a consideration of our own as well as of other islands, that

the progress of formation of a species is one of a by no means rapid character.'

There are no active volcanoes in Formosa, but constant evidences of volcanic action throughout the island show that it forms a link in the great chain which runs from Kamschatka southward to the Philippine Islands. Hot springs and solfataras are found near Tamsui, and sulphur, though forbidden by the Chinese Government, is produced and exported to Hongkong. The three or four millions of Chinese that people Formosa gain their living chiefly as cultivators of the varied vegetable products of the rich soil. They are not a mining people. The country produces enormous quantities of rice in the plains and also sugar; in jute, indigo, tobacco, tea, grass cloth fibre, rattans, and rice-paper so called,* a considerable trade is carried on. The dense primeval forests of Formosa produce an almost inexhaustible supply of camphor. The tree which yields the camphor of commerce is a kind of laurel (*Camphora officinarum*), and the Chinese inhabitants of Formosa steadily advance in their search for this valuable wood, which fetches high prices at Hongkong and other Chinese ports, but the export of late years has steadily diminished owing to the hostility of the natives, for additional ground 'is only gained 'at the cost of many a Chinaman's head.' Formosa, though not strictly tropical, is extremely hot; the rainfall in the north and east is very heavy during the prevalence of the north-eastern monsoon. From November to the end of April more than one hundred inches fall at Tamsui, due to the Kuro-siwo, or Japanese current, the gulf-stream of the East. As the monsoon blows over this heated water, and comes in contact with the great mountain ranges in the north and centre of the island, a surcharge of moisture is precipitated, and to the eastern coasts of China 'Formosa acts as a sort of umbrella,' and the winter and spring in those Chinese districts are a period of almost uninterrupted sunshine. Notwithstanding its pleasant European name, Formosa, being no

* The so-called rice-paper used by the Chinese for painting on is the pith of a plant of the Ivy family, the *Aralia papyrifera* of Sir William Hooker. Dr. Guillemard says it is peculiar to Formosa, and grows wild in many parts of the island. 'It is pared concentrically 'by hand, and the thin sheets produced are moistened and joined at 'the edges, and finally pressed and dried, when it is ready for the 'Chinese artist to depict upon it the discords in red and green he so 'generally affects.'

stranger to climatic eccentricities of various kinds, does not hold out any inducement as a place of home residence; 'the visitor, unless he be a naturalist, will subscribe to the opinion once expressed before the Geographical Society by a distinguished traveller, that Formosa, like Ireland, is a very good country to live out of.'

From Formosa the 'Marchesa' proceeded to the Liu-Kiu (Loochoo) group of islands which lie 250 miles E.N.E. of Formosa. These islands have been seldom visited by Europeans, as they lie far out of the beaten track, and the inhabitants are disinclined to permit the exploration of their country. They were visited by Captain Basil Hall in 1816, who gives the first detailed account in later times, in his 'Voyage of the "Alceste" and "Lyra;"' he describes the inhabitants as a quiet and peaceloving race, to whom traders, rum, guns, and other implements of civilisation are practically unknown, and whose natural tendencies seem to be towards virtue rather than vice. The voyagers of the 'Marchesa' were curious to know how far the changes of three quarters of a century had served to destroy the many charms of the self-styled 'nation that observes propriety;' and happily, as Dr. Guillemard says, they were not doomed to be disenchanting. Commodore Perry, an American, whose account, however, of the character of the inhabitants does not tally with that given by Captain Basil Hall—for he says the people are ignorant, cunning, and insincere—visited this group of islands in 1854, and spent several months in Okinawa-sima, the largest island of the archipelago; he established a treaty between the two countries, in which the Liu-Kiuans agreed to show all courtesy to vessels sailing under the American flag. These islands are partially volcanic and 'form one of the links in the great plutonic chain that skirts the eastern shores of Asia and, passing southward through the Philippines and Moluccas, joins the southern and yet more remarkable belt which traverses Sumatra, Java, and the islands to the eastward.' Landing at Napha-Kiang on an excellently built pier in the inner harbour, the voyagers were beset by crowds of natives whom curiosity had attracted. It was with the utmost difficulty that they were able to make way through the dense mass of humanity which surrounded them, but there was 'no disorder or horseplay, such as would have been the case in England;' not a single woman was visible, but children perched on their fathers' shoulders regarded the visitors with solemn infantine wonder and quiet approval. The streets have a most peculiar appearance, for

the houses are built in little compounds, separated from the street and from one another by massive walls composed of large blocks of coralline limestone, eight to fourteen feet in height and of great thickness, sloping outwards at the base like those of the old feudal castles of Japan, and beautifully built. They seem to be of great antiquity, and the islanders do not continue to build them at the present day; they were originally constructed for purposes of defence. Every man's house is literally his castle, the entrance to which is through a narrow and easily defended door in the high wall.

'Within the scene changes, and in a second of time one is transported to another country. The houses, built entirely of wood, and dark brown with age, display their interior with the inviting hospitality so characteristic of Japan. The inmates, ignorant of the chairs and tables of Western civilisation, recline peacefully on the thick oblong mats plaited of rice-straw, and play at shattering their nerves with the contents of liliputian teacups and still more liliputian pipes. Outside is the familiar garden that all of us, whether from books or from actual experience, know so well. The pebbly paths leading to miniature bridges over embryonic lakes, the little stone lanterns, the quaintly clipped trees—all are Japanese; and as one makes a rapid passage back to the Liu-Kiu Islands through the gate, not a shadow of doubt remains in one's mind as to the justice, ethnographically speaking, of their having fallen under the dominion of the Mikado.'

The vice-governor of the islands was invited on one occasion to dine on board the 'Marchesa,' and he accepted the invitation; he was accompanied by the secretary of the governor, and a little Japanese doctor called Uyeno, who, 'possessed of a vocabulary of some thirty or forty 'English words and nearly as many French,' acted as interpreter. 'The conversation at first hung fire, but the champagne being very much approved of, it became more lively 'as dinner went on, and before long everything was progressing swimmingly.' Though knives and forks were almost unknown to the visitors, they managed them with praiseworthy dexterity after watching the right mode of using them.

'Among the many dishes that must have been new to them was asparagus, and it evidently puzzled them to guess its origin. Uyeno's first essay at eating it was not very successful. Looking nonchalantly around, he discovered—and, doubtless, made a mental note of the fact—that this was apparently one of the few things that Englishmen eat with their fingers, and, with the habitual goodbreeding of his race, endeavoured to follow his host's example. Seizing the vegetable by its head, he was at first somewhat dismayed to find it come off in his fingers; but, nothing daunted, he again returned to the charge, got a

firm hold lower down, and commenced operations. There are doubtless many things in the cuisine of our country which are more interesting than the butt-end of a shoot of tinned asparagus, and he was munching it with a comical air of mingled wonder and resignation, when one of us, whose gravity was least disturbed by the proceeding, took compassion on him, and mildly suggested that in general there was more nutriment to be obtained at the soft end. His advice was at once adopted, but the sudden change of expression to one of complete satisfaction and approval was so irresistibly comic that we were one and all convulsed with suppressed laughter.'

Shiuri, the capital of Okinawa-sima, possesses remarkable fortifications, which include within their three lines a vast area; the masonry is almost Cyclopean in character, and the blocks of stone are joined with wonderful accuracy. Besides the three distinct lines of irregularly constructed fortifications, 'there is a perfect labyrinth of smaller walls, among which it would have been no difficult matter to lose one's self; while the citadel within the inner line rises here and there into picturesque towers and battlements, delightful to an artist's eye.' Some of the walls are more than sixty feet high and of enormous thickness, and in the old days of bow-and-arrow and hand-to-hand fighting must have been impregnable.

At the south end of the courtyard of the castle of Shiuri is the entrance to the ancient palace of the kings of Liu-Kiu, a holy of holies into which no European appears to have penetrated previously to Dr. Guillemard's visit. We can imagine the interest with which our author passed between the two huge stone dragons that guarded the entrance, and found himself within the sacred precincts. But, alas! there was nothing but damp and dismal memorials of past Liu-Kiu glory; as the visitor passed through room after room, through corridors, reception halls, women's apartments, through a perfect labyrinth of buildings, he witnessed only a state of indescribable dilapidation.

The visit to these islands resulted in very little in the way of curiosities or zoological specimens; there seems to be great paucity of bird life; but the shortness of the visit, and the crowds by which our travellers were surrounded, prevented any real work in this direction, and 'the islands still remain an almost virgin ground for any future explorer both in this as well as other branches of natural history.' From the Liu-Kiu Islands the 'Marchesa' started northward, bound for Kamschatka, through the lonely and misty seas of the North Pacific, and in due time the sharp peak of the

Vilutchinska volcano—a graceful cone of about 7,000 feet—revealed the position of the vessel, which soon arrived at the narrow entrance of the bay of Avatcha, which is described as one of the finest harbours of the world, if not actually the finest, Rio and Sydney yielding the palm to their Kamschatkan rival. The scenery of the coast of south-eastern Kamschatka, with its precipitous cliffs at the foot of which none but a bird could land, its deep valleys running down to the sea at whose mouths still lay the accumulated masses of last winter's snow, its pinnacle rocks like rows of huge iron teeth, must be superb. Steaming steadily towards land the 'Marchesa' enters the harbour of Petropaulovsky, which is little more than a hamlet of about 200 or 300 inhabitants, of whom eight or ten are Europeans. If the human inhabitants of the peninsula are comparatively few in number, this is not the case with the sledge dogs, which abound. Dr. Guillemard describes the sledge dog as wonderfully well trained, cunning, and enduring, but often obstinate and unmanageable to a degree, being apparently indifferent to the kicks and blows showered on him by his master. He is a good hunter and fisherman, supporting himself upon the game and salmon he catches, but seldom, in spite of his treatment, deserting his master. However, his rapacity is so great that the inhabitants cannot keep sheep, goats, or other of the smaller domestic animals. Raw hides, boots, and even babies, it is said, occasionally vary his diet.

The harbour and rivers of Petropaulovski teemed with fish; and though whiting and herring were abundant, they were left in comparative peace owing to the ease with which salmon were to be obtained. To the ship's crew this place seemed little less than a paradise; the bright sunny weather and cold nights were a pleasant change after tropical heat, and the fore-castle mess was supplied with many unaccustomed dainties. It was the intention of the travellers to proceed northwards by land, with baggage and horses, from Avatcha Bay until they struck the head waters of the great Kamschatka River, then to procure boats or rafts, and to float down the stream to the sea, where it was arranged the yacht was to meet them. The account of this journey is full of interest, and is given in graphic but unpretending language, with the charms of freshness and novelty. Marvelous is the supply of fish (*Salmonidæ*) which the Kamschatkan rivers produced. At Narchiki, on a little branch of the Avatcha River, where the stream is not more than eighteen inches deep, Dr. Guillemard began for the first time dimly

to realise the vast numbers of fish which annually visit the country, and which may be said literally to choke its rivers.

'Hundreds were in sight, absolutely touching one another, and as we crossed the river our horses nearly stepped upon them. Their back fins were visible as far as we could see the stream, and aground, and gasping in the shallows, and lying dead, or dying, upon the banks, were hundreds more. The odour from these decaying fish was distinctly perceptible at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or more. In weight these salmon varied from seven to fifteen, and even twenty, pounds. They were, for the most part, foul fish—blotchy with patches of red and white, and of the kind known by the Russians as the Garbusa; * but others in fair condition were to be found, and with a little trouble I was able to pull out three good ten-pound fish in as many minutes with a gaff. Any other method of fishing would have been useless. It would have been nearly impossible to make a cast without foul-hooking a fish, and nine-tenths or more of them were in an uneatable condition.'

The enormous abundance of salmon which thus fill the rivers of Kamschatka is to the newcomer an astonishing sight. The millions of fish that are caught and form the food throughout the year of almost every living creature in the country—the cows and horses even not excepted—are, we are assured, as nothing compared with the countless myriads that perish naturally. The rotting fish that lined the banks and in places lay piled in little heaps together are not the victims, as one might be disposed to conclude, of any occasional fatal epidemic; the phenomenon is a constant annual occurrence. The dwellings of the natives are huts, often combined with stables, through which one has to pass before entering the habitable room; the windows are made of strips of bear-gut sewed together, which cannot admit much light. In the corner of one of these rooms, which the travellers entered for lunch and rest, 'was the usual tawdry *eikon*, and facing it a long array of 'clippings from the "New York Police News," full of the 'choicest horrors of battle, murder, and sudden death!' amid which lively surroundings the travellers consumed their sour milk and bilberries, potatoes and turnips. The party struck the Kamschatka River not far from a little hamlet called Gunal, where there are about twenty huts

* The Garbusa or Humpback, so called from the extraordinary developement on the back of the kelt during the spawning season, is the *Salmo proteus* of Pallas—the *Oncorhynchus proteus* of recent ichthyologists. This fish, with others, is figured in vol. i. p. 127.

and a population of about ninety-four souls, all the descendants of Russians who established themselves here with Kamschatdale wives in the last century. At this point, the head waters of the river that was to bear the travellers some four or five hundred miles before they reached the sea, the river is merely a little stream, barely fifteen yards across, and not more than a foot or eighteen inches deep. The travellers continued their land journey as far as Sherowmy, where they dismissed their horse boys and horses, and began their river journey, which was made on rafts and boats. At the village of Melcova the party ran short of tea and sugar, which they were able to obtain there. The tea in use is the usual brick tea of other parts of Siberia; it is made in cakes about ten inches by five, and three quarters of an inch in thickness, squeezed flat by hydraulic pressure, and stamped with large Chinese characters. 'Brick tea is to a Kamschatkan what coffee is to a Lapp. It is found in the very poorest and most miserable hut, and is regarded as just as much a necessary of life as tobacco.' The high price of sugar places it beyond the reach of most; the party purchased some at eighteen pence a pound. At nightfall the rafts were run ashore at the nearest beach, and the tents pitched on the stony or sandy edge of the river. The *menu* was not a varied one, but to our author it was the most luxurious he had ever experienced in camp-life.

'Soup à la chasseur, boiled salmon, stewed capercailzie or grouse, teal à la Kamschatdale, bilberry jam, and tea and coffee form a very respectable meal for a traveller whose appetite has been sharpened by the keen air of a northern autumn; and it was but seldom that we failed to do justice to it. And when the journals had been written up, and the birds skinned, and we smoked our last pipe at the enormous fire before turning in, we felt, but for the natives, Kamschatka was as pleasant a country for camping as we had ever experienced.'

The opportunity for taking observations on the heights of the four chief volcanoes lying to the south of the lower part of the Kamschatka River was not lost sight of; their altitudes are given as 16,988 feet for Kluchefskaya; 12,508 for Uskovska; 15,400 for Kojerevskaja; and 11,700 for Tolbatchinska. The first-named volcano has a wonderful steepness of slope, and an unbrokenly conical shape, and is regarded by Dr. Guillemard as being one of the best instances that could be given of a mountain that owes its exact height and form to the slow piling up of the ashes and lava ejected from its crater. The Kamschatka volca-

noes do not appear to have been active for many years until about nine months after our author had left the country, when 'a series of eruptions appear to have taken place 'which in grandeur must have rivalled those described by 'Krashenikof in 1737.' It is curious that the only account of these eruptions is given in the 'Japan Gazette,' and that two years after their occurrence the fact was unknown both to the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies. It was synchronous with the terrible catastrophe at Krakatau in Java (August 1883); further information, however, is needed on this subject.

Arrived at Ust Kamschatka, near the mouth of the river on the east of the peninsula, the travellers' river journey was practically at an end; they were now only four miles distant from the bar at the mouth of the river. Ascending a lookout tower near the village they soon were gratified with the sight of the 'Marchesa' approaching from the south, and thus, after a month's absence, 'hit off the time 'of meeting with an exactness as curious as it was fortunate.' The presence of two vessels in the port of Ust Kamschatka, the 'Marchesa' and the 'Nemo,' a Japanese walrus schooner, whose captain was a Swede, was deemed an occurrence so unusual that it was felt something should be done to celebrate it, so a feast and a ball were accordingly resolved on. The Swedes sent various intoxicating drinks; the supper-table groaned with cold ducks, cranberries, brick tea, and other Kamschatkan delicacies; empty bottles served for candlesticks; the ballroom roof was low, and the 'six feet three' Swedes had their heads among the dried fish and other odds and ends hanging to the rafters; the band was represented by an old fiddler who, for an uninterrupted period of six hours, gave the company the dance music most in fashion in Ust Kamschatka. The rank and fashion of the village were present; the 'fair sex' were represented by fourteen individuals who sat round the room; these ladies were 'just a wee bit fishy.' For the rest, our author—who is a most amusing writer as well as a man of science—shall tell his own story:—

'A dance had just ceased as we arrived, and we took our seats in placid ignorance of what was in store for us. Presently the squeak of the fiddle was heard, and instantly the ladies rushed in search of partners. There was a great move in the direction of the two Swedes and the rest of the party; and as became a modest old bachelor I prepared to *faire tapisserie* with the papas and mammas. But it was destined to be otherwise, for on raising my eyes I found that two fair

damsels were suing for the honour of my hand. . . . The young women were not beautiful. . . . However, there was no time to be lost. The seal-hunter, the American nigger, and the tall Swede were already hard at it, and slipping my arm round the waist of the nearest fair one I plunged blindly into the dance. The affair was simple enough at first. The dance merely consisted in shuffling slowly round the room side by side, the gentleman with his left arm free, the lady accompanying the music with a sort of monotonous chant. Time was of no particular object, and smoking was permitted; and as we had partaken neither of the cranberries nor the corn brandy, we felt as well as could be expected under the circumstances. It was not for long, however. Suddenly the music stopped; everybody clapped hands; and, short and stern, the order rang out in Russian, "Kiss." There are moments in which even the stoutest spirit quails. I turned a despairing glance on my partner, and my heart sank within me. All hope was gone! We all know how in moments of supreme emotion the most trivial details become indelibly stamped upon the mind. The scene is now before me. I saw the redhaired seal-hunter bend down to meet his fate like a hero, his green tie dangling in the air; I saw a gallant officer who had served Her Majesty in many climes struggle nobly to the last. Slowly my partner's arms dragged me down . . . the lips stole upwards. I nerved myself for a final effort . . . and all was over! Before the next dance I had fled.'

Dr. Guillemard and his party met with good sport near Betchevinskaya Bay, and succeeded in killing several big-horns or Kamschatkan wild sheep (*Ovis nivicola*, Eschscholtz). This wild sheep frequents the precipitous slopes of the sea-cliffs, and is also met with in the interior of the peninsula; they keep in small herds of from three to nine individuals. Of the fourteen specimens obtained all were males, whose ages apparently ranged from three to six years. As an illustration of the abundant sport to be obtained in Kamschatka, the result of two days' visit to Betchevinskaya Bay, the total bag consisted of fourteen big horn, some seals, besides teal, duck, and golden plover. Two bears, though badly hit, managed to escape owing to the denseness of the scrub. The big horn is most delicious meat, and it 'was declared on all hands that no such mutton had ever been tasted before.' The carcasses were salted down and preserved for future use; and the men all agreed that there was no country like Kamschatka, where salmon, grouse, and mutton were to be had for the killing. Dr. Guillemard gives a list of the birds shot or observed by his party during their visit to Kamschatka, from which list, and from others given by Russian naturalists, the recorded species number one hundred and eighty-six.

The stay of the 'Marchesa' in the Sulu Islands, a little group

north-east of Borneo in the Eastern Archipelago, extended over a period of about six weeks. Here, says our author,

'I had to contend with the fact that, in many places, that master naturalist, Mr. A. R. Wallace, had preceded us; nothing could be more fortunate for a traveller, nothing more disadvantageous to an author. The "Malay Archipelago" may still be used as the guidebook for those beautiful islands, for they have been almost untouched by the great changes which Europe has witnessed during the last quarter century.'

The extraordinary calmness of the sea of these regions struck our author. Not only was its burnished surface unbroken by a single breath of air, but no trace of swell was visible to mar the glassy plain. Everything was aglow with the heat. Anchoring off Meimbun on the mouth of a little river, a few canoes with bamboo outriggers came on both sides the 'Marchesa,' somewhat mistrustfully, fearing the presence of Spaniards, between whom and the natives there has been war for more than two centuries. However, the sight of their fellow-countrymen—a little rajah with his suite of three Sulu attendants, to whom the 'Marchesa' was giving a passage from Sandakan, in North Borneo, to Meimbun—soon allayed their suspicions, and the travellers landed in Sulu territory, 'where every prospect pleases, with the single exception of being mistaken for a Spaniard.'

Dr. Guillemard's descriptions of scenery are always charmingly given, and even without the aid of the admirable illustrations which often accompany them one can almost imagine that one had oneself been among the party of travellers. Of the scenery at Meimbun he writes:—

'Had I to introduce my readers to the most un-European scene I know of, I think I should ask him to take a seat with me in a native canoe and paddle up the graceful windings of the Meimbun River. At its mouth the huts, built on seaweed-covered piles, form each a separate island. The floors are raised a bare three feet above the level of the water, and one needs not better evidence of the fact that here at least we are in stormless seas. On the palm-stem platforms in front of the entrance the natives squat, while around are playing half-a-dozen naked little Cupids, now plunging into the water, now paddling races in miniature canoes. A little further, and we enter the river, whose water is so clear and pure and bright that one longs to tumble in, clothes and all. Close to the banks lies the market-place, a picturesque jumble of ponies, ripe bananas, red *sarongs*, palm-leaf stalls, and flashing spears. Beyond, the sea-going praus are hauled up on shore, their unwieldy sterns a mass of quaint carving. Then through a tiny reach bordered by the Nipa palm, whose graceful fronds, thirty or forty feet in length, spring directly from the stream,

and we find ourselves in a sort of upper town, where the houses are built with seeming indifference either in or out of the water. The place is the absolute perfection of beauty and untidiness. Overhead the eye rests on a wealth of verdure—bamboo, banana, durian, jack-fruit, and the arrowy betel-palm, with its golden egg-like nuts. In these happy climes man's needs grow at his very door. Cold and hunger, misery and want, are words without a meaning. Civilisation is far off indeed, and for the moment, at least, we have no desire for it.'

Notwithstanding the proximity of Borneo and the Philippine Islands, their flora and fauna are remarkably distinct. The former is almost typically Indo-Malayan in its zoological features; its flora shows an equally great similarity to that of the Malay peninsula. In its physical aspect also, Borneo, like Java and Sumatra, is connected with the mainland by a submarine bank of great extent, where the soundings are uniformly very shallow; so that at one period of the world's history Borneo was united with and formed the south-eastern limit of the great Asiatic continent. It is different with the Philippine Islands, which are markedly insular in their fauna and flora. Only one species of monkey inhabits the archipelago, while the species found in Borneo and other Indo-Malayan islands are numerous. Elephants, rhinoceros, tapirs, and tigers are absent, and there are only a few small rodents. Among the birds, many Malayan genera are unrepresented; while, on the other hand, cockatoos, brush turkeys (*Megapodius*), peculiar to the Austro-Malayan sub-region of which New Guinea is the central and typical mass, and numerous species of pigeons, inhabit the Philippines. The flora, as far as is known, shows similar peculiarities: many typical Malayan genera are absent, while a large Australian and Austro-Malayan element is present in the archipelago. Dr. Guillemard's visit in the Sulu islands resulted in an ornithological collection of more than two hundred specimens, comprising sixty-four genera. Before the 'Marchesa' arrived, very little was known of the zoology of the archipelago. Dr. Guillemard's list, though by no means an exhaustive one, is 'more than sufficient to show the 'main source from which the bird life of the archipelago is 'derived,' so that Sulu is 'geographically purely Philippine, 'just as it is politically by the treaty of 1885.'

The history of the archipelago would consist of little else than a record of the constant civil wars which have raged between the natives and the hated Castilians since the time of their seizure of the Philippines, and their efforts to establish

their power in Sulu. By an agreement between England, Spain, and Germany (in 1885), the sovereignty of Spain is recognised over the entire archipelago; i.e. all the islands lying between Mindanao and the coast of Borneo. Spain renounces all claim to North Borneo and a few small islands adjacent in favour of England, and acknowledges British sovereignty over all the islands within three miles of the mainland of North Borneo; and it is stipulated that there shall be perfect freedom of commerce and navigation in the Sulu Archipelago. Of the various interesting matters which presented themselves to the travellers in the Sulu Islands we have no space to speak; we will only notice the tree which the Sulus plant in their cemetery near to the carved wooden monuments—this is a species of *Michelia*, called by the natives the dead man's flower-tree.

'Buddhist and Mohammedan alike plant the Champac above their dead; so should we, too, I think, did our climate permit it. Day after day throughout the year the tree blossoms. Day after day the delicately creamy corollas fall entire upon the grave, retaining both their freshness and their fragrance, unlike any other flower. For how long after they have closed over our loved ones are our graves decorated, I wonder? Here Nature, kindlier-hearted and unforgetful, year after year lays her daily offering of Champac blossoms upon the tomb.'

At Kudat, in British North Borneo, where the party stayed a week, Dr. Guillemard was able to add considerably to his zoological collection. In one of the morning's rambles along the pleasant jungle walks and long stretches of beach, fringed with *Cycas* and *Casuarina*, our author came across a small bird (*Mixornis bornensis*) fast entangled in the web of a spider of the genus *Nephila*.

'These structures in the tropical forests of this part of the world are often of large size and great strength; but I was astonished to find that they were sufficiently strong to capture a bird which, in this instance, was as large as a goldfinch. For the moment my feelings of humanity overpowered me, and I released the captive; but directly afterwards I regretted that I had done so, as the conclusion of the drama might have been of interest. The spider, though evidently somewhat deterred by his unusually large capture and the violent shakings of the web, showed no intention of flight, and quietly watched the issue of events close by.'

It was during his visit to these parts that Dr. Guillemard and his fellow-travellers became the fortunate possessors of 'the best pet that ever took up his quarters on board the "Marchesa."' One day Mr. Gueritz, the Resident of

Kudat, received a present in the shape of a live animal from an English-speaking Malay in the service of the British North Borneo Company, with the following note announcing his arrival:—

'My bast Compliments to yau. I was sent yau 27 faowels and one while man. Plice Recived By the Bearar and Plice Ped the Bord Hayar and I was sick.—A. C. PITCHY.'

The 'while man' was an orang-utan, which Mr. Gueritz presented to the 'Marchesa.' He was called 'Bongon' from the small village at the head of Marudu Bay, which the 'Marchesa' visited. 'Bongon' was a formidable-looking beast, and was enclosed in a large wooden cage, and at first he was fed through the bars with all possible precaution.

'One day, however, he managed to escape, and we suddenly discovered that he was of the most harmless and tractable disposition. From that moment "Bongon" became the pet of the ship, and was spoilt alike by the crew and ourselves. Indirectly this was, no doubt, the cause of his death, a much-deplored event that took place some months later on the coast of Celebes.'

There is an admirable engraving of 'Bongon' on page 105 of our author's book. No doubt it is a very striking likeness; philosophic inquiry and good-humoured sociability are stamped on the pet's countenance.

The 'Marchesa' visited Sumbawa and the neighbouring islands of Flores and Samba, which lie east of Java. Sumbawa is about 170 miles long, and is tolerably thickly populated, chiefly with people of Malay race. These islands are but little known to Europeans. They are Dutch possessions. There are two sultanates, Sumbawa and Bima, over which the Dutch exercise a certain amount of authority. A *Kontroleur* resident at Bima is the sole European upon the island. A marked difference between the island of Sumbawa and the islands of the Sulu group at once struck the travellers: the surrounding country was parched greatly, and the trees were nearly as leafless as our own in winter. From April to July little or no rain falls, and the buffaloes move along in clouds of dust. This is due to the south-east winds, which sweep over the dry desert lands of Australia and parch up the countries that lie in their path as far as Java. It was the intention of the travellers to visit and, if possible, ascend Tambora, which was once the scene of one of the most appalling volcanic eruptions ever known. Owing to the dense and thorny jungle that clothed the

sides of the mountain, and to the absence of the slightest track, the idea of an ascent was deemed nearly impracticable, or at least attended with too many difficulties, and was abandoned. The great eruption, of which Mr. Wallace has given an account, began on April 5, 1815, was most violent on the 11th and 12th, and did not entirely cease until the following July. The sound of the explosions was heard over 1,100 miles in one direction, and over 900 in a nearly opposite one. Whirlwinds carried up men, horses, cattle, and whatever else came within their influence, into the air; large trees were torn up by the roots and covered the sea with floating timber; streams of lava flowed to the sea, destroying everything in their course. Ashes fell in thick quantities and rendered houses at Bima, more than sixty miles away, uninhabitable. Along the sea coast of Sumbawa and neighbouring islands the sea suddenly rose to the height of from two to twelve feet, and vessels were forced from anchorage and driven ashore. The town of Tambora sank beneath the sea, and remained permanently eighteen feet deep where there had been dry land before. Out of a population of 12,000 persons inhabiting the province of Tambora, it is said only twenty-six survived. There is an enormous gap on the northern side of the lip of the crater, through which a stream of lava has burst and torn its way through the forest to the sea; but the scars which in Europe would remain for centuries to witness to the phenomenon of a mighty eruption are soon hidden by the rank vegetation of the tropics. Thus has it been with Tambora.

The avi-fauna of Sumbawa exhibits a mingling of the Indian and Australian forms, Sumbawa being on the outskirts of the Austro-Malayan sub-region. Indian forms occur with genera of Australian origin. Birds were numerous in the fruit gardens in and around Bima; the bag at the end of a long day contained over sixty specimens: among them was a *Zosterops* (*Z. sumbavensis*)—a genus of insessorial birds—new to science, with a brownish head and the rest of the body a pretty golden-yellow. Nightjars (*Caprimulgus*) hawk over the dried-up padi fields in hundreds. In no other part of the world had Dr. Guillemard ever seen birds of this genus in such extraordinary abundance. The marketables are chiefly dried fish, bananas, and excellent tobacco, the greater part of which latter commodity comes from Lombok, a small island to the west of Sumbawa. The tobacco grown on this island would probably be equally good, but the natives do not know how to prepare it. With the exception

of a single ship which annually comes to Bima from Mauritius to buy ponies, perhaps not another vessel worthy of the name ever visits the island. Ponies are also exported from Timor and Sandalwood. The Sumbawan animals are described as being admirable little beasts, about twelve hands high, of good shape, and up to almost any weight in spite of their small size; in colour generally brown or skewbald; their price ranges from twelve to fifty dollars. Dr. Guille-mard did not add any of these equine specimens to his menagerie on board the 'Marchesa.'

From Sumbawa the 'Marchesa' proceeded to Macassar on the south coast of Celebes. The town is not attractive from the sea, the land being flat and low; 'the place fairly grilled 'in the heat.' Putting Java aside, Macassar is the most important town in the whole of the Dutch East Indies, and the centre of trade of a vast extent of country. 'Batavia is 'the Singapore of the Dutch; Macassar their Hongkong.' An Englishman is seldom found in these regions, and our ships rarely cruise in their waters. Of the dress and Dutch customs in Macassar our author gives a full account. A ceremonial call is generally at 7 P.M.; dinner at a quarter or half past eight; a frock coat with tails is a *sine quâ non*; a dress coat and waistcoat are considered *de rigueur*; but a frock coat, or even 'a cutaway,' may be worn, we are told, without a breach of decorum. The trousers should be white, and a hat, if only carried, is indispensable; though in the Dutch East Indies head coverings are not worn by either sex after sunset. The guests are seated, generally in the verandah, round a table, and Port, Madeira, and Hollands and bitters are, in defiance of the climate, placed before them; Manila cheroots are handed, for smoking is universal. The ladies in way of dress are far in advance of their Anglo-Indian sisters, and suit their attire to the climate. In the morning they appear in native costume—'a short lace-edged 'kibaya of thin white linen buttons up to the throat, and a 'silk sarong reaches to the feet, which are without stockings 'and clad only in a pair of gold-embroidered Turkish slip-'pers.' The effect, especially in young and pretty women, is said to be decidedly good. The society in Macassar was found very pleasant; almost everyone spoke English or French, as well as his own language. An entertainment, to which the travellers were invited, was a private theatrical performance followed by a ball given in a public hall, which on Sundays served the purposes of a church! A large number of people were present, and an astonishing propor-

tion of the fair sex of the 'chocolate ladies,' as they are here termed, may be included in that category. The Dutch official in these regions must serve for a number of years, perhaps fifteen, before he can obtain furlough, so he forgets his Fatherland and the ladies thereof and marries not perhaps a half-caste, but one 'whose dark hair and rich warm colouring betray the presence of other than European blood. Should his constitution survive the ante-prandial port and bitters, he retires to Batavia or Buitenzorg on the completion of his term of service, and spends the remainder of his life in the society of his fellows.'

At the theatrical entertainment the acting was good, but the *bljispel* (comedy) rather heavy. At the ball the supply of champagne—a favourite wine with the Dutch—was inexhaustible. It is supposed to have a prophylactic power against cholera, whose advent was expected, and the guests were instructed how to avoid the dreadful scourge. 'Float the liver, my dear sir, keep your liver constantly floating in champagne, and you will never catch the cholera,' was the advice given; and 'everyone certainly seemed to act up to it to the best of his ability.' While at Macassar the King of Goa gave a housewarming, to which most of the Dutch and German residents were invited. Though on friendly terms with the Dutch, he gives a considerable amount of trouble from the proximity of his dominions to the town, for robberies are not unfrequent. The entertainment ended with cockfighting, a favourite sport of all Malays.

'The spurs used were about three inches long, and made of the blades of razors ground down to excessive thinness. With such weapons there is but little cruelty in the affair. We waited to see a main fought before we left. The king and other royal personages made their bets; the combatants were placed opposite to one another; they made two feints, and in less than half a dozen seconds the vanquished bird lay motionless on the ground. Had he met his fate legitimately at the hands of the poulterer, his death could not have been more rapidly effected.'

At Menado, in North Celebes, the travellers made their first acquaintance with the kanari nut, said by Dr. Guille-mard to be incomparably superior, when eaten fresh, to any nut he ever tasted. The tree grows to a great height; a shell of extreme hardness—so hard as to require a hammer to break it—encloses a fleshy fruit of one to three kernels covered with a thin skin; and this being removed, 'the nut falls into a number of irregular flakes, snowy white, and of

'delicious flavour.' The black cockatoo of New Guinea (*Microglossus aterrimus*) has an enormously powerful beak, and is able to open the nut therewith. 'The labour is considerable, but the bird may be considered to be amply rewarded.' Mr. Wallace found the kanari tree in the dense forests of Batchian, an island of the Moluccas. A much-prized addition to the collection was made in this part of Celebes (Menado) in the shape of a young bull Sapi-utan (*Anoa depressicornis*), which a native brought alive. This animal, one of the many peculiar Celebesian forms, has a small but powerful body, and clean limbs; it is a species of buffalo, with short, rather slender, depressed horns, which are ringed at the base and point nearly straight backwards. The specimen, about two years old, was tame and tractable, and was destined for the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens; but unfortunately it never reached England, having died on the homeward passage from the effects of a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay. The collection of live birds and other living things, which at a later period of her cruise almost 'turned the "Marchesa" into a floating zoological garden, made its first real commencement in Northern Celebes.' Among other curiosities, the most interesting of all the additions to the menagerie was a tiny Lemuroid animal (*Tarsius spectrum*, Geoffroy), which a native brought. This small, active creature—about the size of a rat—is arboreal and nocturnal in its habits; it is covered with a very thick, soft, woolly fur; the tail is long, the root and tip are covered with hair, the middle portion being nearly bare. The eyes and ears are enormous, and seem to make up the greater part of the face, the jaw and nose being small. The hind limb at once attracts attention, for the tarsal bones are of great length. This peculiarity has given the animal its scientific (generic) name. 'The hand is equally noticeable for its length, the curious claws with which it is provided, and the extraordinary disc-shaped pulps on the palmar surface of the fingers, which probably enable the animal to retain its hold in almost any position.' The specific name of *spectrum* alludes to the terror which the animal, with its curious-shaped face and sudden appearance at dusk, excites in the minds of the natives of the East Indian Archipelago. The little captive would remain still in its darkened cage by day, 'but at night, especially if disturbed, it would spring vertically upwards in an odd mechanical manner, not unlike the hopping of a flea.' As it would not eat the cockroaches, the only food obtainable, it only lived till the third day, when 'it found a

'grave in a pickle bottle, and was duly consigned to a shelf 'in the "Marchesa's" columbarium.' This weird-looking little creature appears in an illustration on p. 184, vol. ii. of our author's work. We believe that no living specimen has ever been brought to England.

At Likoupang, near Maim Bay, North Celebes, itself a small bay about ten miles across, numbers of a peculiar bird, sole representative of its genus, the Maleo, were seen vigorously digging on the shore. The only successful plan of shooting specimens was 'to approach as near as possible 'without being seen, then suddenly to run in upon them, 'waving one's arms and firing. The birds, instead of running away, take to flight, and perch almost immediately 'upon the trees at the edge of the beach.' Here the Maleo considers himself safe, and can be shot without even putting to flight a fellow-victim on the same branch; thus the party secured a good series of skins and delicious food. The bird, which is about the size of a small turkey, is peculiar to the Island of Celebes, and belongs to the family of Megapodes or mound-builders, gallinaceous birds, characteristic of the Australian region; but, unlike most of the Australian and Papuan birds, which construct a mound of sticks, sand, and leaves, the Maleo uses the gravel of the sea-beach alone wherein to hatch its eggs. The eggs are of enormous size, quite disproportionate to the size of the bird. No regular mounds are made, but the beach presents a series of irregular elevations and depressions, which Dr. Guillemard compares to the surface of a rough confused sea. The eggs are not found at the bottom of the depressions nor on the summit of the mounds, but in shallow trenches and the slopes of the irregular hummocks. The natives, who are adepts in the art, probe the gravel with a fine stick. 'When the egg has 'been just covered, this is of course much looser, and the 'stick passes in readily. The gravel is then scraped away, 'the stick again used to make certain of the direction, and, 'finally, the egg is disinterred, often at the depth of a yard or 'more below the surface. The heat of the beach, on which 'the sun is always shining, is considerable.' Cock birds dig as well as hens, and throw up the sand in perfect fountains; but the Maleo does not scratch alternately with both feet like the common fowl: he poises himself on one leg and gives several rapid digs with the other; the large foot—he is rightly called Megapode—is broad, solid, and slightly 'webbed at the base of the toes, and is nearly as effective as 'a man's hand would be.' After the eggs are deposited in

the sand or gravel no further notice is taken of them by the parents.

The Island of Celebes presents more curious problems for solution than any other island in the world, and the abnormal size of the Maleo's egg is one of those problems. Why should the egg be so disproportionate to the size of the bird? Each egg ready for extrusion is so large that it fills up the abdominal cavity, but the next egg in the ovary was found by Dr. Guillemard to be about the size of a cherry, so that some days must elapse before it would be ready for extrusion. Dr. Guillemard's theory to explain the size of the egg seems to us perfectly satisfactory. The eggs of large ground-nesting birds would be exposed to much risk; buried beneath a layer of sand or within a mound, they are comparatively safe. But the depth at which the eggs are found is often three feet or more. 'If the weight of a superincumbent mass of gravel of this thickness be taken into consideration, it will be seen that it must be such that no chick of ordinary size could force its way through it to the surface;' hence the necessity of a large egg and a powerful chick, 'which are adapted to the peculiar nesting habits of the species.' Mr. Wallace thinks that the instincts of the bird have been made to suit its unusual ovulation; our author, that the ovulation is dependent upon habits which have been adopted for the preservation of the species. While staying at Limbé Island, which lies to the east of North Celebes, the party made preparations for hunting babirusa, or wild 'pig-deer,' so named by the natives from the long slender legs and curved tusks of the animal, which bear some resemblance to horns. This extraordinary creature is one of the *Suidæ* or hog family, and has four tusks; the pair in the lower jaw are long and sharp and formidable weapons of attack, the upper pair do not grow downwards in the usual way, but curve backwards almost to the eyes. What is the use of these horn-like teeth? Here is another curious Celebesian problem. At present no satisfactory reason has been given as to their use. Mr. Wallace thinks that these tusks were once useful, and were then worn down as fast as they grew; but that changed conditions of life have rendered them unnecessary, and they now develope into monstrous forms, just as the incisors of the beaver or rabbit will go on growing if the opposite teeth do not wear them away; and this seems to us a probable explanation. Two days' bag showed six wild pigs and four babirusa. The old boars are ferocious antagonists. One of the hunting party had a narrow escape: an old boar got

entangled in the meshes of the net by his tusks, and the natives ran up to spear him; he broke loose, however, and scattered his foes in all directions; one man took to a tree.

'The babirusa pulled up at the bottom, and to our intense astonishment proceeded to verify the statement made by the Hukum Kadua at Likoupang, by trying to scramble up the sloping trunk after his antagonist. How far he would have ascended we unfortunately never had the opportunity of knowing, for he had hardly got his feet off the ground before his progress was stopped by a ludicrous incident. Anxious to escape, the man had got too far out upon a branch. It gave way, and the unlucky hunter was suddenly deposited on his back within a yard or two of the formidable needle-pointed tusks of his adversary. Fortunately the attention of the latter was diverted by another native, whom he immediately charged. The man stood his ground in the most plucky manner, crouching and receiving the charge at the point of his razor-edged spear. It entered just in front of the shoulder, and although nearly knocked over by the shock, he contrived to keep the animal off for the few seconds necessary for his companions to run to his assistance. Even with four spears buried in his body the old boar died game, striving to the very last to get at his antagonists.'

The peculiarities of the Celebesian fauna have been already alluded to; the anoa, the babirusa, and a black baboon-like ape are without near allies in any of the neighbouring islands. The birds also are remarkable for the same reason; the butterflies and other insects show similar peculiarities; so that Celebes, notwithstanding the proximity of the surrounding lands, became isolated at a very remote geological time. On the arrival of the 'Marchesa' at Ternate, a small island of the Moluccas, the voyagers visited the Resident, Mr. Van Bruijn Morris, who had just returned from a voyage to New Guinea, and possessed an extensive collection of natural history curiosities. His aviary contained a great variety of the rarest and most beautiful of the parrots of the Papuan region, amongst them the rare Pesquet's parrot (*Dasyptilus Pesqueti*), half vulturine in appearance, the face and throat being bare; it is a native of the mainland of New Guinea.

'The gems of the collection were two superb specimens—both full plumaged males—of the twelve-wired bird of paradise (*Seleucides*). The native prepared skins seen in European museums give no idea of the glorious beauty of the living bird. The sub-alar plumes, whose prolonged and wire-like shafts have given the bird its English name, are of a rich golden yellow, and the pectoral shield, when spread, shows to advantage its tipping of metallic emerald. These exquisite creatures were fed on the fruit of the Pandanus, with an occasional cockroach as a *bonne bouche*. In devouring the insects, which they

did by throwing them in the air and catching them again, they displayed the wonderful grass-green colouring of the inside of the mouth and throat. The feelings of admiration with which I watched these birds, which are among the most exquisitely beautiful of all living beings, I need not attempt to describe. My reader, if a naturalist, will divine them; if not, no description of mine could ever make him realize the intense pleasure of the first sight of such masterpieces of colouring.

At Ternate there was opportunity to overhaul the ship's gear, get repairs and alterations done on board, dry and arrange the specimens collected, and clear the ship of useless lumber to make room for the 'trade' it was necessary to lay in before starting for the New Guinea region. A Dutch friend most kindly took the voyagers, bag and baggage, to his house, and made them his guests till the ship was ready for sea again. Dr. Guillemard mentions this as only one of the many acts of kindness they experienced at the hands of the Dutch merchants and officials in the Malay Archipelago—kindness to which their very pleasant recollections of civilisation in these parts were in no small degree due. The list of articles with which the 'Marchesa' was provided consisted of pieces of Turkey red, prints, dark blue cotton, cotton shirts, needles, reels of cotton, packets of pins, axes, assorted beads, bottles of sweets, clasp knives, round gold Chinese buttons, Chinese looking-glasses, musical boxes, Chinese and American tobacco, bars of iron, brass wire, fishhooks, and Malay sarongs. The most marketable of this stock-in-trade were the Chinese gold buttons, of which the natives made earrings, but the axes and iron were much run after. The Turkey red and cotton proved almost useless, for the Papuan does not set his affections on clothing; neither were the fishhooks in much request, the natives preferring their own clumsy kind, which were generally cut out of the clam or some other shell. Thus provided, the 'Marchesa' proceeded to New Guinea, whither we must now follow her. The visit was to be confined to the portion claimed by the Dutch—namely, the western half—which from the variation in species from island to island, and the peculiarity in the distribution of the birds of paradise, is perhaps the most interesting to a naturalist. Here, too, the Papuan exists as a pure type. Moreover, Dutch New Guinea was the nearest and most accessible part of the island.

Although but little explored, this, the finest portion of the island, is known to abound in excellent harbours, to possess several rivers, one of which, the Amberno, is of great size;

the interior is traversed by mountain ranges, which our author thinks are destined in the distant future to be the site of plantations equal in value to those of Java. In the whole of the vast extent of country which forms the eastern limit of the Dutch possessions, there is not, we are told, a single Dutch settlement of any kind, with the exception of Dorei, on the north-eastern coast, in Geelvink Bay, where a mission has been in existence since 1855. Here and in the neighbourhood are five Dutch missionaries—the only Europeans in the country—whose acquaintance the voyagers made before they left the island. Few are the converts made—little in excess of those who have sacrificed their lives in the cause—but the work still continues. ‘Shattered in constitution,’ our author observes, ‘from the pernicious climate, and depressed by the non-success of their work, their condition seemed to us deplorable, and one could not help regretting that their labours were not transferred to some more satisfactory field.’ The result of twenty-eight years of missionary work in Dorei Bay gives only sixteen adults and twenty-six child converts, and many lives have been sacrificed to the terrible effects of the climate, for which the pestilential mangrove-clad coasts are in a great measure responsible. The missionaries buy the native children, wherever possible, when very young; but the parents are unwilling to sell their own, so that orphans or the children of slaves alone come into the hands of the missionary. ‘The Papuan is bold, self-reliant, and independent, and no rapid conversion to Christianity, as has been the case in some of the Pacific Islands, is ever likely to take place in New Guinea.’ Dr. Guillemard’s experience of Dorei leads him to think that the mission has had little or no influence over the Papuans; they leave the Europeans unmolested, but their customs and habits remain unchanged. At the time of the ‘Marchesa’s’ visit, an idol house, ‘Rum-slam,’ which had been accidentally destroyed by fire, was being rebuilt in all its former hideousness and indecency.

Of the true mop-headed Papuan our author gives a very interesting account. A number visited the ship in their canoes; at first a little mistrustful, they soon shook off their shyness, clambered boldly up the sides, and overran the deck, talking and shouting loudly, examining the novel objects around them. The striking of the ship’s bell greatly astonished them, and was the signal for a burst of cheering. Dr. Guillemard saw a roughly carved wooden head-rest in one of the praus alongside, and began to bargain for it. The

owner wanted three knives for it; on the doctor's refusal with 'an emphatic *tida*, indicative of astonishment and 'disgust at the exorbitant demand, the bystanders mimicked 'voice and gesture to perfection, and burst into shouts of 'laughter.' The bump of veneration, says our author, appears to be entirely absent from the cranium of the Papuan, who, as far as the white man can judge, is a noisy, ebullient gentleman of distinct socialistic tendencies, though not without a pretty humour of his own, as the following story, the truth of which was vouchèd for by some Dutch friends, will show :—

'During a cruise of a certain gunboat on the northern coast of New Guinea a village was touched at which, up to that time, had never been visited by Europeans. The captain, anxious to impress the untutored savage, arrayed himself in full uniform and landed in company with the surgeon, who was similarly attired. The natives crowded down to meet them in hundreds, and appeared tolerably trustworthy, but before long intimated that they were to pay a visit to the chief's house. This the captain resisted, fearing treachery; but in spite of his endeavours they were carried off, and his guard prevented from following. The hours passed away without a sign of the officers, and the boat's crew waiting for them began to fear the worst. Suddenly a crowd was seen approaching. It parted, and disclosed the gallant captain to his astonished sailors, bereft of his uniform and dressed in alternate stripes of red and white paint.'

While in Marchesa Bay, east of Battanta Island, the party obtained ten specimens of Wilson's bird of paradise (*Diphyllodes Wilsoni*), which is entirely confined to Battanta and Waigiou Islands, though in the latter island it is much rarer. This exquisitely lovely bird, the smallest of all the birds of paradise, has the wings and back scarlet, and behind the head an erect ruff of canary-coloured feathers; on the breast is a shield of glossy green plumes which have metallic green and violet spots of extraordinary brilliancy; the two central tail feathers extend for five or six inches beyond the others and cross one another, and then curve gracefully into a circle of bright steely purple; 'but the chief peculiarity of the bird 'is in the head, which is bald from the vertex backwards, 'the bare skin being of the brightest imaginable cobalt 'blue,' which, however, fades soon after death, and ultimately becomes quite black. Of the red bird of paradise (*P. rubra*), which is also confined to Battanta and Waigiou, Dr. Guillemard was fortunate enough to obtain specimens in nearly every stage of developement, showing the various changes in the plumage from the sober-coloured young bird to the beautiful and quaintly ornamented adult. Of the

nesting habits of the birds of paradise nothing definitely seems to be known, and though our author offered large rewards to any one who would point out a nest, the eggs and nidification still remain to be described. The natives adopt the following method of obtaining specimens of the *Seleucides* :—

'Patiently searching the forest until he has discovered the usual roosting-place of the bird, the hunter conceals himself beneath the tree, and, having noted the exact branch chosen, climbs up at night and quietly places a cloth over his unsuspecting quarry. The species being exceedingly fond of the scarlet fruit of the pandanus, the roosting-places are easily recognised by the *dejecta*. The plan would, perhaps, by most of us be regarded as very similar to that counselled by our nurses, in which a pinch of salt is the only requisite; but the noiseless movements of the native hunters overcome all difficulties, and the tree once discovered, the chances are said to be considerably against the bird.'

However, it is not so easy to find the tree, and a month spent by the natives employed in the forest resulted in the capture of only one bird. The natives of the Aru Islands, taking advantage of their knowledge of the habits of the great bird of paradise (*Paradisæa apoda*, Lin.), the largest known species, obtain specimens with comparative ease. At a certain season of the year, some time in May, these birds commence their dancing parties, called by the natives their '*sácaleli*,' that are held in certain trees of the forest, on branches affording a clear space for the birds to play and exhibit their plumes. On one of these trees, Mr. Wallace tells us, a dozen or twenty full-plumaged birds assemble together, raise up their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in a continual vibration. As soon, then, as the male birds in gorgeous nuptial attire have fixed on a tree on which to exhibit, the natives build a small shelter of palm leaves in a suitable place among the branches. Before daylight the hunter, armed with his bow and arrows, whose points are round knobs, ensconces himself under cover of the palm-leaf shelter. At the foot of the tree a boy awaits, and when the birds in sufficient numbers have arrived and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow and stuns the bird, which falls down, and is immediately secured and killed, without the plumage being injured by a drop of blood, by the boy attendant. Mr. Wallace gives in his delightful work an illustration of this method of shooting the great bird of paradise by the natives of Aru.

Dr. Guillemard gives us some amusing anecdotes of the pet animals on board the 'Marchesa.' While at Kamschatka, a large but not fully developed bear, called Misky, and a charming little Sindhalese mongoose were presented to the voyagers by some Russian officers. Misky was a great favourite, but not altogether a source of unmixed pleasure.

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'A gallant lieutenant coming on board one day in full dress proved too great a temptation for Bruin, who immediately seized him by the coat-tails. It was found impossible to make him let go until the discomfited officer had reduced himself to his shirt-sleeves, when, delighted with his success, the delinquent shuffled off. He was apparently almost indifferent to pain. A smell of burning being one day discovered forward, one of the crew proceeded to investigate the cause, and found Misky standing upright on the top of a nearly red-hot stove, engaged in stealing cabbages from a shelf above. He was growling in an undertone, and standing first on one leg and then on the other, but he nevertheless went on slowly eating, heedless of the fact that the soles of his feet were burnt entirely raw.'

Punishment for his numerous offences was in vain; as he grew older he got worse, 'and after having devoured portions of the cabin skylight and a man's thumb, and finished 'by drinking the oil out of the binnacle lamp, he was 'shipped to England' on the arrival of the 'Marchesa' at Hongkong, and probably may now be seen in the bear-pit of the Zoological Gardens. As to the mongoose, his sole object in life was mischief.

'Whether biting one's toes as one lay asleep in the early morning, capsizing the ink-bottle, or bolting surreptitiously with some coveted morsel from the dinner-table, he was never still; but his greatest happiness—for it was attended with that spice of danger which gives the true zest to sport—was to "draw" Misky. When that unsuspecting animal was rolling his unwieldy body about on deck, ignorant of the proximity of his enemy, the mongoose would approach noiselessly from behind and nip him sharply in the foot. Long before the huge foot had descended in a futile effort at revenge the little rascal was safely under cover, on the look out for another opportunity, and the bear might just as well have attempted to catch a mosquito. A more thorough little pickle never existed, but, like all pickles, he was very popular, and when one morning he disappeared never to return there was great lamentation among our men. We never learnt his fate. Probably Misky had caught his tormentor, after many months of vain endeavour, and had dined off him.'

On the return of the 'Marchesa' from New Guinea, the yacht was like a floating menagerie; the gem of the collection was the twelve-wired bird of paradise (*Seleucides nigri-*

cans), which got very tame, and would readily eat from the hand. Seizing any cockroach that ventured into his cage, he would throw it in the air and catch it lengthways, 'displaying the vivid grass-green colouring of his mouth and throat in the operation.' He seemed to feel the least fall in temperature, and died before the ship got beyond the tropics. Monkeys sat gibbering on the bulwarks, and large white cockatoos sidled solemnly up and down their perches, cassowaries roamed at will from end to end of the yacht; one young cassowary was as playful as a puppy. 'His favourite diversion was to get up a sham fight with a ventilator, dancing round it in the most approved pugilistic style, now feinting, now getting in a right and left. The blows were delivered by kicking out in front.' On Sundays the decorum of the service would often be disturbed by the cassowary appearing among the congregation engaged in a lively skirmish with a kangaroo, which entertainment would attract a select gathering of various dogs and a tame pig to see fair play. There were two species of tree kangaroos (*Dendrolagus*) on board, about the size of small hares. In Australia the kangaroo is a terrestrial animal, but in New Guinea the dense jungle necessitates a change of habit, so that in *Dendrolagus* we have an interesting instance of a ground animal gradually becoming arboreal; although a tree-haunting animal, it is as yet only a tyro in the art of climbing, and performs the operation in a slow and awkward manner. Neither species lived to see England. Before we conclude we must notice one more pet, viz. 'a pig of tender age, who had perhaps more character in him than any other member of the menagerie.' 'Chugs' was the name of the porcine infant. 'In many parts of New Guinea the women make pets of these animals, carrying them about and suckling them with their own babies,' but whether Chugs had been so reared is uncertain.

'He was striped longitudinally with alternate bands of black and yellow,* and, though hardly more than eight inches long when he first joined the ship, was afraid of no living thing aboard. He roamed the deck from morning till night, chasing the cockroaches and devouring them with much gusto and smacking of lips, grunting contentedly the while. When tired he would nestle himself up on the curly coat of Dick, the retriever, or alongside the big cassowary, who would regard

* It is a well-known but very curious fact that the young of wild pigs generally, if not universally, are longitudinally banded, and that this character disappears under domestication.

him wonderingly, and as if debating his suitability for food. Chugs grew so rapidly that he was soon nearly as big as Dick; but he still continued to use him as a sleeping mat, and towards the end of the voyage poor Dick hardly dared to lie down.'

We must now take leave of Dr. Guillemard and the 'Marchesa.' The perusal of this work has given us the greatest pleasure; it is one of the best written, most instructive, and fascinating records of travel we have ever read. The illustrations, by Messrs. Edward and Charles Whymper and J. Keulemans, whether in the reproduction of magnificent scenery, or of figures of men and animals, are all fine specimens of the engraver's art. The book is furnished also with a number of clearly executed maps, and with several appendices of lists of birds and other zoological collections, as well as with a vocabulary of the Sulu, Waigiu, and Jobi languages. Dr. Guillemard evidently possesses high qualifications for a successful traveller: he is thoroughly scientific, and a man of wide general culture, full of energy, determination, and patience, a good sportsman and an admirable narrator, with a lively sense of the humorous and a keen appreciation of what is best to tell and what best to leave untold. Author, artists, engraver, and publisher may all be heartily congratulated on the production of this work.

ART. III.—*A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.*
By W. E. H. LECKY. Vols. V. and VI. London: 1887.

THE fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Lecky's History are conspicuous for the merits and the deficiencies which characterise what we may fitly call his great Essay on the Eighteenth Century. The industry of the author deserves the highest praise; he has collected materials in profusion from all available sources; and, as some of these had been partly unexplored, he has thrown a flood of fresh light on the subject. The chapter in which he describes the state of manners and social habits in England during the first forty years of the reign of George III., and in which he traces the immense changes wrought in the national life and character by the discoveries and the inventions of the age, though standing too far apart from the narrative,* adds considerably to our previous knowledge; and the same remark applies to his careful account of the conduct and

policy of the British Government during the first stages of the Revolution in France, and at the memorable crisis that led to the war, and to his elaborate review of the position of affairs in Eastern Europe, and of the attitude of Russia and of the great German Powers, from 1790 to 1792, which, it is now known, had momentous consequences in determining the course of events in the West. His chapters on Ireland, if less valuable than two or three in his preceding volumes on the same unhappy but important subject, are nevertheless of great interest; and he has brought out features of Irish history and passages in the annals of the Irish Parliament comparatively unknown, but just now worthy of serious attention. Mr. Lecky, too, has given ample proof, in this as in other parts of his work, of insight, discernment, and artistic skill, especially in the painting of character and in seizing the peculiarities of rulers and statesmen. His portrait of Pitt is extremely lifelike, and his estimate of that renowned statesman, elaborate and free from party bias, is just in the main; his sketches of Fox and Burke are graphic and telling; and he has admirably delineated less known and distant actors on the stage of events—the Empress Catherine, Gustavus III. of Sweden, Joseph II. of Austria, and his successor, Leopold. The digressions, moreover, which pervade the work, though they often perplex a reader, are rich in learning and reflection. We would especially refer to the *résumé* of the causes that led to the French Revolution, to the contrast between the ideas of Burke and of Rousseau on political systems, and to the analysis of Burke's famous 'Reflections;' indeed Mr. Lecky here and there gives utterance to thoughts on politics worthy of Burke, his genius being in some respects akin to that of his illustrious countryman. The style of the author, we need not say, is of very great and peculiar excellence; if somewhat wanting in force and compression, it is admirably simple, lucid, and easy, and it is wholly free from straining at effect and mannerism.

Some defects, however, must be set against the great and many excellences of this book. The arrangement and method of Mr. Lecky are defective throughout his whole work; he has written a series of essays, not a history; he is, perhaps unconsciously, far more of a critic than an historian; the epic and the descriptive faculties, which bring the scenes of past events vividly before us, are denied him. His narrative is interrupted by long and even irrelevant

episodes that divert a reader's attention from it; scores of pages, for instance, are devoted to dissertations on theories on Church and State, and to the history of France before 1789; and these are scarcely germane to the author's subject. Where a real connexion, too, exists between these passages and the main work, the true relation is not placed before us; the detached parts are not fused into unity. For example, the philosophy of Voltaire and his school is ably reviewed, and at excessive length, but its influence on the French Revolution is not indicated with sufficient clearness; and the characteristics of the age of Pitt are illustrated with much learning and skill, but their effect on the course of English history, and even on the career of the minister, distinct as it was, is scarcely referred to. The narrative in some of its parts is extremely confused; it occasionally degenerates into a mere chronicle dealing separately with facts in the sequence of time, and not following subjects in their true divisions, and its thread is so often entangled and broken that it does not guide us through the maze of events. This is especially seen in the author's attempt to describe the relations of England and France with Eastern Europe when the Revolution broke out; and Mr. Lecky can lay no claim to Gibbon's great and peculiar excellence, the skilful arrangement of complicated details. The general result is that it is very difficult to pursue the course of events in this work; and, notwithstanding the charm of language and the wealth of knowledge and thought contained in it, even the most diligent student is perplexed and the ordinary reader is bewildered. A special defect of the book is due to a restriction imposed on himself by the author. Mr. Lecky, so far as regards England, brings his narrative to a close at the outbreak of the war; but he promises to give us a concluding volume on Irish affairs up to the Union; and this arbitrary adjustment, in no sense corresponding with the real march of events, has greatly injured this part of his history. For instance, though Mr. Lecky has made some just observations on the subject, it is impossible to pronounce a true judgement on Pitt without an inquiry into his conduct during his long struggle with Jacobin France; the partition of Poland and all that led to it are not placed in their true significance until we study the campaign of 1793, and the fruits of the policy of the Eastern Powers were not matured until the Treaty of Basle, or even until the peace of Lunéville. Mr. Lecky has scarcely glanced at the affairs of India, and has even passed

over the trial of Hastings, memorable passages in the history of the time. As regards Ireland, the author's views are somewhat distorted by a theory on Irish affairs peculiar to himself; and here, too, his abundant narrative is occasionally perplexed and disjointed.

These volumes begin at the point of time when the general election of 1784 had overthrown the coalition of Fox and North, and had placed the second Pitt at the head of the State. Before that event—in some respects a turning point in the national fortunes—England had seemed fallen from her high estate, and, in the opinion of even thinking men, was showing signs of decay and decrepitude. She had lost an empire across the Atlantic; the glory of her arms had been tarnished by the surrenders of Saratoga and Yorktown; in the east Suffren had held her fleets in check; her power in India had been defied and lessened by Hyder Ali and the Mahratta warriors. Nearer home the revolt of the Protestant colony, partly backed by the subject Catholic race, had dangerously weakened her rule in Ireland; the fleets of France and Spain had insulted her coasts, and had even held the command of the Channel; and the armed League of the North had seriously threatened the mainspring of her strength, the dominion of the seas. The State, too, appeared on the verge of bankruptcy; the national finances were deemed unequal to the burden of greatly increased debt, and were in an alarming state; and the very institutions which had been our boast worked inharmoniously and as if out of joint, and were loudly condemned in public opinion. The long quarrel between George III. and the great Whig nobles had weakened Government and engendered widespread corruption and faction; Parliament had become divorced from the people, and failed to carry out its ideas and wishes; and an angry demand for a sweeping reform of the House of Commons in a democratic sense was but a symptom of the general discontent, the bitter feelings, and the spirit of unrest, which stirred the lower and even the middle classes. Seven years passed, and the nation which seemed in decline had completely recovered its greatness, had attained an extraordinary height of prosperity, and, on the whole, presented the spectacle of a well-ordered, peaceful, and happy community. The loss of the revolted colonies had proved a gain; the relations of commerce were beginning to create ties between England and her children in the West stronger than those of distant territorial empire; and our power in India was spreading by

our arms and an improved mode of government. Meanwhile our position as a great Power in Europe had been restored, nay, strengthened; England had humbled the pride of France and Spain in the well-known affair of Nootka Sound; through her alliances she had wellnigh succeeded in holding the balance of power on the Continent; and though Ireland remained her weak point, the island was for the time quiescent. The transformation, however, had been most conspicuous and felicitous within her own borders. The wealth of the country had immensely increased; its financial condition was perfectly sound; and, amidst the growth of trade and the triumphs of industry, the sounds of national discontent had been hushed, and few signs of peril to the State appeared. The system of government, too, had distinctly improved—it had become national, strong, and popular; it had been freed from many abuses; and, though there was much that to thoughtful minds required amendment in Church and State, the cry for parliamentary reform had ceased, and Englishmen were in the main satisfied with the institutions and the state of society which secured them a large amount of prosperity.

This marvellous change—one of the most remarkable in the history of the modern world—is, of course, indicated by Mr. Lecky, but he has not given it nearly sufficient prominence. The circumstances, too, which, quite apart from the genius and policy of any statesman, contributed to the revival of England, may be collected, in part, from his book; but they are relegated to a separate chapter. Mr. Lecky has not referred to a point of great importance at this conjuncture, by showing that the restored power of England was largely due to the decline of France and of the Bourbon monarchy. A mere demonstration of our naval strength would scarcely have silenced the claims of Spain to an undefined empire in the Far West, had not the feebleness of the government of Louis XVI. practically put an end to the Family Compact. English influence would not have displaced that of France in the Dutch Republic had not France been afraid to take a single active step in the matter; and the alliance of England, Holland, and Prussia would not have had decisive effects, in the temporary settlement of affairs in the East, had France retained her old place in the Continent. Nor has Mr. Lecky pointed out how immense were the consequences, as regards our destinies, of the birth of the free American Commonwealth; it substituted for the ‘dribble of colonial trade’ the

'spring of commerce' between two great Powers; and it closed a wasteful source of illwill and discord. He has, however, admirably explained and described one main cause of the national progress, the extraordinary developement of wealth and industry due to the inventive genius of the time. His account of the prodigious results wrought by the construction of our canal system, by the recent discovery of the full power of steam and its application to all kinds of uses, and by the skilful processes which made the growth of our textile manufactures a wonder of the world, is one of the most interesting episodes in his book; and if it be true that these agencies contributed largely to the fall of Napoleon, they perhaps saved the England of the youth of Pitt from bankruptcy. Another remarkable feature of the time deserves the attention of thoughtful minds. The power of the daily press was still immature, but it was steadily growing and asserting itself; and a spirit of inquiry, and of earnest interest in political questions of every kind, was spreading through many parts of the nation. This force of opinion had a potent influence in banishing corruption and intrigue from Parliament, and in purifying the whole system of government, as great, possibly, as the economic reform which was one of the best achievements of Burke. The philanthropic tendency, too, of the age was quickened in England by a strong religious movement; and this had much effect in lessening discontent, and in improving the relations between the rich and the poor. A Wilberforce never found a place in the House of Commons of Walpole and Pelham; he was the type of a class in the House of Commons of Pitt.

The prosperity of England in these years, however, must, to a great extent, be ascribed to Pitt, and Mr. Lecky is justified in placing that striking and commanding figure in the forefront, so to speak, of his narrative. His portrait of Pitt, we have said, is excellent; and his estimate of his career as a statesman, though not, in our judgement, wholly just, is nevertheless of real value. 'Indomitable resolution' was, we think, the most distinctive feature of Pitt's character; and this great quality—the only one, perhaps, in which he closely resembled Chatham—was the most conspicuous of his splendid gifts. To his firmness and constancy we may largely attribute his astonishing triumph in 1784, the stability of his long tenure of power, and the success of his earlier foreign policy; and this rare excellence, happily combined with self-confidence and a sanguine spirit,

to a considerable extent, in our opinion, redeems his shortcomings as a war minister. Strength of character, however, was united in Pitt with moderation and admirable tact; his manner, no doubt, was unbending and haughty, but he knew how to conciliate, and when to yield; he could fascinate friends and disarm opponents; and his marvellous ascendancy in the House of Commons was partly the result of his singular skill in managing a proud and fastidious assembly. Of his patriotism it is unnecessary to speak; his nature, too, was lofty and grand; his integrity as a public man was unsullied, in an age still somewhat lax and unscrupulous; and his conscientious industry and the purity of his life secured him the reverence, nay the affection, of the best and most respectable parts of the nation. Nor were the intellectual gifts and tendencies of Pitt less remarkable, and calculated to achieve success, than his high and commanding moral qualities. As an orator he was only second to Fox; and his faculty of perspicuous and exhaustive statement, and his extraordinary skill in what may be called debating tactics, place him in the first rank of parliamentary speakers. But mere oratory, whatever may be said, has never raised an English statesman to greatness; and one of the chief characteristics of Pitt, and one main cause of his supremacy in the State, was that the turn of his mind and his tastes and attainments in the first and the most fortunate part of his career were in harmony with the wants and ideas of the time. He was an earnest disciple of Adam Smith; financial and economic reforms were his strong points, and engrossed his thoughts; he had liberal, enlightened, and national views, and peculiar sympathy with the middle classes, and these special qualities stood him in good stead at a period when questions of trade and industry held a prominent place in public attention, when the whole system of our finances required amendment and reconstruction, and when manufacturing and commercial wealth was rapidly acquiring large influence. He also possessed in a high degree the respect of Englishmen for public law, and their faith in treaties and international rights; and this conviction in a great measure directed his foreign policy in these years, and contributed to its marked success.

There were flaws, however, in this great character, and these are fully pointed out in this book. Pitt was arrogant and extremely avaricious of power. We see a striking instance of the first defect in his conduct during the Westminster scrutiny and his idea of sending Fox to the Tower,

and of the second in the unwise concessions he repeatedly made to the prejudices of the king, in order, we fear, to remain in office. His nature, too, was somewhat harsh and stern; though an economic and social reformer, he scarcely bestowed a thought on the increasing distress and poverty of the humbler classes oppressed by excessive taxation in the last years of the century; he had no sympathy with human sorrow in its most tragic and pathetic aspects, as was seen in his attitude to the royal family of France during the agony of 1792, and he was unaffected by the philanthropy of his time. Unlike Burke, for example, he took no steps to mitigate the barbarities of our criminal law, and he looked too long with something like callousness at the atrocities of 1793 in Ireland. Very possibly, too, though in this respect Mr. Lecky's strictures are too severe, Pitt's love of power and parliamentary arts occasionally induced him to abandon principle in the exigencies of the passing hour, and to drop measures which he might have carried had he insisted on them with the full force of his will; and his policy and conduct after the Irish Union lay him but too open to this serious charge. Though amiable, moreover, in private life, he was imperious and cold in his official manner. He commanded the allegiance of the House of Commons, but, unlike Fox, scarcely gained its sympathies; and the character of the man is revealed in his stately, scornful, and remorseless sarcasm. The most remarkable defect of Pitt remains, however, to be still noticed. He was thoroughly acquainted with the condition of England, with the requirements and the views of the nation, and with the tendencies of our complex society, and his skill in managing Parliament has been never equalled. He was well versed also in international law, and he had acquired, partly from his renowned father and partly from his own experience and study, a just conception of the relations of England with foreign Powers and the old order of Europe. He was unconscious of the revolutionary movement which, long before it broke out in France, was at this period disturbing the Continent; and having become minister at the age of twenty-four, he had no leisure to devote his mind to anything but the pressing questions of the hour. Pitt, moreover, had not, like Burke, the genius which intuitively perceives political crises, and apprehends them in their full results; and he did not possess Chatham's peculiar gift of selecting fitting persons for arduous posts in times of danger and great emergencies. His training and disposition thus

made him an admirable head of the State for guiding the fortunes of England in a time of peace, through a difficult period of social change, and even for restoring her to her fitting place among the established Powers of Europe. But, being unskilled in Irish affairs, his Irish policy before the Union must, we think, be pronounced a complete failure, and after the Union it can be only relieved from the charge of weakness, if not of bad faith, by a plea of ignorance of the real state of the island. As for the French Revolution, it showed that Pitt knew little about the condition of France; he utterly misunderstood that portentous event, its character, its importance, and its real tendencies, and he stood, so to speak, bewildered before it. As the natural result, the tremendous crisis found him unprepared and in a sea of troubles; he mismanaged our affairs at home and abroad, and could not discover instruments to serve his purpose, though, as we have said, more is to be urged in his behalf in the direction of the war than is generally believed.

We transcribe Mr. Lecky's judgement on Pitt. It coincides in many respects with our own, but it scarcely does justice to Pitt's highest qualities.

'Parliamentary talents under a parliamentary government are often extravagantly overrated, and the type which I have endeavoured to describe, though combining great qualities both of intellect and character, is not, I think, of the very highest order. Under such a government, Pitt was indeed pre-eminently formed to be a leader of men, capable alike of directing, controlling, and inspiring, of impressing the imagination of nations, of steering the bark of the State in times of great difficulty and danger. He was probably the greatest of English parliamentary leaders; he was one of the greatest of parliamentary debaters; he was a very considerable finance minister, and he had a sane, sound judgement on ordinary events. But his eye seemed always fixed on the immediate present or on the near future. His mind, though quick, clear, and strong, was narrow in its range, and neither original nor profound; and though his nature was pure, lofty, and magnanimous, there were moral as well as mental defects in his statesmanship. Of his sincere and single-minded patriotism there can, indeed, I believe, be no doubt. "For personal purity, disinterestedness, integrity, and love of his country," wrote Wilhelm, "I have never known his equal." He was not a statesman who would ever have raised dangerous questions, or embarrassed foreign negotiations, or trammelled his country in times of war, or appealed to subversive passions or class hatreds in order to climb into power, or to win personal or party advantages. But the love of power which was so dominant a feature in his character, though it never led him to take a course directly injurious to his country, did, I think, undoubtedly

more than once lead him to cast aside great causes which might have benefited her. A certain want of heart, a deficiency of earnestness and self-sacrifice is very apparent in his career. Perhaps with a warmer nature he would not have so generally possessed that balance of intellect which was pre-eminent among his merits.'

The following, we think, is perfectly correct :—

'In Ireland Pitt had to deal with social and political conditions wholly different from those to which he was accustomed, and he conspicuously failed to master them. In the French Revolution he had to deal with a new and unexampled phenomenon, and it will now be scarcely disputed that he totally misunderstood its character and importance. In the conduct of the war, the strength of his character and the confidence he imposed proved of great value; but he had nothing of his father's skill, nothing of that intuitive perception of character by which his father brought so many men of daring and ability to the forefront, and until his death English operations on the Continent present few features except those of extreme costliness and almost uniform failure.'

These volumes close, we have said, with the first act of the war, and coincide with that part of the administration of Pitt which, in almost every respect, was successful. Mr. Lecky has described the conduct of the Minister in detail, but has not placed events in their just proportions. For example, he has dwelt at undue length on the controversy as regards the Regency—a question, except in its Irish aspects, of much less importance than several others, and now chiefly interesting as affording proof of Pitt's unrivalled skill in parliamentary tactics. As an administrator in all that relates to finance and to the management of the revenues of the State, Pitt transformed a most faulty into an efficient system with unsurpassed perseverance and skill. By gradually extinguishing all kinds of sinecures, by establishing a strict supervision of the national accounts, and by the abolition of the multifarious duties which made the Customs a seat of fraud and abuses, Pitt reduced by nearly a third the expense of collecting a largely increased revenue. His settlement of the Consolidated Fund was a triumph of administrative power and industry, and his reform in the practice of negotiating loans not only effected a large saving for the State, but closed a source of indirect corruption. As Mr. Lecky observes, his genius in managing details like these was pre-eminent; and details like these, at all times more important than is commonly supposed, were, at this conjuncture, of extreme consequence. As regards finance in its higher parts, Pitt found England almost insolvent, and in 1792 saw her

resources and credit more flourishing than they had ever been. Foremost among his measures was his free-trade policy, worthy of a pupil of Adam Smith, indeed, but far in advance of the ideas of his time; the commercial treaty with France, and the encouragement he gave to unrestricted commerce between this country and the United States, not only showed political wisdom, but added largely to the national wealth. Pitt, too, was almost the first of our statesmen who perceived that the reduction of duties might be compensated by increased consumption, and by judiciously adopting this course he all but put an end to the wholesale system of smuggling which was eating up the revenue, and ultimately augmented the income of the State. From 1784 to 1792 there were no signs of the reckless profusion, due to the exigencies of the great contest in which the nation was engaged, which marked the finances of Pitt in the revolutionary war.

Abroad, too, the administration of Pitt increased the power and the renown of the Empire. He had learned a lesson from the American war, and, though his scheme for protecting our coasts was defeated by old traditions and jealousies, he succeeded in fortifying some of our foreign stations. Mr. Lecky has barely glanced at his Indian policy; but his India Bill, Macaulay has observed, was framed on correct and well-planned lines, and created a form of government admirable for the time. He took the right course in the great affair of Hastings, and his selection of Cornwallis as governor-general was an eminently wise and happy appointment. His continental policy in these years was remarkable for its prudence and skill; and, as we have said, England, which in 1784 was a defeated power without an ally, was in 1792 a leading state of Europe. Mr. Lecky has done justice to a phase in the career of Pitt hitherto but little noticed, and has clearly brought out the great part he played in the interest of peace and in the Eastern Question from 1788 to 1791. The refusal of France, which in 1785 had become the dominant power in the Netherlands, to interfere in the affairs of other states in the Revolution of 1786-7—a refusal due to her increasing weakness—gave Pitt an opportunity he ably seized. The son of Chatham did not appeal in vain to the memories of the Seven Years' War and to the successor of our great German ally; and the triple alliance of England, Holland, and Prussia at once restored our influence abroad, and had a decisive effect on European affairs. England regained that position in the Low Countries

which her greatest statesmen have sought to attain; she became once more the chief power in the West, and France and Spain quailed before her determined attitude as regards Spanish pretensions on the American coast. The Triple Alliance, moreover, saved Gustavus III. from the hands of Catherine, and though it did not prevent the unnatural league between Catherine and Joseph II. for the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire—a league condemned by every impartial statesman—it contributed to its final discomfiture. The ability of Pitt in these years, however, was most conspicuous in his successful efforts to counteract the ambition of Prussia, and to re-establish peace in Eastern Europe. Prussia, true to her traditional policy, and ever jealous of the power of Austria, was eager at this time to get a slice of Poland, to deprive Austria of her Galician provinces, and to detach the Netherlands from the Empire, and, largely relying on the support of England, she was ready to attack Catherine and Joseph II., and she actually signed a treaty with the Turks in order to attain her coveted objects. Pitt, however, determined to avert a conflict in which all Europe would have been perhaps involved, addressed himself to thwart these greedy designs, and, taking his stand on international right and on the principle of the renunciation of conquests, succeeded, by the exercise of infinite tact and of extraordinary diplomatic skill, in defeating Prussia's rapacious policy, and even in bringing the war in the East to a close. Mr. Lecky has quoted at much length from his correspondence and that of our ministers at Vienna and Berlin on this subject; it is a model of discretion, good taste, and judgment; and the peace of Sistova, and even that of Jassy, which possibly saved the Turkish Empire, must in a great measure be ascribed to Pitt.

The foreign policy, however, of Pitt failed in an important point at this juncture. He was the first English statesman who perceived the danger of the growth of Russia to our Indian Empire, and who understood the value of Turkey to us; he appreciated, too, the importance of Poland as a barrier against the Muscovite power; and he would have gone to war with Catherine in 1791 had he found the support he wished in Parliament. The House of Commons, however, was not inclined to depart from the traditional policy which had hitherto favoured a Russian alliance, and, in the affair of Oczakow, Pitt was only saved from defeat by giving up a project which marks the beginning of a great

change in the system of our continental politics. Mr. Lecky has given us ample evidence that England and Russia were on the verge of a contest, and that Catherine even then had an eye on India.

The following is interesting as affording proof that Irish disaffection at the present day, fawned on without shame by political renegades, was as ready in 1791 as it is in 1887 to perpetrate the basest and most atrocious crimes:—

‘In July Whitworth sent home a circumstantial account of a plot to burn the English fleet at Portsmouth by means of several incendiaries of different nationalities who were in Russian pay. Two Irish Roman Catholics, named Keating and Swanton, who had been in the French service, and who were acquainted with England and with the town of Portsmouth, were to conduct the enterprise, and were at this time actually in London.’

The policy of this great statesman contained the germs of prolific fruits, and anticipated, in many respects, the future; he was the author of our present system of finance; he heralded the advent of the reign of free trade; in the constitution he framed for Canada he laid down the principles of our colonial rule; and he influenced for long years the attitude of England as to the Eastern Question. Mr. Lecky is far from just when he contrasts the wisdom of Pitt's views and of his domestic measures ‘with the extreme paucity of his actual achievements.’ As a parliamentary reformer Pitt, no doubt, was less earnest and bold in office than he had been as an independent member, and he ultimately refused to deal with the problem; though opposed throughout his career to the slave trade, he did not see abolition triumph, and never risked defeat for the cause; he more than once rejected the claims of the Dissenters to a measure of relief, the opportunity not having arisen; and he ought certainly to have insisted that the recognition of the just rights of the Catholic priesthood, and Catholic emancipation in the widest sense, should have been a *sine quâ non* of the Union. But though Pitt, we have said, may have departed from principle in more than one instance, he was in all these questions on the side of right, and held large and enlightened views upon them; and in estimating his conduct it is not fair to keep out of sight how the ultimate results must, in some measure, be ascribed to him. Pitt, moreover, it ought to be borne in mind, was a constitutional and parliamentary minister; he was compelled to temporise and to adjust his policy with a continual reference to the opinion of the day, and to passion and prejudice in high places; and

certainly, could he have obtained the support of the House of Commons and of George III., he would have reformed Parliament, have put an end to a traffic persistently and most eloquently denounced by him, have repealed the Test and Corporation Acts, and have established the Irish Union on the firm basis of equity and of religious freedom.

Another consideration of extreme importance, not, indeed, omitted by Mr. Lecky, but not fully taken into account, deserves to be weighed and specially noticed. The French Revolution not only compelled Pitt to forego a policy of wise improvement, and drove him upon a reactionary course; it had so tremendous an effect on the mind of England, that reforms became for many years impossible; and it alike prevented the accomplishment of the judicious measures to which the minister was really inclined, and in the general revulsion of public opinion to the side of force, privilege, and a narrow Toryism, checked the growth of liberal ideas in him, and turned him aside from the ways of progress. But for that calamitous event, it may not be too much to assert that, had Pitt lived to the full age of man, most of the great legislative, economic, and social changes, which have been witnessed in this generation, would have been carried out happily under his auspices.

We turn from this country to the ill-fated island which, at this as at all times, has been a thorn in our side. In 1782 Ireland had become a separate state; the Irish Parliament was, in theory, a co-ordinate power with that of England, supreme in all merely local affairs, and with a concurrent authority on imperial questions; and, from a constitutional point of view, the only link between the two countries was the Irish Executive appointed and controlled by the British Minister. Such an arrangement obviously was perilously insecure, and certain to lead to discord and trouble; and the vices of a bad political system were greatly aggravated by the inveterate ills that affected the structure of Irish society. Three nations at this time were to be found in Ireland: the aristocracy of the dominant Church, supreme in the legislature, the owners of the land, enjoying a monopoly of privilege and power; the great Presbyterian middle class of Ulster, associated with their superiors, in some measure, by the ties of race and of a common Protestantism but kept in a position of unjust dependence; and the descendants of the conquered septs and clans, the long oppressed and subjugated Catholic people, only just emerging from abject thralldom, and still excluded from most of the

rights of citizens. In a community thus laid out and divided, elements of misgovernment, of discontent, of violence, were, from the nature of the case, abundant; and while the ruling and favoured class was, in the main, loyal and true to England, the sentiments of the Presbyterian and Catholic Irish were, in different ways, of an opposite kind, and of evil omen to careful observers. Though some of the ills, however, of the new Irish polity became evident from the first moment, and Mr. Lecky has set them clearly forth, its worst mischiefs were not at once disclosed; the Parliament in College Green, independent in name, was practically controlled by the Imperial Government, through the influence of an executive external to it, of patronage and corruption without stint, and of the interest of the dominant order; and if sounds of widespread discontent were heard, they were easily suppressed, and were scarcely formidable. The first subject that seriously engaged attention was the state and the constitution of the Irish Parliament, which had recently acquired a great increase of power, and yet in no sense represented the nation. Mr. Lecky has fully and fairly described the nature and composition of this strange legislature, though his description scarcely falls in with his theory that it really accomplished great things for Ireland; suffice it here to say that if splendid genius and eloquence, exaggerated in tone, but brilliant, have thrown over it a deceptive lustre, it was essentially the organ of a mere class, and an instrument of power directed by illegitimate means. In a nation of which three-fourths were Catholics, both Houses were wholly made up of Protestants; and the House of Commons was an assembly composed of the nominees of a handful of peers, of officials and pensioned servants of the Crown, and of representatives of the landed interest, mostly held together by corrupt influence, with the exception of a few independent men. Two projects of reform were, at this period or some time afterwards, proposed and agitated, and Mr. Lecky has described them at length. Flood sought to diminish the power of the Crown and of the great borough-mongering nobles, by excluding holders of pensions from the House of Commons, and by enlarging the areas of certain boroughs; he wished also widely to extend the franchise; and he would have limited the duration of Parliament to three years. But Catholic Ireland had no place in his scheme; he refused to admit a race he despised to any share of political rights; and whatever it might have done for the Irish Protestants, his reform would have left the mass of the nation serfs.

The project of Grattan, later in date, was of a nobler and more comprehensive kind; but it aimed at an ideal we believe impossible. Like Flood, Grattan desired to enlarge the basis and to purify the constitution of the Irish Parliament; but he insisted that it should embrace all parts of the nation, and that Catholic and Protestant should have equal rights; and, forgetting the divisions and the misdeeds of centuries, he hoped that in this way it would become the beneficent organ of a united people.

The Irish Parliament and the condition of Ireland attracted from the first the attention of Pitt. We agree, however, with Mr. Lecky that his knowledge of Ireland was very imperfect; he never gave proof in his Irish policy of the grasp of facts and of the clear insight which marked his conduct on many English questions. Except in one point, on which Fox and North had already expressed decided views, he did not for years perceive the evils of the settlement of 1782; he* perhaps thought that the rival legislatures, the conditions of the

* In 1886 Mr. Gladstone condemned Pitt's conduct to Ireland in language of quite unexampled violence. His fugitive studies of Irish history have since caused him to claim Pitt as a witness in favour of the Home Rule policy happily defeated at the last election. His reasoning, set forth in an article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' is, no doubt, characteristic, but will scarcely satisfy people of plain understandings. Because Pitt, bound by the recent Constitution of 1782, wrote to the Duke of Portland that he was satisfied that the two countries should 'for local concerns be under distinct legislatures,' taking care, however, to add that they should be 'one in effect,' the author of the Union is to be cited as approving in principle, by anticipation, of a measure which would break up the Imperial Parliament, and in the opinion of most thinking men would separate Ireland from Great Britain! Because Pitt was silent as to the concession of the franchise to the Irish Catholics—but in the very same letter he insisted that they were '*to have no share in the representation or government*'—he would not, were he now alive, condemn a revolutionary policy which would secure to Catholic Ireland an ascendancy more grievous and tyrannical than Protestant ascendancy ever was, and would certainly destroy that Protestant interest, the preservation of which he declared to be a paramount object! A very simple test may be applied to this matter. Pitt dealt pretty summarily with the leaders of the United Irishmen, and treated Jacobin slanders of English rule in Ireland with merited contempt; would this precursor of Mr. Gladstone, were he at the helm in our day, be the submissive ally of the National League, and discern the voice of the 'civilised world' in the interested attacks of Yankee politicians and of the Chicago Convention on the Irish policy of Russell, of Peel, and of Palmerston?

arrangement being what they were, could work together, at least tolerably well; nor did he advocate the necessity, at this time, of a Union. This is the more remarkable because the attitude of the Irish Parliament on the Regency question revealed the extreme peril of the existing system; though he dwelt on the subject in the Union debates, it did not strike him forcibly in 1789. We are greatly surprised that Mr. Lecky, right-minded and candid on most occasions, should, in his zeal for Irish constitutional rights, have thought this an unimportant matter; the disruption of the State, and even civil war, might not improbably have been the consequence. Pitt, however, certainly was alive to the anomalies of our whole commercial system due to the change effected in 1782; and following his true economic instincts, he attempted by a large measure of free trade to lessen the poverty and the social ills of Ireland, and to open unrestricted commerce between the two countries. The celebrated resolutions of 1785 were framed to promote these beneficent ends; and unquestionably Pitt, for the sake of Ireland, confronted an opposition not too scrupulous, and the whole force of British commercial selfishness. The project, however, though in the main judicious, was really open to the objection of Burke, that it had much in common with the unwise policy which had led to the civil war with America; if it would have added to the wealth of Ireland, it limited her constitutional rights; it was largely modified in English interests; and, with Mr. Lecky, we are not surprised that it was ultimately rejected by the Irish Parliament, especially as the outcry was raised that it subjected Ireland to a foreign tribute—a circumstance to be borne in mind with reference to the Bills of 1886. The only other part of Pitt's Irish policy deserving eulogy at this period was his plan for the commutation of the tithe, the oppressive impost of an alien Church; but he did not give a strenuous support to the project, and he sanctioned its rejection by the Irish Parliament. Parliamentary reform in Ireland opened questions that involved the reconstruction of the State, and went to the very roots of society; but Pitt treated it as a measure simply analogous to that of reform in England, and he ultimately allowed the subject to drop. He seems, besides, to have scarcely understood the problems presented by the existing state of the unenfranchised parts of the Irish people; he was indifferent to Presbyterian and Catholic wrongs; and in these years he appears to have been satisfied with the existing order of things in Ireland, the as-

cendency of a sectarian and aristocratic caste, and the domination of a corrupt Parliament principally nominated by the owners of boroughs and seats, who afterwards received compensation for their property.

From 1784 to 1792 the position of affairs in Ireland was but slightly changed. The Constitution of 1782 was given full scope to work, though its disintegrating and centrifugal tendencies had been exhibited in striking instances, and the idea of a Union had become prevalent. The Parliament in College Green remained unreformed with the approval or the concurrence of Pitt; it continued to be the bought agency of aristocratic and ministerial rule; and from the nature of its relations with the dominant State, increasing corruption was the result of any show of independence within its precincts, and the machinery was strengthened by which it was made the satellite of the British Executive. The grievances, too, of Presbyterian Ulster and of the Catholic South were not redressed; and, above all, a small privileged class retained a monopoly of all kinds of power, and the great mass of the people had no influence in the State. Mr. Lecky, true to a favourite theory, looks wistfully back at this halcyon era of parliamentary 'independence' in Ireland, and places it in the most favourable light; but we differ widely from him in his estimate of it. Though there were seasons of distress and almost of famine, the wealth of the country, no doubt, increased; and the capital showed a marked growth of prosperity scarcely visible in the rural districts. The spirit of intolerance and of sectarian bigotry diminished, too, perhaps among the upper classes, and their intellectual activity was certainly quickened. But the removal of restrictions on Irish trade, the relaxation of the penal code, and the tendencies of the later years of the century, were the principal causes of this general progress; and 'liberty,' and a 'National Parliament,' had not, as Mr. Lecky rather hints than asserts, much to do, in our judgement, with this matter. Unquestionably, too, the Parliament in College Green maintained order and the public peace, though it secured this object through a Draconic code; nor do we deny that, upon the whole, it was really attached to the British connexion, for this was its direct and evident interest; that it was free from socialistic and democratic tendencies, for its nature and character made this certain; or that, filled as it was with owners of land, it contributed to the material welfare of Ireland, though its extravagance, its jobbing, and its waste were proverbial. But just legislation, and good

government, and even administration could not exist in the actual state of affairs in Ireland; and the condition of the nation in various aspects was pregnant with evil and full of danger. The Constitution of 1782 was not only inconsistent with Imperial safety, but with wise reform and with progress in Ireland; it thwarted the enlightened and judicious policy which occasionally was designed at Westminster; it made the corruption of the Irish Parliament a necessary condition of the security of the State; and yet it largely increased the power of that exclusive, selfish, and domineering Assembly. The measures, too, of the Irish Parliament, as was to be expected, in the main embodied the ideas and the prejudices of a class; it refused, as we have seen, to commute the tithes; it never approached a land question even then beginning to become formidable; it paid no regard to the wants or the misery of the teeming millions of a pauper peasantry; it persistently rejected plans of reform and of bringing popular influences within its sphere; its system of government, central and local, was that of a harsh sectarian ascendancy iniquitous to the mass of the nation; above all, it had very little in common with two great divisions of the people it ruled, and it could not sympathise with their views or their interests. No wonder, then, that discontent, wretchedness, and disloyalty prevailed throughout the island during this boasted period of national 'freedom;' or that elements of mischief and of peril to the State, ready to break out when the occasion offered, increased in the Presbyterian and Catholic parts of Ireland which were deprived of their just rights and legitimate power.

We have now reached the tremendous crisis in which the old order of France and of Europe was to be overthrown amidst bloodshed and war; in which England was to present the spectacle of reverses abroad succeeded by triumphs, of society stirred to its depths at home, and of an Ireland smitten by the French Terror; and in which the minister who, in peace, had crowned her fortunes, was to be her guide in a worldwide conflict, of which he scarcely perceived the signs or the tendencies. Mr. Lecky has dwelt at great length on the antecedents of the French Revolution, especially on the intellectual movement of which Voltaire and Rousseau were the master spirits; but we have no space to refer to an essay which is not closely linked with the narrative, and we shall only remark that we concur in his view that the effects of this philosophy have perhaps been

magnified, though the spirit of Voltaire, we certainly think, was more destructive than Mr. Lecky admits, and it sapped the throne as well as the altar. He has also given us an instructive sketch of the history of the years before 1789; and he has clearly pointed out how the State was weakened by the spectacle of a conflict between its main powers in the presence of a keen-witted but unenfranchised nation; how a spirit of mean and grasping selfishness pervaded the upper classes, and destroyed their influence; and what discredit had, for half a century, fallen on every institution of the Bourbon monarchy. He has moreover brought out a special feature of the time, not sufficiently noticed by many writers—how the barbarities of the Revolution were partly due to the distress of 1784–88, which filled Paris with thousands of desperate men, and supplied Jacobinism with its legions of crime, and he has commented justly on the extravagance of Calonne, on the foolishness of Brienne, and on the weakness of Necker. He has scarcely, however, we think, given sufficient prominence to two marked characteristics of these years—how all that was august in the old order of France, the monarchy, the Church, the noblesse, the Parliaments, had become almost effete; and how, though there was little oppression, and a liberal and enlightened spirit was abroad, the community was separated into hostile classes, and widespread misery prevailed in the towns, as well as in many of the rural districts. We agree in the main with Mr. Lecky that, historically, it is unwise to regard the Revolution with a fatalist's eye; it was largely due to remote causes, but it was precipitated by a series of accidents, and its peculiar character must be ascribed to casual and purely special circumstances. Undoubtedly in 1788–89 France, as a nation, had not a thought of overthrowing her ancient monarchy; and had Louis XVI. been Henry IV., or even had Mirabeau held the place of Necker, the course of events might have been quite different. Nor would anarchy have become supreme in France, or Jacobinism won its appalling triumph, had the *émigrés* stood by the imperilled throne; had the middle class shown more moral courage; had not wicked men been able to gain a mastery over popular passion by pointing to treachery in high places, and screening crime behind a mask of patriotism; had not war aggravated the dire catastrophe.

The States General assembled at Versailles, and even before many months had passed the monarchy had been

shorn of its power; the Church had lost its ancient possessions, and had been transformed into an agency of the State; the titles and the wealth of the noblesse had gone; and a government despotic in name and centralised had been replaced by a scheme which committed authority to the mass of the people. Signs of general disorder had, besides, multiplied; the fall of the Bastille had shown Paris her power; the king had been driven by a mob from his palace; the priesthood was torn by angry divisions; a flight of ruined nobles had crossed the frontier; the peasantry had risen in many districts; and sweeping confiscations had been followed by the assignats and widespread bankruptcy. It is most remarkable, Mr. Lecky observes, what a slight impression these great events made at this time on English opinion, and how little the Revolution, and all that was involved in it, was generally understood in this country. Burke alone among thinkers and statesmen perceived that the subversion of the old order of things in France was something wholly different from the Revolution of 1688, to which it was compared by Fox and other leading Whigs; and he alone lifted up his voice to denounce the violence which already had marked the conduct of the National Assembly and of the French capital; to point out how dangerous were reckless changes in politics founded on abstract theories; to indicate how the new arrangement of France was perilous to the established system of Europe. Mr. Lecky has most ably reviewed the 'Reflections,' but we cannot comment upon his remarks; we agree with him that while Burke has shown a perfect knowledge of our own polity, and if much of his teaching is of lasting value, he was not well acquainted with the institutions of old France, and was certainly blind to their worst abuses. Pitt was no exception to the prevailing ignorance; and he appears simply to have had no idea of the nature of the portentous drama which was taking place across the Channel. He believed that it would be a passing disturbance, tending ultimately to the prosperity of France, which he anticipated would increase our own, but certainly to reduce her power for a time; and he confidently expected that she would reappear on the scene of politics as 'one of the most brilliant of states,' with a reformed government and enlarged liberties. He read, indeed, the signs of the time so ill, that in 1790 and 1791 France did not deeply engage his thoughts; his attention was chiefly turned to affairs in the East, to the negotiations of the peace of Sistova, to the attitude of Russia,

Prussia, and Austria, to the intrigues that led to the partition of Poland.

This false conception of the Revolution, and indifference to what was going on in France, reveal the weak side of Pitt as a statesman; and his eyes were only partly opened after years of war and of a bitter experience. One of the consequences of this want of insight was that England, he was convinced, had nothing to apprehend from the troubles in France; she had to reckon not with the august Bourbon monarchy, but with a disordered, perhaps an insolvent State; and in the beginning of 1792 he reduced our armaments, as is well known, to the lowest point, believing that England at least would be long at peace. His attitude towards European powers conformed, in all respects, to this view; but if events were to make it impossible, it was dignified and appeared in accord with honourable traditions of British policy. Before the close of 1791 there were many signs of an impending conflict between the Revolution and the old Continental States; Prussia and Austria had seemed to compose their feuds in order to form a league against France; and notes of defiance heard on the Seine were thrown back from the Spree and the Danube. Just at the time, too, the intrigues of Catherine and of Prussia were leading Poland to ruin; and when, in the spring of 1792, the struggle was begun by France in the West, war appeared imminent in Eastern Europe. The one thought of Pitt was to keep England out of a contest which threatened the whole Continent; and his policy was directed, with frank straightforwardness, to an end which, for months, he believed attainable. One of the best passages in Mr. Lecky's work is contained in the chapter in which he describes in minute detail, and with perfect justice, how Pitt, at this crisis, steadily maintained a neutrality thoroughly strict and impartial; he has brought together from State papers and other documents some fresh materials of information upon the subject; and if he has not added much to what was before known, he has corroborated the truth by new evidence. Pitt turned a deaf ear to the cries of the *émigrés*, and rejected every overture of the Comte de Provence to join in the protest of the German Powers against the excesses of revolutionary France. He ordered our ambassador at Berlin to avoid appearing at the celebrated meeting at Pölnitz; and he distinctly refused to take part in what was called the 'concert of the Powers' in a project to re-establish the old French monarchy. Non-intervention, in short, of

the most scrupulous kind as between the rulers of France and the nation, and as between France and the Continental Powers, was, from first to last, his policy at this time; and he carried it out with such consistent firmness that he was condemned at several Continental courts as a traitor to the cause of legitimate power, and that his conduct was not regarded as hostile by the men in office in the two French Assemblies. As late even as the spring of 1792 an English alliance was hoped for in Paris; and a mission led by Talleyrand—Mr. Lecky has given us a full and very interesting account of this—although it failed to effect its purpose, was assured that England was friendly to France. The neutrality of Pitt was, in fact, so rigid, that more than once it seemed scarcely compatible with national courtesy or humane feeling. He recalled our ambassador, indeed, from Paris after the fall of the throne on August 10; but he refused to utter a word of remonstrance when the king and queen, after the flight to Varennes, were reduced to captivity in their own capital; he looked coldly on while the victims were sent to the Temple foredoomed to a terrible fate; and, as Mr. Lecky justly remarks, he would never have gone to war to save Louis XVI., or have repudiated the Republic had it not provoked a conflict. Pitt in the East was the same as he had been in the West; he openly expressed his dislike, no doubt, of the conduct of Russia and her Prussian satellite, and he protested against the partition of Poland. But he carefully abstained from taking a side; his great aim and hope, we repeat, was to isolate England, and to keep her at peace; and his neutrality throughout was severely impartial.

We transcribe one or two remarks of Mr. Lecky upon this important subject; for if the conduct of Pitt is understood here it is still misrepresented by some foreign critics.

'I have dwelt long on this subject; for, in order to judge fairly the causes of the outbreak of the war of 1793, it is necessary to ascertain what were the dispositions of England when the great struggle first began on the Continent. It is, I believe, absolutely impossible to study the evidence with candour without acknowledging that, up to this time at least, the English Government was thoroughly pacific, and that the neutrality which it professed was a sincere neutrality, honestly professed and faithfully observed. . . . Few things are more admirable in the career of Pitt than the fidelity with which he observed this neutrality, not only in deeds, but in words; and the latter is, perhaps, the more difficult in a free Government which is largely swayed by popular passions, and in which it is in the power of any member of Parliament to force almost any subject into discussion.'

Pitt, however, knew not what the Revolution was; he was taken by surprise and driven from his course by its fierce aggressive spirit and its contempt of right, and, ignorant of its peculiar character, he was reluctantly forced into war with France, after long efforts to avert a rupture. Mr. Lecky has traced at great length the events that gradually led to the conflict; he has studied the subject with extreme care; he has thoroughly exhausted every source of information already open, and has borrowed materials from fresh sources derived chiefly from the French Foreign Office; and his knowledge is so rich and his judgement so just that we think this perhaps the best part of his history, though the narrative is involved and broken. France having declared war in April 1792, the Germans slowly rolled over her frontier; but her young levies checked the ill-led invaders, and they were soon seen in triumph on the Rhine, and carrying all before them in the Austrian Netherlands. Meanwhile Paris had overthrown the monarchy; the atrocities of September had shown how terrible was the audacity of the new men in power; and a republic breathing defiance to Europe, and preaching a crusade for the rights of man, had established itself amidst ruins and blood. The Revolution, too, had invaded England; its emissaries spread its anarchic doctrines in the capital, and even in parts of the country, and found allies in clubs and societies formed to receive and diffuse the contagion, and even the representative of France took part in propagating the creed of his present masters. Yet all these things scarcely moved Pitt, and his attitude of neutrality was not changed by them. Like every soldier and statesman in Europe, he was amazed at Valmy, Jemmapes, and the fall of Mayence; but the success of France did not make him turn to a coalition with which he had no sympathy. He remained indifferent, as he had always been, to the progress of lawless disorder in France, and to the hideous crimes of her new Government, and he ridiculed the notion that a revolutionary State could, in the long run, cope with the old Powers of Europe. Though, too, he could not wholly disregard the growing alarm of our upper classes at the diffusion of evil and dangerous principles, and the horror generally felt by Englishmen at the barbarities which had occurred in Paris, and he adopted certain repressive measures, he never thought of committing England to war for considerations like these, and he severely condemned the conduct of Burke in declaring that 'terror must be met by terror,' and that every nation had an enemy

in France. Through all this period he was in correspondence, and negotiating with the bloodstained Republic, and as late as November 1792—this appears from one of Lord Grenville's letters on which Mr. Lecky properly dwells—he confidently expected that he could maintain peace. Pitt was so intent, indeed, on this object, that he actually permitted a French army to invade the Austrian Netherlands, without a protest, on an assurance that France did not aim at conquest, and that the occupation would be only for a time.

The cause which really led to the war, though other considerations must be added, was the contempt shown by the French Government to the obligations of treaties and to international right. Pitt was well versed in questions of this kind, and understood their supreme importance; and though the case of England must be viewed as a whole, he embarked in the contest, unwilling as he was, because France wronged and insulted the Dutch Republic, and because, violating a distinct pledge, she was bent on annexing the Austrian Netherlands. Mr. Lecky conclusively proves the facts, and we agree with him that our quarrel was just, and that the conduct of Pitt became a British minister, if, indeed, it did not err on the side of concession. In examining the question we must bear in mind that the Dutch Republic was our intimate ally, and that the provocation was given by France, when a French army was menacing Holland and a French party at the Hague, supported in Paris, was plotting the overthrow of the Dutch Government. When France, therefore, defiantly announced that she would violate the neutral rights of the States by following the Austrians into Dutch territory, and that she would despatch warships into the Scheldt and keep the navigation of the river open, in opposition to the public law of Europe, England had no option but to assist her ally, if she was to retain her self-respect and to have a regard for justice. Mr. Lecky truly remarks:—

‘The direction given to the French commander to pursue the Austrians, if they retired into Dutch territory, was a flagrant violation of the law of nations, while the opening of the Scheldt was a plain violation of the treaty rights of the Dutch. Their sovereignty over that river dated from the peace of Westphalia, by which the independence of Holland was first recognised. It had been confirmed by the treaty of 1785, in which France herself acted as guarantor; and it was one of those rights which England, by the treaty of alliance in 1788, was most formally bound to defend. . . . But beyond this, if the navigation of the Scheldt was open to armed vessels, it would enable

the French, as the Dutch truly said, to carry their troops into the heart of Holland. . . . Could it be questioned that the opening of the Scheldt formed a leading part of a plan for the conquest of Holland? Could it be doubted that if the mouth of the river passed into French hands it would, in the event of a war, give great facilities for an attack on England?'

Again, France had declared that she had no thought of conquest when her army invaded the Austrian Netherlands. But she deliberately began to annex these provinces, and the cant of Jacobin orators about 'freeing peoples' could blind no man of sense to her evident purpose. The Netherlanders rejected Parisian 'liberty;' but the 'French had not been 'many weeks in the Austrian Netherlands before they proceeded to treat them as a portion of France, to introduce 'the assignats, to confiscate the Church property, to abolish 'all privileges, and to remould the whole structure of society 'according to the democratic type;' and the Convention, in reply to a protest, announced in its customary jargon that it would subdue the country.

'It is evident that a people so enamoured of its chains and so obstinately attached to its state of brutishness, as to refuse the restoration of its rights, is the accomplice not only of its own despots, but even of all the crowned usurpers, who divide the domain of the earth and of men. Such a servile people is the declared enemy, not only of the French Republic, but even of all other nations, and therefore the distinction which we have so justly established between government and people ought not to be observed in its favour. Such a people must, therefore, be treated according to the rigour of law and of conquest.'

England could not sanction a policy like this, especially as it involved a gross breach of faith, and see the Austrian Netherlands become a French province. Mr. Lecky, indeed, correctly observes that Pitt left the old ways of our best statesmen in even permitting French troops to enter this region.

.'Ever since the English Revolution it had been one of the first objects of English foreign policy to secure this tract of country from the dominion and the ascendancy of France. Its invasion by Louis XIV. first made the war of the Spanish Succession inevitable. Its security had been the main object of the Barrier Treaty, and we have already seen the importance attached to this point in the negotiations of 1789. If Pitt's father had been at the head of affairs, there can, I think, be little doubt that the entry of the French troops into the Belgian Provinces would have been immediately followed by English intervention.'

The celebrated decree of the French Convention, in which

it was declared that France would assist 'all nations who sought to regain liberty,' unquestionably gave offence in England, and has been assigned as a cause of the war. It had some influence, perhaps, on Pitt, but it had little to do with the actual rupture. This is evident from a report of Maret—in after years the Duc de Bassano—then an emissary of the French Government.

'The conversation passed to the decree of November 19, and Maret maintained that, notwithstanding the general expressions employed in it, it was intended only to apply to countries with which France was actually at war. Pitt answered, "that if an interpretation of that kind was possible, its effects would be excellent."'

On the whole the real policy of Pitt and the true reasons which forced England into war are accurately expressed in the well-known despatch, written a short time before the sword was drawn, in which, we agree with Mr. Lecky, we can probably trace the minister's hand:—

'England never will consent that France should arrogate the power of annulling, at her pleasure, and under the pretence of a pretended natural right, of which she makes herself the only judge, the political system of Europe, established by solemn treaties and guaranteed by the consent of all the Powers. This Government, adhering to the maxims which it has followed for more than a century, will also never see with indifference that France shall make herself, either directly or indirectly, sovereign of the Low Countries, or general arbitress of the rights and liberties of Europe.'

The declaration of war, it must be borne in mind, was made by France, spite of the wrong done to England. We quote a few words from the weighty sentences in which Mr. Lecky sums up his conclusions:—

'The real governing motives of the war are to be found in the formal and open violation by France of the treaty relating to the Scheldt, which England had guaranteed—a violation which was based upon grounds that would invalidate the whole public law of Europe, and attempted under circumstances that clearly showed that it was part of a scheme for annexing Belgium, conquering Holland, and perhaps threatening England with invasion. They are to be found in the overwhelming evidence of the intention of the French to incorporate in their own republic those Belgian provinces whose independence of France was a matter of vital interest to the security of England; in the long train of circumstances which convinced the English ministers of the determination of revolutionary France to invade Holland and to overthrow that Dutch Government which England had distinctly bound herself by a recent treaty to defend.'

Pitt made earnest efforts to prevent the rupture, and

these were seconded, in some measure, from Paris. The conduct, indeed, of Chauvelin, the unaccredited envoy of the Republic, was exceedingly bad and treacherous; he endeavoured to stir up the worst passions of the populace of London and the democratic clubs; he was repeatedly insolent to Lord Grenville; and he misled his own Government by false reports that England was in a revolutionary state. But Maret negotiated, in the interest of peace, sincerely, and with much tact and ability; and the attitude of Lebrun, the French Foreign Minister, was occasionally conciliatory, though he often assumed a defiant attitude to please Jacobin Paris. The decision, however, rested with Pitt, and he left nothing undone which was compatible with his avowed policy to avert a conflict. Mr. Lecky has dwelt on the negotiations with Maret, the conversations of Lord Auckland and De Maulde, and on the curious overtures made by Dumouriez; but these passages have no interest now, and we can only refer to the author's pages. The death of Louis XVI., Mr. Lecky thinks, though it provoked extreme indignation in England, had no effect on the resolves of Pitt; war had become inevitable before; but the skilful minister seized the occasion to identify his policy with national passion. The following is, perhaps, a little fanciful:—

'If, as Pitt believed, the war had become inevitable, it was a matter of high policy to enter into it supported by a strong wave of popular feeling. Nothing can be more certain than that neither the murder of the king nor any other change in the government of France would have induced him to commence it; but when for other reasons it had become unavoidable, he naturally sought to carry with him the moral forces of indignation and enthusiasm which might contribute to its success.'

We repeat, therefore, whatever may be said by sentimental 'friends of humanity'—and Mr. Gladstone seems to be one of these, to judge from essays which ought to find a Canning to hold them up to deserved ridicule—England drew the sword in 1793, in a righteous cause, with a clear conscience; and it is to be regretted only that Pitt did not comprehend the Revolution and its peculiar forces.

We pass from the West to Eastern Europe; there, as Mr. Lecky justly remarks, the ambition, the jealousies, and the intrigues of despotism must be condemned by history almost as sternly as the wickedness of Republican France; and the fortunes of the Continent, and even of England, were to a lamentable extent affected by them. For many months after

the States General had met, the attention of the great Eastern Powers was but seldom directed to the condition of France; Catherine was watching Poland with rapacious eyes; and Austria and Prussia were fully engaged in the negotiations that led to the peace of Sistova. The confiscation, however, of the feudal rights of German princes in Alsace and Lorraine, and the vehement harangues against 'old world tyrants,' occasionally heard in the French Assemblies, by degrees provoked a strong feeling in Germany; and the suspicions of France were not unjustly raised by the permission given to armed bands of *émigrés* to threaten civil war from across the German frontier. The relations of the two nations became strained; this led Austria and Prussia to compose their differences, and for a common interest to draw towards each other; and this sympathy was increased by the anti-Russian sentiments of Leopold, the new head of the Empire, by his fears for the safety of the Royal House of France and especially of his sister Marie Antoinette, and by the hostility of Frederick William to the Revolution. The two sovereigns became allies, chiefly through the influence of a court favourite; and Prussia characteristically proposed that Austria should take possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and that upper Silesia should be assigned to herself. The well-known convention of Pilnitz followed, and though Leopold dreaded a conflict with France, and was not sincere in his bellicose language, war might have broken out in the autumn of 1791 but for a change in the position of affairs in the East. Poland had reformed her constitution in 1790-1; the anarchy which had been the cause of her weakness had been, to a great extent, got under; and a revolution accomplished without strife and bloodshed, and warmly eulogised by Burke and by Pitt, promised the new birth of a prosperous State. This was directly opposed to the schemes of Catherine, who had marked Poland down for Muscovite prey; she made overtures to the Prussian court, and Prussia, which had taken an active part in promoting the reforms of a few months before, and had professed herself the firm friend of the Poles, turned a perfidious ear to shameless proposals for a new dismemberment of the ill-fated country, on a promise that she would obtain a share in the spoil. These intrigues had a marked effect on Leopold; a real statesman, he saw the peril of an advance of Russia towards the heart of Europe; his sympathies, too, with the Poles were sincere; and he gradually turned his thoughts away from the West, and began to distrust the Prussian

alliance. His policy became temporising, watchful, cautious; in deference, indeed, to German opinion, he declared that he would not submit to French threats, or allow wrongs to be done to the Empire; and he even made a show of preparations for war. But he discouraged the *émigrés* in every way; he put an end to their armed assemblies; he entreated Louis XVI. to accept the new Constitution of 1791; he refused to comply with the passionate demands of Marie Antoinette for German aid; he inclined again towards the veteran Kaunitz, and listened to his advice to beware of Prussia and to keep out of a struggle with France. He had no notion of playing the game of Catherine, who, intent, as she cynically avowed, 'on having a free hand in 'the affairs of Poland,' was trying to engage the two German Powers in a crusade against revolution in the West.

The policy of the wise head of the Empire was frustrated by the Parisian demagogues. France, indeed, we agree with Mr. Lecky, had previously had just grounds of complaint; Catherine had ostentatiously courted the *émigrés*, and Frenchmen could not know that this was a lure to entrap the German powers into war; Austria and Prussia, enemies for half a century, had publicly threatened France at Pilnitz, and the hollowness of this menace had still to be proved; and the intrigues of Marie Antoinette against the Assemblies were suspected at least, if not discovered. But the first provocation had come from France; revolutionary agents had, besides, of late been stirring up rebellion in the Austrian Netherlands, and spreading disorder through the Rhenish Provinces; ferocious invectives against the Emperor had become the stock-in-trade of the orators of the Gironde; and as the grievances of France had been, in the main, redressed, she is gravely to blame for the events that followed. In the first days of 1792 a direct challenge to war was despatched to Vienna, accompanied by the most insolent language; Leopold was forced again into the arms of Prussia, and an army was collected on the Rhenish frontier. In a few months he suddenly died; his death changed the whole position of affairs, and caused the struggle with France, now evidently at hand, to be commenced under quite new conditions. The heir to the Empire was an inexperienced youth; he hated the Revolution, and was eager for war; and he was destitute of the wise-statecraft which had counted Russia as a foe of Austria, and Poland as a necessary ally. Catherine saw with exultation that her time had come; the invasion and the partition of Poland were arranged by the Empress and Frederick

William; and the young king of Hungary agreed to look on if compensation were made to Austria. France declared war in the midst of these intrigues; and while a French force entered the Austrian Netherlands, a combined Austrian and Prussian army, with the Duke of Brunswick in supreme command, advanced slowly to the Moselle and the Meuse. The German soldiery felt assured of victory, and probably the allies would have achieved the success which throughout Europe was considered certain but for the situation which had been created in the East. The question of the partition of Poland, and of the indemnity to be secured to Austria, revived the divisions of the two German Powers; and while Prussia fixed on her share of the spoil, Austrian statesmen haggled about the equivalent to be assigned to her jealous rival. In the presence even of a common foe, the imposing alliance was quickly weakened; and though Mayence witnessed a grand assembly of imperial princes eager for the field, and the campaign seemed to open well, the coalition had little strength or unity. The results were the prelude of woe for Europe, and led to a disastrous era in the history of the world. Prussia and Austria, watching each other in the East, did not put forth their real power in the West; the allied armies invaded France in numbers far less than had been arranged; Clairfait held back and distrusted Brunswick; and though Brunswick might have done more had he been a really capable chief, it is doubtful if he could have mastered Paris. A single slight reverse sent the allied commanders, at feud with each other, across the Rhine, and broke up their discomfited host; and revolutionary France was given free scope to enter upon her career of aggression. In a word, the rapacity, the intrigues, and the selfishness of the Eastern Powers at this great crisis let war and anarchy loose on the Continent; the international crime which destroyed Poland was avenged by Napoleon's terrible sword; and a German historian says with truth, in commenting on the campaign of 1792: 'What could be effected by an alliance the parties to which were considering above all things how they might deprive their associates of their desired share in the booty? They fell, not before the arms of the Revolution, but by their own flagrant sin—*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*'

Mr. Lecky's narrative of these events, though impaired by some omissions, overflows with knowledge, and is strictly just; and he has corrected the errors of Von Sybel, the apologist of Prussian greed and duplicity. The jealousies and dis-

sensions of the two German Powers, and the consequences of their policy in the East, long survived the failure of 1792. It has been alleged, indeed, that the fear of creating an avenger of Poland in the restored French monarchy was the true reason that Austria and Prussia did not crush the Revolution in 1793, as might have been done without difficulty; and, as we have said, the peace of Basle and even of Lunéville show how Europe had suffered from German ambition and discord. These events, too, had a marked effect on the attitude and the conduct of England; and they partly explain, if they do not justify, the hesitation and the slackness of Pitt in the first operations of the war with France, though the main cause, we have said, was his ignorance of the Revolution and of its true character. Pitt disapproved of the intrigues in the East, and severely condemned the partition of Poland; he distrusted the allies, though, when compelled to draw the sword, he threw in his lot with them; and this, doubtless, was one reason why he sent comparatively trifling aid to a coalition in which he had little faith, why he employed the strength of England on her own element, attacked France and her colonies at sea, and made our operations on land secondary. This policy, we believe, was mistaken; had Pitt understood the true state of France, and possessed the genius and insight of Chatham, he might have secured for England a commanding influence in the remarkable campaign of 1793, and induced the allies to march on Paris; but it was an intelligible if not a masterly policy; and, as the strife progressed, he was naturally led to prefer victories like that of the 1st of June, and the destruction of the maritime power of an enemy, to hanging upon the skirts of a league conspicuous only for its rapacious selfishness, its timidity, its divisions, and its shameful reverses. Though Pitt, too, can scarcely be said to have ever conducted the war ably, it is difficult to believe that, after 1793, he could soon have attained decisive success. The grand alliance formed against Louis XIV., though not free from internal discord, really wished to cripple the Bourbon monarchy, and found chiefs like Eugene and Marlborough. Apart from other causes that told in his favour, Chatham had the support of Frederick the Great in his contest with France in the Seven Years' War, and the triumph of these coalitions is not surprising. But Pitt had to deal with a set of allies without heart in their cause, and without real union; England did not possess one capable general, and her military strength was at the lowest point; and not to speak of the energy in

the field displayed even from the first by France, and of her fourteen Republican armies carrying war and terror across her frontiers, though too much, perhaps, has been made of this, it is hard to suppose that, under these conditions, a second Blenheim, or another Minden, as has been said, would have been possible. If defeats, too, like Quiberon Bay and the Helder show that Pitt did not possess true insight in the direction of war, justice should be done to his heroic constancy; nor should we forget that his persistent energy was nearly successful even in his own time, and that, in the long run, it completely triumphed. The great English statesman was the master spirit of all the leagues formed against revolutionary France; he would have conquered in 1800, and again in 1805, but for Napoleon's unrivalled powers; and Pitt was as much the true author of the peace of 1815 as William III. was of the peace of Utrecht. England has had many better war ministers; but the instinct of Frenchmen is not wrong; they justly reckoned Pitt their most formidable foe.

The affairs of England, after the beginning of the war, are outside the scope of Mr. Lecky's work. Pitt soon abandoned the attitude of unconcern he had assumed towards the French propaganda at home; he suddenly passed from a feeling of contempt as to the influence of the Revolution here to a sentiment of anxiety and even of terror; and his domestic policy became harsh and oppressive. He went, in fact, from one extreme to another in his inability to comprehend the awful portent presented to a terrified world; and we shall not attempt to justify his severe measures, his State prosecutions, and the wrongs committed, especially in Scotland, with his full approval. Yet the spirit of the time must not be forgotten; the aristocracy, the Church, and even the middle classes, were carried away by hatred of France and abhorrence of the Jacobin doctrines; and though England was, in the main, sound, there were symptoms of dangerous and anarchical movements. The state of Ireland, too, had become most alarming; and this added largely to the minister's troubles. Mr. Lecky has devoted a long chapter to this most instructive passage in Irish history; and though we widely dissent from his judgments, his narrative is worthy of careful study. The French Revolution quickly attracted the sympathies of a large part of Ireland; reaching, as it always did, what was peccant in a State, it had soon entered and violently disturbed the ill-ordered structure of the Irish community; and this is an awkward

fact for those who contend that the nation had really made great progress, and had been fairly well governed since 1782. Presbyterian Ireland, which had been deeply stirred by American Independence and the volunteer movement, first showed the effects of the new contagion; Ulster became leavened by 'French principles,' and a loud cry arose for democratic reforms of the most extravagant and general kind, and for 'liberty' on the Parisian model. The agitation had its chief centre at Belfast, where committees of the revolutionary type, volunteers in the garb of French National Guards, and thousands of copies of Paine's 'Rights of Man' were manifestations of its true tendencies; and here, too, an organisation was formed destined to involve at last the whole land in rebellion. Wolfe Tone, an obscure but a very able man, founded the Society of the United Irishmen at Belfast; his object being to combine both parts of the unenfranchised mass of the Irish people in a league for separation from England, this fanatic, like other patriots of his class, raising the cry of Irish Nationality to promote the unhallowed designs of Jacobin wickedness. The spirit thus aroused by degrees reached the vast inert body of Catholic Ireland, which, still deprived of political rights, and labouring under all kinds of grievances, though it retained some sympathy for the Bourbon monarchy, could not fail to be moved by the violent change which had overthrown in France a dominant church, had annihilated an aristocratic caste, and had thrown open the land to a subject peasantry. A demand was made for the abolition at once of the remaining parts of the penal code, and for Catholic emancipation in the fullest sense; a Catholic committee set up in Dublin expressed its complaints in the wildest language; and the project of a Catholic Convention was formed, recalling the days of the Confederates of 1641 and of Tyrconnel's Assembly of 1690. The tendency of the movement ere long was seen in the withdrawal from the scene of the band of nobles who had hitherto been the Catholic leaders, and by the timid attitude of the Catholic bishops; and soon afterwards the choice of Wolfe Tone as virtual director of Catholic affairs became a visible sign and a pledge of the alliance of Presbyterian and Catholic Ireland, which it had been his passionate desire to create, and which was being accomplished by the course of events. Meanwhile the influences which had spread abroad had found their way to the mass of serfdom which vegetated in hopeless want on the land; a thrill ran through the hearts of the Celtic peasantry as rumours flitted about of a change in their lot;

and symptoms began to appear of one of those agrarian outbreaks which had harassed society in Ireland for years, and are still the curse of that distracted country.

The policy of Pitt at this conjuncture was halting, uncertain, and marked by even more than his usual want of insight in Irish affairs. The real need of Ireland was a firm government; and had he displayed anything like the vigour in putting Irish disaffection down, which he had exhibited here, without sufficient cause, history would not have witnessed the horrors of 1798. He listened, however, to the counsels of Burke, who, always moved by Irish Catholic sympathies, had persuaded himself that even Catholic Ireland could be turned into a great Conservative force to do battle with French Jacobinism; and overlooking Presbyterian Ulster, the true focus of danger and trouble, against the advice of his own Lord Lieutenant, and of the experienced men who ruled at the Castle, he assumed that attitude of 'conciliation,' without a distinct purpose, which, when Irish Celts have become threatening, has been always attended with unhappy consequences.

We pass over the mission of Richard Burke, the encouragement given to the Catholic Committee to treat directly with George III., the overtures made by Pitt and Dundas to the avowed agent of the Irish Catholics, the steady protests of Hobart and Westmorland against a sweeping measure of Catholic relief, when Ireland was on the verge of anarchy, and the shifting course pursued by the minister. Mr. Lecky has described these events at length, though he does not bring out their full significance; and they indicate, we must say, on the part of Pitt, that hesitation and perplexity which, in affairs of State, have often appeared intrigue and duplicity. In the spring of 1793, when war had become certain, the minister had made up his mind; and a Bill, supported by his commanding influence, was introduced into the Irish House of Commons, which, with the exception of the right to sit in Parliament, conceded nearly all the claims of the Catholics, and in fact went beyond their wildest hopes. Mr. Lecky has given us long extracts from the interesting and valuable debates that followed; the speeches of Foster and of Sir Lawrence Parsons, he justly remarks, were able in the extreme; but they show also how extravagant the scheme appeared to those thoughtful and sincere men—though these were a mere handful in the Irish Parliament—who, though opposed to the corrupt majority, would not follow the dangerous lead of Grattan,

and believed that Protestant ascendancy was in Ireland a necessary condition of the British connexion. The measure passed, but we wholly dispute the accuracy of Mr. Lecky's statement, that it was the free boon of an enlightened Parliament, and a proof of the liberal tendencies that prevailed at College Green. The Bill, there is every reason to believe, was carried against the real wishes of both Houses, by the well-known means through which government in Ireland was then conducted; but, be this as it may, it is more important to note the results of an immense concession made to Ireland when the passions and hopes of the masses had been suddenly roused. Within a few weeks after the measure of relief, it had become necessary to put the Catholic Convention down, 'as an engine of inevitable evil;' Presbyterian Ulster was in a flame; the United Irishmen were beginning to be a formidable power that menaced the State; French emissaries, in league with secret societies and conspiracies, swarmed throughout the island; above all, the peasantry of the Catholic South were rising against law, order, and all social arrangements. We prefer to quote Mr. Lecky's own words; he is too candid to keep back the truth; but his description ill accords with his evident belief that 'conciliation,' even at this time, was wise:—

'The Government letters in the spring and summer of 1793 are full of accounts of secret drillings; of attempts to form national guards in different towns of Ulster; of the concealment of guns, ammunition, and even cannon; of midnight parties attacking country houses and seizing arms; of the untiring industry with which the levelling principles of the Revolution were propagated. The riots of the Peep-o'-day Boys and Defenders rose and fell, but they had infected many counties, and secret combinations were spreading among the lowest class to resist the payment of tithes and hearth-money, and sometimes of priests' dues and of rent. Westmorland and Hobart wrote that an oath "to be true to the Catholic cause" was widely taken; that rude proclamations were circulated declaring that the people "must have land at ten shillings an acre, and will have no farmers nor great men, and that they are fifty to one gentleman;" that "equality not only of religion but of property" was expected; that large numbers of pikes were manufactured, and that there were constant rumours of an impending insurrection.'

From that day to this it has been often said—and the sentiment was expressed with confidence in the Home Rule debates of 1886—that Pitt's policy, at this crisis, only failed because it was not sufficiently thorough. Had the Parliament been opened to the Irish Catholics, disorder in Ireland would, as if by magic, have ceased; and had the Irish

House of Commons been reformed, the nation would have become contented and loyal. We shall not discuss Lord Fitzwilliam's conduct, or the circumstances connected with his recall; but ideas like these are mere delusions, and, just now especially, should not mislead us. How could the admission of a few Catholic peers and gentlemen into the assembly at College Green have checked the treason, the crime, and the anarchy which were gaining a mastery over a large part of Ireland, or have put an end to a socialistic *Jacquerie*? And would a reform of the Irish Parliament have had more effect on Wolfe Tone and his followers, and on the conspirators, whether in Ireland or in France, whose one aim was separation from England, than Home Rule, at the present moment, would have on the adherents of Michael Davitt or the fanatics of the Chicago Convention? Firm government, we repeat, was the great want of Ireland in 1793; and circumstances had already proved that a comprehensive change was required in the polity and institutions of the country. The Constitution of 1782 had been fairly tried; but its disintegrating tendencies had become manifest; and these might become ruinous when England was at war with a revolutionary power in close sympathy with all that was disaffected and disturbed in Ireland. The Irish Parliament remained the corrupt agency of the Government and of an exclusive caste; it had steadily refused to reform itself, and reform, indeed, would have been most perilous to the connexion with England and to its own existence; and there was no prospect that, as Grattan dreamed, it could be transformed into an enlightened assembly truly representative of the people as a whole. Presbyterian Ireland was discontented to the core; and though many of the wrongs of the Irish Catholics had been redressed by the late measure, Protestant ascendancy was still supreme in the State, retained its monopoly of power and influence, continued to weigh on the distressed peasantry, and kept its galling yoke upon Catholic Ireland, where a barbarous servile war seemed imminent.

In this position of affairs, a union with England seemed in accord with the very nature of things, and was obviously suggested by the facts of the case; for a union only could remove the mischiefs caused by a double legislature and double form of government, and give England the strength of an undivided state; and a union only could put an end to the domination of a class in Ireland, by the abolition of the assembly in College Green, and placing the

two countries under one Imperial Parliament; could obtain just rights for Presbyterian Ireland; could mitigate or extinguish the many evils that flowed from sectarian rule in the island; could, without danger, admit Catholic Ireland to the freedom of complete British citizenship; could alleviate the grievances which had for ages been inseparable from the lot of the Irish peasant. The policy, in a word, of a union had been evident for a long time; it had found more than one powerful advocate, and the eyes of Pitt had, though slowly, been opened; for he had contemplated, Mr. Lecky points out, the great change in 1792. Unfortunately for himself and for the British Empire, he waited on events and let things drift; and though the Union is associated with his name, he carried out that measure many years too late, and under conditions of the most inauspicious kind; and he carried it out without provisions which he knew were essential to its complete success, and in circumstances that do not increase his renown.

It certainly would have been more difficult to bring about the union in 1793 than it proved to be after a bloody rising, when the Irish Parliament was stricken with terror, and the mass of the people was subdued and prostrate. But Pitt could have attained his object had he boldly made use of his immense power, and success would have placed him in the foremost rank of the illustrious men who have built up the Empire. We, however, fully acquit him of a charge, made without foundation by thoughtless writers, that he was manœuvring at this time for a union, and that he was willing to throw over Protestant Ireland, could he gain the support of the Catholic Irish in furthering a policy he deemed necessary. Not a syllable written or spoken by him shows that he entertained designs of this kind, alike inconsistent with his straightforward character and, in the existing state of affairs, inconceivable in the case of a true Englishman. No doubt the disciple of Adam Smith, when he addressed himself to the task of the union, recollected the teaching of his wise master. Pitt wished to remove from the Irish Catholics every mark of the subjection of the past, and for this purpose he desired to make Catholic emancipation a complete measure, and to endow the Irish Catholic priesthood. But he repeatedly declared that he had the interests of Protestant Ireland closely at heart; he was firmly convinced that a union would be the best and the only means to secure them; and he refused to countenance any attacks on what he called the Irish Protestant settle-

ment. This has been the policy of our greatest statesmen, and history has proved in two striking instances what have been the results of a departure from it. In an endeavour to strengthen his declining power, Charles I. betrayed the Protestant colonists of Ireland to rebel Popish Celts, and his treason led to the tragedy of Whitehall and to the desolation wrought by Cromwellian conquest. James II., in order to regain his crown, walked recklessly in his father's ways, and the House of Stuart was driven from these realms, and Catholic Ireland was kept down in abject thralldom for almost a century. A feeble imitation of this wretched policy has been recently attempted by a statesman of our day, from motives we do not care to expose; but England will be untrue to herself if she does not for ever reject a project which would abandon hundreds of thousands of her own faith and blood, the loyal mainstay of her rule in Ireland, to a vindictive faction which, on all occasions, from the days of Philip II. to those of Napoleon, has proved itself to be her implacable foe, and which has recently shown by fearful examples that Jacobinism can find its most apt instruments in devotees to the superstitions of Rome.

We had hoped to have given our readers extracts from the numerous passages of philosophic thought, expressed in classic and attractive language, which are to be found in these volumes. We would especially refer to the excellent comments made by Mr. Lecky upon the difference between the temptations which have beset statesmen in the eighteenth century and in our own time—this arrow was aimed at Mr. Gladstone, and, spite of his efforts, it clings to his side—and upon the danger of assimilating the laws and institutions of two countries in stages of progress widely apart, and without a real unity of national life—a danger of which we admit the existence, and on which Mr. Lecky will perhaps enlarge in arguing, as he will, against the Irish Union. Our limits, however, have been reached, and we can only refer to pages rich in valuable and often profound reflections. We have freely criticised Mr. Lecky's work; have pointed out its defects of arrangement and form; and have dissented from some of his views and statements. But we should be unjust to ourselves and our author, if we did not place on record again our admiration of the conscientious industry, the thorough research, and the fine vein of thought, on most political and social questions, conspicuously displayed in this important book.

- ART. IV.—1. *Hunting*. By his Grace the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and MOWBRAY MORRIS. With Contributions by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Rev. E. W. L. Davies, &c. London: 1886.
2. *Nimrod's Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Horses, and their Management*. By C. TONGUE. Fourth Revised Edition. London: 1886.
3. *Thoughts on Hunting*. By PETER BECKFORD, Esq. London: 1820.
4. *The Horse and the Hound*. By NIMROD. Edinburgh: 1842.

THE completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of the Queen has naturally caused many retrospects of the past half-century, many anticipations of the coming years. But this inclination to 'look before and after' is not necessarily confined to politics, literature, or science; it extends to other subjects ingrained deeply in the social life of this country. Among these there is not one which is more essentially a national pastime and pursuit than hunting. Its votaries are less numerous than those who are devoted to some other English pleasures, such as cricket or shooting, but what they lack in numbers they make up in enthusiasm. There is no other pastime to which men are so passionately attached as they are to the chase. In the youth and in the old man, in the man of learning and the dullard, this enthusiasm is equally visible, as it is in the descriptions of the scholarly Beckford and in the tales of Whyte-Melville. This enthusiasm of the chase may well appear a kind of mild madness to those who are not hunting men, but its existence is perfectly natural and perfectly intelligible. There is no pastime and no occupation which, while it lasts, is so absorbing and so completely breaks through the monotony of pleasure or of business. It has the excitement of gambling without its regrets. There is the pleasure of rapid motion, the excitement of danger, the interest of emulation, the friendliness of the club, the refreshment of changing scenes. The pleasures of hope, the pangs of disappointment, the satisfaction of fulfilment pass in turn through the mind of the hunter. A single day's hunting stirs the emotions, tries the courage, invigorates the body in so intense a manner that it would be impossible for human beings to pass through these series of feelings without falling victims

to this passion. For these reasons alone it is certainly a pastime which cannot easily be displaced, and which, forming an integral part of social English life, must necessarily, with the changes of time, also undergo some alterations. Those who are engaged in the pursuit of this pleasure can scarcely be expected to make a sufficiently strong effort of mental detachment to be enabled to take a critical survey of the pastime to which they are devoted. But in this year, and at the beginning of another hunting season, it is fitting that, difficult as it may be, such an attempt should be made.

Undoubtedly the main feature of this change in the character of hunting may be summarised in a single sentence. Riding, rather than hunting, is more than it was the object of those who take the field. Beckford, who may be regarded as a type of the best class of sportsmen at the end of the last century, a ripe scholar, and an accomplished fox-hunter regarded the killing of the fox as the main end and object of the day's hunting.

'Sport is but a secondary consideration with a true fox-hunter. The first is the killing of the fox: hence arises the eagerness of pursuit, and the chief pleasure of the chase. I confess I esteem blood so necessary to a pack of foxhounds that I always return home better pleased with an indifferent chase, with death at the end of it, than with the best chase possible if it ends with the loss of the fox. I remember to have heard an odd anecdote of the late Duke of R——, who was very popular in his neighbourhood. A butcher at Lyndhurst, a lover of the sport, as often as he heard the hounds return from hunting, came out to meet them, and never failed to ask the duke what sport he had had. "Very good, I thank you, honest friend." "Has your Grace killed a fox?" "No, we have had a good run, but "we have not killed." "Pshaw!" cried the butcher with an arch look, pointing at him at the same time with his finger; and this was so constantly repeated that the duke, when he had not killed a fox, was used to say he was afraid to meet the butcher.'—*Thoughts on Hunting.*

Evidently Mr. Beckford regarded the butcher as the real, and the duke as but a half-hearted sportsman. At the present day, though the master and huntsman may regret for the sake of the hounds, and the huntsman also for himself, that a fox after a good run has not been killed, yet at least nineteen out of twenty of the field are wholly careless how the day ends so long as they have had a fair gallop. The modern criterion of a good run is that it should be fast, from thirty to forty minutes in time, over as much grass as possible, and with plenty of fair jumpable fences. The death of the fox, the manner in which the hounds have hunted him, is 'oivare to the general.' A man who from some

local circumstance knows the hounds, so to say, personally, who is constantly at the kennels, will take an interest in the working of the pack and in the doings of individual hounds; but it is the riding and not the hunting which is now the main attraction of the chase, and those who say otherwise are merely promulgating a curious sporting fiction. It may be admitted that some who are in the habit of hunting, and who also ride well to hounds, from constant observation obtain some knowledge of the huntsman's craft, can criticise a cast, and to some extent appreciate the working of hounds. But this is altogether a secondary, and as it were incidental, part of the pastime. There are again a considerable proportion of every field who are attracted to the chase neither by the riding nor the hunting.

'There are those who, like the good "Spectator," make no account of glory, who, if they successfully negotiate an accommodating sheep-hurdle, are inclined with Dogberry "to give God thanks and make no boast of it," and if hounds will run away from them follow the advice of the same sagacious philosopher and "let them go." Such men hunt for the sake of the exercise, the fresh air, the pleasure of meeting their friends, the diversion from the routine of everyday life. Often enough they are good sportsmen; and, if they seldom see a fox handsomely killed, enjoy as much as anyone to see him handsomely found. Honest, reputable, and blameless members of the great community of fox-hunters, enjoying themselves without any pretence or parade, jealous of no man's glory, interfering with no man's sport, they are entitled at least to our hearty respect if not to our admiration.'

To this not unjust description of a well-known class of foxhunters, which we extract from the work of the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Morris, it may be added that in many instances these men are veteran sportsmen whom age or bodily infirmity prevents from pushing to the fore as in by-gone days. They are and should be welcome at every meet; they are judicious and kindly sportsmen. But they are entirely different from the other portion of the non-riding division—the Tartarins of the hunting-field, who make a parade and a show and yet are always in the rear, who do not hunt from any true love of the sport—who, to repeat what was once said of a well-known personage, are 'the 'horsiest of men on foot and the footiest on a horse,' who boast of their prowess in and out of season, and abuse a farmer for closing his gates, yet dare not jump over his fences. These whom we have mentioned are undoubtedly the plague of hunting. Like many ills on earth, they must be accepted as inevitable evils, though every opportunity should be taken to make them understand their

real value. But the detachment of these two classes from the riding division does not add to the strength of those who come for the sake of the hunting properly so called—to watch the working of the hounds and to see them kill their fox—and does not in any way alter the main feature of modern hunting—viz. that the object of those who may be regarded as the choicest spirits of the field is riding.

The recognition of this cardinal fact explains the change which has come over fox-hunting in many parts and is in process of creating it in others. It also at once dispels a ridiculous fallacy in which it is the custom of some good people to indulge, that hunting the fox is sport and hunting the carted deer is not sport. The authors of the work on Hunting, in the 'Badminton Library,' show so little knowledge of deer-hunting as to speak of it as 'such imitation of hunting as the pursuit of the paddock-fed deer provides.' This assumption is, in the interests of sport, worth examining with some little minuteness, for there may be sporting cant as well as religious or moral cant. Sport is simply synonymous with pastime, and 'a good sportsman' is one who enters into his pastime with enthusiasm and manliness and sagacity. A man who jumps a big fence into a field of wheat, when his point may be gained equally effectually by going through a gate and not touching the grain crop, may be a man of courage but hardly a good sportsman. The man who goes out with a pack of stag-hounds may, from this point of view, therefore, be as good a sportsman as one who hunts with foxhounds. Let us see by comparison the difference between the real sport and the so-called imitation. The fox is hunted to be killed, and the deer to be housed; but we take it that the Leicestershire or Cheshire sportsman does not regard the death of the animal as the criterion of sport. Both animals also are preserved for the chase. If within a given radius an existing pack or packs of foxhounds were to be put down, in a short time every fox in the district would disappear, and the covers would be grubbed up or turned into game preserves. Thus the sporting fiction that the fox-hunter is pursuing a wild animal, in the sense that a subaltern in the Himalayas goes out on a tiger-shooting expedition, does not alter the actual fact. Then the fox is disturbed from a covert which is carefully preserved for his habitation; the stag is brought from his paddock in a cart and turned out into a field. No one for a moment can deny that the finding of the fox adds to the pleasures of fox-hunting—there is a picturesqueness, an

uncertainty, and an expectation about it which are altogether wanting when the deer jumps out of his cart, and gallops away in his leisurely fashion. The fox runs in fear of his life; the deer, with fifteen or twenty minutes' start of the hounds, pursues the even tenor of his way across pastures and over hedge and brook, till, finding himself fatigued, he turns to bay. The hounds are whipped off, the deftly handled cord soon secures the quarry, and the day's hunting is over. Let us see the character of the actual pursuit, and endeavour to discover the difference in the sport which some are acute enough to perceive. The deer gives the field a long run. Often Lord Rothschild's hounds run a deer for a couple of hours over the wide pastures, the doubles, and the brooks of the Vale of Aylesbury. In a run of this length or of shorter duration there would be various features. Perhaps the first twenty minutes is a rapid burst:—

'Hard on his track o'er the open, and facing
The cream of the country, the pick of the chase,
Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing—
Silence, you know, 's the criterion of pace.
Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving,
By hugging and cramming scarce live with him still,
The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing,
The lord of the valley is over the hill.'

It would be difficult from the point of view of the modern hunter to find anything which can be more truthfully called sport than the kind of run thus chronicled in Whyte-Melville's spirited lines. But then it is likely there comes a bit of slow hunting, unless the scent is unusually good, and those who desire to see hounds work out the line have an opportunity of so doing. Then comes another burst, trying the speed, the stamina, and the jumping power of horses, and the nerve and strength of riders:—

'Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master,
Here in a double another lies cast;
Faster and faster come grief and disaster,
All but the good ones are weeded at last.
Hunters so limber at water and timber
Now on the causeway are fain to be led.
Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
Has sighted the lord of the valley ahead.'

How does this fair run with staghounds differ from a good day with the Quorn or the Cottesmore? There is the difference in the finding of the fox, perhaps even a cover is drawn blank; and then there is a twenty minutes' burst, with a kill

in the open. A trot of some miles to another cover follows, another draw, a fast gallop of thirty minutes, a slow bit of hunting, with a cold scent for ten or fifteen minutes more, and the fox is lost. So that if the two kinds of hunting be analysed, the pursuit of the fox will be found as a rule more varied and more uncertain, and, so to say, more fragmentary in its character than the deer-hunt; but in all the essentials of sport there is no appreciable difference.

We have entered into this question of the *rationale* of stag-hunting not only because it is well that there should be sincerity in sport as in all other matters, but also because it is assuming greater importance at the present time. This is more especially the case when we come to look at hare-hunting.

It is unquestionable that since the passing of the Ground Game Act 1880, hares have gradually become scarcer, with the result that harriers have now great difficulty in showing sport at all. It is the same in the North and in the South of England. It necessarily follows that in order to find a hare the pack has to draw a much larger space of ground than was formerly needful. At the best of times farmers dislike fields being ridden over when hounds are not running, but during a period of agricultural depression this dislike becomes more accentuated, and the scarcity of hares has necessarily increased a part of the day's proceedings which every considerate master would like to shorten. Every sportsman knows how a hare will, in its circles, when pursued, run over the same ground; it is therefore hardly possible for the field to help doing more mischief than in fox-hunting; then farmers have never regarded hare-hunting with that cordiality with which they have looked on fox-hunting, but the agricultural depression and the absence of hares have naturally increased this dislike. Thus, even should a close time for hares again increase their numbers, there are obvious reasons why the occupiers of land will look somewhat coldly on packs of harriers. The latter not unfrequently, towards the end of the season, are in the habit of hunting deer; this practice is being gradually extended, and the force of circumstances is likely to cause the transformation of many packs of harriers into staghounds. The secretary of a well-known pack of harriers has described to us the difficulty experienced in finding hares, the unwillingness of farmers to permit hare-hunting, and their perfect readiness to allow a deer to be hunted on their farms. Those who regard deer-hunting as a bastard kind of sport may regret

this inevitable change, but whether they regret it or not it is one which is approaching in many places. At any time hare-hunting with harriers is, in our opinion, only desirable when the pack is essentially a private one, with but a very small field, and the hunting ground is the property of the master or is occupied by those who hunt with the pack. On downs and unenclosed land there is not, of course, the same necessity for this privacy. Thus, the part of the South Downs where the Eastbourne Harriers, for example, hunt, can suffer no injury, and much the same may be said of some of the country where the Somerset and Devonshire packs hunt. Beagling is, of course, open to less objection than hunting with harriers, and is a manly and invigorating amusement. But, as the authors of the volume of the Badminton Library on Hunting observe, running after beagles is no child's play: 'to accomplish this a man must be blessed with a good pair of legs, good wind, and above all he must have that determination to be with them which the genuine love of the sight of a pack of hounds in full cry will alone give him.' It is obvious, therefore, that beagling appeals altogether to a different class from the fox-hunters and hare-hunters with harriers: the one is an amusement with and the other without horses, and therefore beagles can never take the place of harriers. In addition, the scarcity of hares is as much a calamity for beagles as for harriers.

The extent of the change in the character of the sport, either by the substitution of staghounds for harriers, or by the extinction of harriers, if a combination of circumstances were to bring this about, can at first scarcely be realised. For the number of packs of harriers in England and Wales is, according to the table in the Badminton Library, which for our present purpose is sufficiently accurate, one hundred and four. It is obvious that many of these cannot be transformed into packs of foxhounds, because they hunt in counties already occupied by this class of hounds. It is equally certain that an established pack of harriers will not be allowed to disappear without an effort by the local sportsmen to preserve them in some form. If hares are so scarce as to be practically useless for the chase, and if farmers are hostile from the causes we have already mentioned, it is obvious that the only way of preserving the sport of a district, which has hitherto been given by harriers, is to change them into staghounds. Anyone who will carefully consider the increasing difficulties of hunting with

harriers can scarcely doubt that this change has already begun. That staghounds may replace foxhounds in some countries is also not altogether improbable—we shall have something to say presently on the difficulties in the way of fox-hunting at this time—but between the existence of a pack of foxhounds in any particular district and their extinction there is always the establishing of a pack of staghounds. The possibility of this and other changes is less startling when we bear in mind those which have occurred in the past, and especially how foxhounds are to a large extent the successors of harriers. Thus the Tarporley Hunt, which is the original and proper name of the celebrated Cheshire Hunt, was established in 1762 for the purpose of hare-hunting, each gentleman of the county who was the owner of a pack of harriers in turns bringing it out. In 1769 the club commenced fox-hunting, a sport for which ever since Cheshire has been famous, while there are not now more than two packs of harriers to be found from one end of the county to the other.

In some countries, which have been more or less for a number of years without hunting, staghounds have been got together and have shown good sport. The two most prominent instances of this revival of sport have been Colonel Somerset's staghounds, which hunt parts of Hertfordshire to the north-east of London, and the pack now hunted by the 19th Hussars in Norfolk, which has become, it would seem, thoroughly established in that county. At the beginning of the century Grantley Berkeley and his brother, Moreton Berkeley, hunted what is now the 'Old Berkeley' country with staghounds.

'We come now,' says the former in his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," 'to a period when the hounds devolved upon my brother Moreton and myself, when we made them staghounds exclusively, and adopted the "tawny coats," in which hue the huntsmen of the Lord Berkeleys always rode. Smith, in his manuscript history of our family, speaks of a Lord Berkeley who kept his hounds at the village of Charing, with thirty huntsmen in tawny coats to attend upon them. My father maintained the orange or yellow or tawny plush for his hunt. Mr. Combe, in remembrance of the name, called his hounds the "Old Berkeley," and retained our livery. To show the increase of packs of hounds in the last eighty or a hundred years, my father used to hunt all the country from Kensington Gardens to Berkeley Castle and Bristol.'

Some of the best sport shown by Grantley Berkeley was over the grass of the Harrow country; but even in those

days hounds were not very welcome there, and some capital stories in his amusing 'Reminiscences' describe encounters with the farmers and labourers of the Middlesex pastures. But good sport was shown in South Bucks, and the field contained some of the finest riders of the day. 'Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Palmerston were then of the hunt; and ' again Lord Clanricarde, whom nothing could stop, was ' constantly in the field. . . . Lord Cardigan was equal to ' anyone.' In a rough and much-wooded country, as that in which Grantley Berkeley hunted, staghounds show much better sport than foxhounds; for a stag does not dwell in one particular wood, whereas to make a fox break is well nigh an impossibility. When at length he leaves one wood, it is only to enter another. If such a country is hunted with staghounds, there are no difficulties with game preservers, and the large expenditure in fees to keepers is altogether avoided. The preservation of pheasants in the home counties is now so important a part of the shooting that lessees and owners of covers, who are often neither fox-hunters nor local residents, can scarcely be expected to welcome hounds, especially when they know that the sport shown must, from the nature of the country, be indifferent. Hence it is exceedingly probable that foxhounds in the home counties will sooner or later be superseded by staghounds, a change which will be for the advantage of all concerned, be they the followers of the hounds, the owners of game preserves, or agriculturists. From the point of view of the latter it is also to be observed that staghounds hunt a country more equally than foxhounds. A fox takes a line, as a rule, from one cover to another, and so particular tracts of country are much more ridden over than others, just as land adjacent to fox-covers is necessarily continually trodden by horsemen. Thus even in a fair hunting country there is a good deal to be said in favour of staghounds.

History is said to repeat itself, and the history of the chase does not in this respect appear to differ from political or any other kind of history. For the last two or three years many persons have not ceased from saying that the end of fox-hunting was within a measurable distance. It is urged that money is scarce, farmers discontented, and so hunting is on the wane. But very nearly the same thing was foretold some fifty years ago, and yet there does not appear to be any sensible diminution in the general vitality of hunting. Nimrod in his work on, or rather in the collected

papers which go by the name of, 'The Horse and the Hound,' and which were republished in 1842, writes thus:—

'But on the subject of expenses we have a word or two more to say. Knowing as we do that they generally, we believe we may add always, exceed the calculations made by Colonel Cook, and in some instances by double, we consider it rather inconceivable that, in the present depressed state of land property, either noblemen or private gentlemen should of themselves be expected or permitted to bear all the charge of hunting a country, knowing, as we do, the great sacrifices of property and income that have already been made to a perseverance in keeping foxhounds unassisted by a subscription. But this cannot go on much longer; nor, indeed, is it with some exceptions fit that it should, and in support of our assertions we will quote the sentiments of a writer on this subject, admirably well expressed, in a late number of the new sporting magazine. After hinting at the probable decline, from this cause alone, of a sport which Mr. Burke described as "one of the balances of the constitution," he thus proceeds: "As to the total abolition of the sport, we anticipate no such event. It is the favourite sport of Englishmen, and that which a man likes best he will relinquish last. Still, with the exception of countries that boast their Clevelands, their Yarboroughs and Suttons, their Graftons, Beauforts, Rutlands, Fitzwilliams, Segraves, Middletons (his lordship is since dead), and Harewoods—their great and sporting noblemen, in fact—we feel assured that unless something be speedily arranged half the packs in England must either be curtailed of their fair share of sport or abolished altogether. 'This is not as it should be. Men are as fond of hunting—at least, of riding to hounds—as ever; but though we feel we may be telling a disagreeable truth to many, the fact is that most men want to hunt for nothing. The day for this, however, is fast drawing to a close. The breed of country gentlemen who keep hounds—the Ralph Lambtons, the Farquharsons, the Assheton Smiths, the Villebois and Osbaldestons—is fast disappearing, in all probability never to be renewed. True that it is a fine, a proud sight to see an English country gentleman spending his income on his native soil, and affording happiness and amusement to his neighbours, receiving their respect and esteem in return; but we cannot help feeling that, unless a man has one of those overwhelming incomes that are more frequently read of than enjoyed, it is hardly fair that the expenses of a sport which affords health and recreation to hundreds should fall upon his individual shoulders." It may here not be inappropriately added that at the time the above was written (February 1834) three of the best hunting countries in England were vacant, *vis.* the Quorndon in Leicestershire, the Pytchley in Northamptonshire, and the Oakley in Bedfordshire' (p. 411).

But when we look at hunting as it is we find none of the feared curtailment of sport. We still see Beauforts and Rutlands and Fitzwilliams masters of foxhounds, in spite of the prognostication of the writer from whom we have

quoted. We find, too, the same complaint, that 'men want 'to hunt for nothing,' though there is the fact to be noted that in 1834 railways had not brought strangers into various countries, while in 1887 they go many miles by rail for their sport. But if the complaint was in existence in 1834, when the only men who could desire to 'hunt for nothing' were almost wholly those who were ordinary residents in particular districts, it may reasonably be surmised that the accusation so often heard now, that strangers come into a country and wish to get their hunting without paying for it, is not quite just, and that there is possibly a tendency in local sportsmen to make strangers pay an undue share of the cost of a country.

It has also to be borne in mind that dissatisfaction at the present day is so much more notorious than it used to be. There are now many sporting papers, in which everyone who has a grumble in his mind and sufficient energy to formulate it with his pen can publish his growl. Thus a somewhat undue prominence is given to the utterances of those who are at all dissatisfied. Through the length and breadth of England it would be impossible at any time not to find some who had complaints to make against hunting. Had there been the same facilities of public expression fifty, thirty, or twenty years ago, complaints would then as now have been heard. As it is, instances of opposition to hunting in old times can easily be found by anyone who will take the trouble to search for them. Thus Daniell, in his 'Rural Sports,' describes how, in 1809, an action was brought by Lord Essex against the master of the Old Berkeley Hunt and others for trespass, which resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. On the same page he tells us how 'a similar commotion happened between Sir William Manners and the Duke of Rutland's hunt, which was at length amicably arranged by admitting the baronet in future to nominate a member, not to the hunt, but to the House of Commons for the borough of Grantham.' The present opportunities of complaint, the exigencies of leader writers, are thus apt to cause an exaggerated amount of attention to be given to these utterances, and 'the cackle of the bourg' is mistaken for 'the murmur of the world.' In fact, in these days hunting is brought, like everything else, fully into the glare of publicity. Every week during the hunting season special correspondents, stationed in various places which are centres of the best known hunting countries, send up minute accounts of the sport of the week. They make the private amusement

of a number of sportsmen as much public property as the racing at Newmarket or Sandown. The names of those most prominent in a good run are chronicled, the farms over which the hunt goes are noted, and the weekly progress of the sport is narrated with a wearisome iteration for which it is amazing that readers can be found. This great publicity has caused hunting, from being a popular and manly sport, to become also, with many, merely a fashionable occupation of the winter. It has helped to make numbers of people go hunting not because they care for it, but because they consider it is 'the thing' for a wealthy man to do. These persons hunt in the same way that they visit the Riviera—not for the sake of beautiful scenery, or on account of invigorating air, but because it has become a frequented and fashionable resort. There is nothing to be said against the description of an unusually good run by a local correspondent. It is the province of a sporting paper to enshrine such occurrences in its columns. But this is altogether a different matter from turning certain countries into public hunting grounds—on paper—telling the tale of good sport and bad, how the huntsman made a cast here, and the master ordered a cover to be drawn there.

These continual descriptions, which in a sense make certain countries public property, naturally have a tendency, on the one hand, to create a feeling among farmers and local residents that their land is a public playground, and on the other to strengthen that most undesirable, undefined, yet existing impression that anyone who gets on a horse and follows hounds has an indefeasible right to ride over any land he may please. It deadens the appreciation of a cardinal principle of hunting, that a pack of hounds in a locality is primarily the private pack of those who subscribe to maintain it, and of the occupiers of the land over which it is permitted to hunt. All other persons who go hunting are in principle as much intruders as if they joined a shooting party without an invitation, and it is only by a kindly practice that they are allowed on sufferance to take their pleasure with subscribers and occupiers of land. The case of a pack kept by a single individual, whose fixtures are advertised, stands on a somewhat different footing, because the advertisement of the meets may be regarded as an invitation to all comers. The elementary difference between a subscription pack and one kept at the sole expense of a private gentleman renders, however, this theory of a tacit invitation applicable only to the latter case.

Although we have here slightly digressed from the consideration of the present state of hunting, yet the digression was strictly germane to the main subject of this essay, since it points out a characteristic of hunting at the present time which it is surprising that masters of hounds do not more vigorously endeavour to dispel. What, for example, can be more absurd than that the meets of the two packs into which the Cheshire Hounds are now divided should not be advertised, and yet that a special correspondent should chronicle their doings throughout the season?

Perhaps as strong a proof as any of the stability of hunting as a national institution—we can scarcely, with Mr. Burke, call it ‘one of the balances of the constitution’—is that during a period of marked agricultural depression and shrinkage of incomes hunting should have been so comparatively little affected. Farmers and landowners have had, to put it in the most agreeable way, to practise a careful economy; yet there have been no loss of packs from this cause, and no appreciable diminution in the size of the fields. Continually fifty or more farmers may be seen out with the Duke of Beaufort; a considerable proportion of the field with the Whaddon Chase consists of farmers; Lord Rothschild’s hounds receive a hospitable welcome at every red-brick farm in the Vale of Aylesbury; and all over England farmers, where the fields are not too numerous, welcome hounds. This does not show a failing pastime. There have no doubt been difficulties in regard to subscriptions, and in some instances troubles with individual farmers; but when cash has been wanting it has been found, and one result of agricultural depression has been the creation of a feeling of greater consideration for farmers. From this point of view the agricultural depression has done good rather than harm. It has brought more vividly before the minds of hunting men the fact that they are largely indebted for their sport to the kindness of occupiers of land. Thoughtful and careful sportsmen from one end of England to the other never forget this. But a large proportion of every field is composed of mere heedless individuals. Many of these are beginning to realise better than heretofore the obligations of sportsmen as regards the avoidance of damage to land, crops, or stock, the courteous treatment of men of every degree, and the necessity for recompensing those who may have suffered damage. In regard to this question the Duke of Beaufort, in the *Badminton* volume on *Hunting* (p. 153), makes some observations worthy of notice.

'As a rule,' he writes, 'during the hunting season horsemen do but little damage beyond making gaps in the fences, and occasionally hurting a field of vetches or young clover seeds or winter beans. The bulk of farmers are so sporting and so good-natured that they do not mind. You may come across one every now and then who says, "I won't have my bounds broken," or "You shan't ride over my wheat;" but that is rare, and practically very trifling damage is done. Sometimes in a wet spring, after grass has been bush-harrowed, it is otherwise. Wheat is a very hardy plant, and it takes a great deal to hurt it. I have seen fields three times in my life that I thought utterly ruined by horses' hoofs, and I arranged with the occupiers of the land to send, before harvest, a good agriculturist to look over and report on their state with a view to compensation; and on each occasion I received a letter saying it was quite unnecessary—that there had never been a better crop on those particular lands. But all the same, the feelings of the farmer must be taken into consideration, and he should be treated with gentleness and civility at all times, and compensated at the proper time if necessary, though it will generally be found that not much damage has been done. A hunting farmer of my acquaintance once told me he never went over any part of his farm across which the hounds had run for at least ten days after their visit, and that then, beyond gaps in his fences, he found hardly any marks. Every man has a right to his land being ridden over, and when he does so must be treated as a man who is within his rights. . . . As regards foxes killing lambs, there is a great deal of nonsense talked and of misconception about it. . . . I do not say that foxes never kill lambs, but I say that such an occurrence is very rare. When it can be proved the lamb should be paid for; but it requires good proof first. . . . As regards the claims for loss of poultry, they increase and multiply to a degree that threatens to make it one of the heaviest items in the expense of keeping hounds. My hunting country is a very large one. I should say, if the boundaries were measured right round, it would be at least 160 miles. We have divided it as well as we can into districts, and in each of these some gentleman has kindly undertaken the very difficult task of adjudicating as to whether the claim shall be paid or not. We make a rule that no poultry shall be paid for which are not shut up at night. If a fox burglariously enters a hen-roost and takes and destroys fowls, they must be paid for. . . . Poultry taken in broad daylight near the owner's farm must also be paid for. But we must have some proof. . . . In a country full of foxes, and where such claims are paid, directly a fowl is missed, without inquiry or demur its loss is set down to the foxes. It is therefore very necessary to have these claims enquired into and made out to be genuine.'

These remarks of a master of foxhounds of so much experience as the Duke of Beaufort indicate exactly the proper manner in which the question of damage should be treated. That it is often more imaginary than real is certain. But experience has long ago proved that sentiment is not to be neglected. Therefore it is of the utmost importance for

the wellbeing of hunting that any complaint of damage, however unreal, should be considered, and not put aside in an offhand manner. If it be unfounded its exposure will strengthen the hands of the committee or the master, as the case may be, whilst its neglect will cause a trumped-up claim to have the appearance of a true one neglected. If it be substantiated, however trifling in amount it may on investigation be proved, the claimant should be paid his compensation with speed and friendliness: the quick and ungrudging payment of a few shillings may in the future prove to be worth a good many pounds to a hunt.

But in considering the present position of hunting, no one can shut his eyes to the manner in which it has been and is affected by railways. It is constantly said that they have been hurtful to hunting. Without doubt they have been in some respects injurious; but it is also equally certain that in others their influence has been altogether beneficial. We stated in an earlier portion of this paper that it was remarkable how steadily hunting had withstood the depression of trade and agriculture. But the fact is, that from one end of England to the other railways have enabled those who live in large towns or inconvenient centres to hunt either in places which, without railways, it would have been impossible for them to reach, or in places at a considerable distance from home. Railways have also caused men to reside in hunting-boxes, or in or near quiet country towns, which by means of the rail are brought within reach of London or other places. For without the possibility of leaving the hunting-box in case of a frost or business engagements a man would not think for a moment of using it as a residence. Numbers of men, therefore, come into hunting countries either from day to day, or reside in them for the season, who can afford and are willing to pay for their sport. The contributions of the regular residents have thus in all parts of England been aided by the subscriptions of those who have come to a country solely for hunting purposes, and who in many cases are actually in occupation of houses which local gentlemen, owing to the depression of agriculture, are unable themselves to use. These subscriptions have given an elasticity to the revenue of hunts which it would not otherwise have possessed. Indeed, in a few instances, they form the chief source of income. But, regarding them only as grants in aid, the enormous effect of extraneous subscriptions which are solely and wholly due to the influence of railways cannot for a moment be doubted.

Moreover, a dispassionate observer of modern hunting cannot fail to be struck with the number of capital sportsmen who are to be found among the strangers: anything more preposterous than the wholesale way in which the railway detachment is sometimes spoken of as a mass of muffs cannot well be conceived. Individual names might be multiplied to excess of the choicest of sportsmen who are in most respects dwellers in towns. Of these a capital instance was the late Anthony Trollope, though his enthusiasm for the chase was superior to his horsemanship. It would be difficult to pick out an example of greater hunting ardour than the habits of the eminent novelist himself, which he describes in his 'Autobiography.'

'I got home in December 1872, and, in spite of any resolution made to the contrary, my mind was full of hunting as I came back. No real resolutions had in truth been made; for out of a stud of four horses I kept three, two of which were absolutely idle through the two summers and winter of my absence. Immediately on my arrival I bought another, and settled myself down to hunting from London three days a week. . . . During the winters of 1873, 1874, 1875 I had my horses back in Essex and went on with my hunting, always trying to resolve that I would give it up. But still I bought fresh horses; and as I did not give it up I hunted more than ever. Three times a week the cab has been at my door in London very punctually, and not unfrequently before seven in the morning. In order to secure this attendance, the man has always been invited to have his breakfast in the hall. I have gone to the Great Eastern Railway—ah! so often with the fear that frost would make all my exertions useless, and so often, too, with that result!—and then from one station or another station have travelled on wheels at least a dozen miles. After the day's sport the same toil has been necessary to bring me home to dinner at eight. This has been work for a young man and a rich man; but I have done it as an old man and comparatively a poor man.'

There could be no more telling picture than this of the modern railway fox-hunter of the extremest type—that is not a man who makes some central place his local habitation for a season, or one who has an occasional day by rail, or one day a week, with a comparatively short and easy journey to and fro. But Trollope was one of those who go, on half the days of the week, through much toil and discomfort for the sake of a few hours' sport, and who thus testify to the extraordinary keenness and ardour which seem to take hold of so many modern hunters.

There is, it must be admitted, another side to this picture, one which is too apt to be dwelt on as if it constituted the main feature of modern hunting. The railway brings a

number of men into the country who increase fields and diminish sport. In some instances they are subscribers but not sportsmen, in others they sometimes are and often are not sportsmen and do not help to keep up the hounds either directly or indirectly. When a meet is within reach of a town of any size, the numbers of irregular sportsmen, often local tradesmen, must always be large. If A is absent one week B is present, and when both are unable to come out C makes his appearance. Thus the aggregate of this class of hunters is considerable; and their numbers are equal to their variety. But, whether good sportsmen or not sportsmen at all, their existence must be recognised as a fact, as well as the certainty that their presence must be tolerated, for the very good reason that it cannot be prevented.

There is very little difficulty in obtaining a subscription from the regular follower of a pack, however great be the distance from which he may come, and however reluctant he may be in the first instance to part with his cheque. But the man who hunts once or twice with the Blackshire, and once or twice with the Whiteshire, is not easily caught by the most eagle-eyed of secretaries, and, even if he be, has always the reasonable excuse that he is a stranger who does not hunt habitually with the pack.

It is, however, somewhat doubtful if those in authority have yet altogether grasped the change of the times, and there seems to be a need of a general consensus of views by masters and secretaries on the subject of subscriptions and strangers. We may start on the basis that railways have brought many more men from a distance to different countries, and that, as a general rule, they are quite willing to pay for their sport, if approached in a reasonable manner, and if the subscription be fair and their convenience to some extent properly studied. It is hardly fair, however, to expect that a stranger who hunts one day a week should pay the same subscription as the local sportsman who hunts three days, especially if the best covers are drawn late in the afternoon when the railway sportsman has left or is just on the point of departing. Of course the circumstances of countries differ, but some scale of graduated subscription would appear to be most likely to obtain with fairness the largest amount of money for the expenses of a hunt. Thus, for one hunter the scale might be set not less than 5*l.* a year, for two not less than 10*l.*, for three not less than 20*l.*, and so on in proportion; or the above scales might be altered according to local circumstances. Two facts which are not quite sufficiently

recognised are, that a man who can afford to keep a number of hunters can obviously afford to pay a heavy subscription, and ought to do so, seeing that he rides several days a week over the country; the other is that the one-horse man, as a rule, cannot afford the same subscription as the three-horse man, yet he is in most countries expected to pay it, though he would be perfectly willing to pay a reasonable sum for his sport, in proportion to his means and the amount of hunting he would get. At present the one-horse man is almost wholly overlooked by hunt secretaries, and can scarcely be regarded as a regular subscriber to well-established packs of foxhounds where the subscription is a heavy one. When it is borne in mind also that the one-horse man rides over a country alone, and that the man with a stud has almost as a regular thing a second horseman out as well as himself, the damage done to land and fences by the two latter must obviously be greater than that done by the former. Very often the second horse is a mere piece of affectation; for though some very hard-riding men may and do require them, the second horse is over and over again taken out by men who are incapable of ever getting to the bottom of one horse, much less of two. The second horseman, if he knows his business, and attends to it, has perforce to go through gaps, gates, take short cuts and so forth, he adds much to the damage done, he is very often insolent to farmers and labourers, and he is certainly one of the facts adverse to the prosperity of fox-hunting. Naturally he helps to swell the already large fields which in some countries, such as Leicestershire and Cheshire, undoubtedly cause hunting to be looked at coldly by many agriculturists.

The practical result of large fields when foxes take a well-known line and continually run over it is well exemplified in a letter from a Cheshire farmer which lies before us: 'With the South Cheshire nearly every Friday it is Ridley by way of Cholmondeley to the hills, or Wardle to Ridley; it is the same thing on Tuesdays, Wilkesley to Combermere or Broomhall, till at the end of the season you could drive a cart across country from one place to the other through the gaps, and without going through a gate.' Now and again there is a fine run to a distant point, which is seen by very few. In the same communication the writer observes:—

'It is those who hunt not for the real sport, but for the mere outing, or because it is the proper thing to do, who do the mischief. I saw an instance of how easily damage is done. A gate would not open.

"Pull it off its hinges," called out a fine gentleman—the hounds, I should tell you, with the men who follow them properly, being about a mile ahead. Off came the gate, and at the same time out came the hinges with the wrench. The farmer found that the post was old, and would not bear new hinges, though if left alone it would have stood a considerable time longer. So he had to get a new post, and it took two men the best part of a day to put things right. But even in such a case as this it is not so much the actual damage to which the farmer objects, though damage is a serious matter to small farmers, as the high-handed way of doing it by a lot of strangers, who have a very poor idea of how to behave to farmers whose land they ride over.'

We give this extract because it is written by a tenant farmer who hunts himself from time to time, and because it shows one of the unpleasant features of large fields of strangers, especially in small countries. Yet whether local sportsmen are more considerate than strangers as a body we take leave to doubt, though it is obvious that a neighbour may do a thing with impunity which if done by a stranger is considered an impertinence. The extract in question is also an illustration that damage is possibly more largely done by those who are never near the hounds in a quick gallop from start to finish than by the keenest sportsmen. To lessen complaints of landowners and farmers on this head, the master requires the assistance of one or more members of the hunt who will help him to control the field not only when the fox is about to break cover, but at other times in the course of the run. If one of them is old and inclined to take his pleasure soberly, so much the better; he can keep an eye on the shirkers and the second horsemen, who, as soon as a fox is found, usually have things pretty much their own way. But for this assistance to be of any real use those who have the authority must be recognised as possessing it. They should be selected at the beginning of each season, and it should be known throughout the hunt that for the purpose of regulating the field the authority of the master is in part deputed to them. Should, as is sometimes the case, the master hunt the hounds himself, assistance in the control of the field is absolutely necessary. True it is that the sportsman can point to the classic names of Assheton Smith and Osbaldeston as those of masters who have hunted their own hounds. But tradition does not rate them highly as huntsmen, and the less their example, and that of some fine contemporary sportsmen who hunt their own hounds, are followed, the better it will be for the real interests of hunting.

If we turn to the question of hunters, it is only necessary

to compare some now accepted rules of horse management with statements in Nimrod's 'Remarks on the Condition of Hunters,' of which a new edition has recently been published, to be aware that the treatment of hunters has become more rational and better understood. The great improvements in sanitary and medical science which have been witnessed during the past half-century could not in any case have failed to react on veterinary science and the general treatment of horses, though at the same time it must be admitted that in nothing is custom and fashion even now more potent than in the management of the horse. Let us in passing say also that, old as this work of Nimrod is, it is full of sound practical hints, although it may contain many statements which are now obvious truisms. Thus, the author devotes a number of pages to the necessity of clipping hunters.

'Having' (he says, p. 191) 'thus written, it may be easily imagined that I was not to be deterred from clipping a hunter because my forefathers had never clipped one before me; but on the contrary, being eager to adopt any experiment which may tend to promote my favourite object—the condition of the hunter—I availed myself of the first favourable opportunity of trying it, and I now give the result.'

That opportunity occurred in November, 1824, and we thus see how, in the half-century or more which has passed since then, the practice of taking off the coats of horses which have to do fast work in the winter has become an accepted and universal practice. This is but one instance of the more intelligent management of hunters. Another is the modern method of summering hunters. There is no point on which Nimrod is clearer than this. He states many sound reasons against turning out hunters to grass. He gives instances of the effects of the rival systems of turning out to grass and keeping in loose boxes; but at the time at which all this was first written this intelligent sportsman was a voice crying in the wilderness. But the plan, of which Nimrod may be regarded as the first and most persistent exponent in regard to the summer treatment of hunters, may now be looked on as that which all intelligent owners of horses adopt, if not in its entirety, yet with reasonable modifications according to individual needs and circumstances. It is true that there are some who still hold fast to the old plan on the score of economy, just as there are some who excuse the use of stalls instead of loose boxes on the ground of want of space. But if a man chooses to adopt a cheap and inferior plan with his eyes open, there is no more to be said against it than if he buys a

cheap and second-rate article of merchandise. But the difference at the present day is, that the theory of management has wholly changed, though in some cases the old practice in its entirety prevails; the right way is known, but the wrong is followed. On the other hand, it is quite possible to condemn the old practice too indiscriminately. With very considerable modifications it may be with advantage in certain circumstances united to the modern treatment. There is no question that the damp moist earth and grass benefit a horse's feet and legs if they are in a critical state; but to make use of a small paddock in cool weather, and for a few hours in the morning, is quite a different thing from turning a horse altogether out to grass. This is not the place to enter into general details as to the treatment of horses in the summer. We are now concerned only to point out the noticeable change which, especially in the last few years, has come over this matter. The fact is that formerly the summering of hunters was regarded as the sequel of the hunting season; a horse was turned out to rest after his labour. Now the theory is inverted: while the question of rest has to be remembered, it is more important to bear in mind that the summer is the preliminary stage of the hunting season. The old-fashioned idea that the preparation of the hunter began absolutely in September, that it commenced when he was taken up from grass, is exploded. The summer is at once the period of rest and of preparation; the former is only the basis for future work, and the active 'conditioning' of a hunter should be but the carrying on in a different and more active form of the preparation which began at, and which should be kept steadily in view from, the very moment the hunting season is at an end. If this cardinal principle is borne in mind, arbitrary rules as to the treatment of hunters in summer will no longer be applied with iron inflexibility; and the rational deduction from it is, that in many cases a hunter is a much better animal when the season begins, if he has been quietly worked for the most part of the summer, than if he has remained idle. This of course depends on his age, limbs, constitution, and the way he is used during the season. This principle, again, is no more than the natural result of an intelligent appreciation of the manner of treating all horses—viz. that these animals should be treated and used in a manner based on reason, and not necessarily according to accepted practices. That owners of hunters, or, indeed, of horses generally, should so largely delegate the management of their horses

to their grooms is one of the most curious features of the time, for no class of men have—with some exceptions—less knowledge of the principles of their profession than coachmen and grooms. They are either wholly ignorant or possess that little learning which is a dangerous thing. ‘As an example of this’ (we are now quoting the Duke of Beaufort’s words), ‘one winter four or five horses belonging to the late Lord Henry Bentinck died so mysteriously that post-mortem examinations were made. Symptoms of poisoning were detected, and it presently appeared that the groom had continually given them small doses of arsenic to make their coats shine.’ Yet these are the persons to whom, in the majority of instances, is entrusted the complete management of animals so varied in structure, character, and constitution, and subject to injuries and diseases so subtle, as the horse. The ignorance of principles which characterises grooms is, it may be admitted, not altogether their fault, because they have to acquire knowledge as they work, so that what a man has been told to do as a stable boy he continues to inculcate upon his subordinates when he is head of a stable. Perhaps at some future day, when a thorough and systematic scheme of technical education has been founded in England, youths will be taught some main principles of veterinary science and of stable economy.

The same want of reason is largely seen in the treatment of the young hunter. He is probably entrusted to a man with a bad hand, and possibly little patience; with a weight on his back and a bit in his mouth he is expected to jump a fence, which he has never attempted to do when absolutely free and unburdened. If from time to time he had been turned into a track well restricted by rails, and in which obstacles were placed, at first of the smallest kind, which can be gradually increased in size, jumping would come to him as a kind of second nature. This plan is employed with success by some well-known trainers of steeplechasers, and any farmer may make the same kind of rough track for himself by means of stout posts and rails. To jump over an obstacle is, in one sense, a natural characteristic of the horse, but unless it is cultivated from early days the power can never attain in maturity the same perfection which otherwise is possible. It has over and over again been pointed out that the cause of the admirable manner in which Irish hunters go across country is their early training. It is perfectly preposterous that the English farmer, who in all other respects is superior to his Irish fellow, should, speaking generally, be unable to

send into the market young horses with the capability of turning into first-class seasoned hunters. It is regrettable to think of the number of young horses which are spoilt in the very beginning of their existence as hunters, either from bad handling or from want of an immediate cultivation of the inherent powers of leaping. A consideration of these facts seems to show that one of the so-called reasons against thoroughbreds as hunters is altogether unsound. It may be taken that as two or three year olds they will be quite as carefully handled as halfbred horses if not more so, and their jumping training begins—if they do not go through a regular course of the training stable—very nearly as soon as that of their less distinguished kinsfolk. ‘It is the general opinion,’ says Colonel Cook, in a quotation in the Duke of Beaufort’s work, ‘that thoroughbred horses cannot leap so well as cock-tails. I think otherwise; and if you will try the experiment by taking ten young horses of the former and ten of the latter sort, I am convinced you will find the thoroughbred ones to have the advantage, and naturally to clear their fences with more ease to themselves. . . . What a superiority has a thoroughbred one in every respect—above all, in speed, bottom, and wind!’ Horse for horse, a thoroughbred is an animal of more endurance and swiftness than a halfbred, he is as fine a fencer as any halfbred, and his pace is certainly greater. It is true that often they have not bone enough for heavy men, and have thus been systematically overlooked by many, but size in a thoroughbred is somewhat deceptive. The question is fairly and clearly discussed by the authors of the Badminton book on Hunting, and the opinions of the highest authorities, from Nimrod to Whyte-Melville, are quoted and contrasted. The very sensible conclusion at which the modern authors arrive is best given in their own words: ‘Perhaps,’ they write (p. 172), ‘after all is said on either side, the safest verdict to fall back upon (to give?) is this, that whereas a halfbred horse cannot be made use of in the great grass countries, a thoroughbred horse *can* be made use of anywhere.’ We have no hesitation in endorsing this opinion, and in expressing our preference for the thoroughbred horse, because we are convinced that in any country it is of the highest importance to have a horse of fine constitution and speed. It means that more work can be obtained from him, that there is less stable trouble, and that when a good run does occur the sportsman is sure that he has an animal which is equal to the strain on his pace and his endurance. But the thoroughbred hunter,

except for feather weights, must be characterised by fine breeding and plenty of bone—a union, it must fairly be admitted, which one may often go far to find. Such a one is the best hunter which can be had. He is an animal of untold value in the hunting field, he can keep a good place when he has reached it, and he can recover lost ground when the start has been bad, or some awkward and crowd-collecting obstacle has caused a delay in the chase. He can be pressed at the top of his speed without in consequence making a mistake at a fence, or tumbling over it from sheer exhaustion. He is quick and intelligent at his fences, and if he has powerful hind quarters, which are so necessary for every first-rate hunter, he will propel himself over any kind of obstacle like a ball from a catapult. Apparently thoroughly ridden out at the end of a long run, he will regain his vivacity as he wends his homeward way, and when he has been put by he will eat up his supper with avidity, and be full of play on the morrow. It may be said that there is something of idealism in this delineation, but experience shows it to be true.

We have mentioned bad feeding in hunters. The cause of it is in most cases exhaustion; consequently the horse with the best constitution, and which can go through a hard day, or indeed an ordinary day, with the most ease to himself, will be the least subject to this troublesome complaint, and will at the end of the season have done more work and be less the worse for it than a horse equally powerful in frame, but less strong in constitution, and with less capacity to endure fatigue. Most men do not regard sales of blood-stock or of racing studs as the places at which hunters are to be found, and it may fairly be admitted that a three-year-old who has been in training, and is found perhaps not fast enough for the turf, should be given a thorough rest in order to enable him to thicken out and mature before he can be used as a hunter. It is for this reason that thoroughbreds are considerably overlooked. On the one hand they are not bought when young by the very numerous class of sportsmen who like to buy readymade hunters. On the other hand, the farmer has either young stock, which he has bred himself, of which he has to dispose, or he buys a likely-looking colt from a neighbour. When he does so, of one thing we may be pretty sure, that he will buy a halfbred horse with plenty of bone. Were farmers to be more inclined to buy young and suitable thoroughbreds, they would often do much better than by breeding halfbred horses, mating ill-matched dams and sires in a very haphazard fashion. But the faster hounds run,

and the larger the fields become, the more necessary will pace be in the hunter, and this is most likely to be found in well-bred horses. There are also evidently on the increase throughout England more systematic attempts to make use of thoroughbred sires, even though the mares are halfbred, as is almost invariably necessary for the production of fifteen-stone hunters. Yet unintelligent matchings of this sort by those not acquainted with the best strains of blood for the purpose are very apt to end in failure, so that there is still a great deal to be said in favour of buying thoroughbreds, at two or three years old, which have the appearance of turning into hunters, rather than indulging in the lottery of breeding, however valuable the prizes which are sometimes drawn.

The increase in the number of hunt steeplechases, which have now become a well-recognised and general form of sport in the spring, is also likely in time to affect the characteristics of hunters by inducing a greater appreciation of thoroughbred horses. The danger is lest these races should degenerate into contests between nominal hunters. For as often as not a hunter has obtained his certificate from a master of hounds, not on account of his work across country, but to rid the field of the presence of a tiresome couple. The main object of all promoters of these meetings, as well as of the Grand National Hunt Committee, should be to encourage genuine hunters. Therefore, the more completely these races are confined to local horses, the better it will be for the breed of hunters, as well as for the increase of true sport. More encouragement, too, should be given at these meetings to the owners of weight-carrying hunters, because when the weights carried are from eleven stone seven to thirteen stone the slower and stronger horse has absolutely no chance at all. To test a good hunter there is nothing like a four-mile point-to-point steeplechase; but as the amusement of the spectators has to be considered, the regular meeting has come into vogue. We touch on this subject here only for the purpose of indicating its possible bearing on the breed of hunters; to go into it in detail would be fitting rather for a review of the Badminton book on Racing and Steeplechasing than for one which is mainly concerned with hunting.

It is a little surprising that the authors of the Badminton work on Hunting pass over cub-hunting without remark. It has now, there can be no doubt, become a more important feature in the sport of the season than it used to be. The old notion of cub-hunting, that it was useful for entering young hounds, getting the old ones into condition, and

spreading cubs about the country, has been somewhat lost sight of. It is now rather an informal and preliminary season. That masters of hounds have had to accept this view of it, whether they like it or not, can scarcely be doubted, because the master of hounds has to study the wishes of the subscribers and supporters of the hunt; so that the master can no more dispense with a regular field in October than with a larger one in December. The subscriber expects to have a card sent to him with the cub-hunting fixtures, and there are many who will go a long distance for a gallop through the woodlands in the early morning. This is not surprising; men in these days like to get the most they can for their money. There are many who without hunting are without an occupation. Half a loaf, says the proverb, is better than no bread; and cub-hunting is better than no hunting at all to the man whose main object in life is to follow hounds. Then, again, there is the more purely riding sportsman, to whom the cub-hunting season is a time for trying young horses, getting hunters into hard condition, and himself into the bargain. The field generally is less severe in October than November, and the man who brings out a horse in the former month to school is regarded with a more favourable eye than in the regular season, when most men put him down as a nuisance.

As we pointed out earlier in this paper, the gamekeeper has no particular love for the fox-hunter, nor in many instances has his master. In no very willing spirit he preserves, or makes a show of preserving, foxes. If he can point to a certain number of litters of cubs, he considers that he has fulfilled his duty, and the chief wish of his heart then is that they may be killed off as soon as possible, or take up their abode in his neighbours' covers. The sooner, therefore, the hounds are run through his woods, the better pleased he is; it matters not to him whether foxes become scarce later in the season. He has shown a fair number of cubs; if they are all killed off before the spring, that is no business of his. Thus urged on by two different classes, and nothing loth, the modern M.F.H. sets vigorously to work during the cub-hunting season, and so there is quite a competition among the various packs as to which shall show the largest number of masks by the beginning of November. 'Seasoned foxes are as necessary to sport as experienced hounds,' says the author of 'The Meynellian Science, or Fox-hunting upon System.' But this sound old-fashioned advice is not followed in modern cub-hunting, the abuse of which is largely

the cause of bad sport during the regular season. If foxes are unmercifully killed down during the cub-hunting season, the number kept at the end of the regular season is proportionately lessened; hence the seasoned foxes for the following season are few, and so bad sport is a certain consequence. The excuse of the necessity of blood for the hounds is often put forward, but there is a good deal of nonsense in this plea. It is by no means certain that blood makes hounds hunt better. Deerhounds for example, which as a rule are never blooded, hunt just as well as foxhounds, and the destruction of cubs, which is partly a sacrifice to this theory, is a sure blow to the sport of the season. 'Murdering foxes,' says the writer whom we have just quoted, 'is a most absurd prodigality;' much more so is it in these days than in those of Mr. Meynell. There is also this to be said against the killing of many cubs: it causes the number of them which must be reared to be larger, because those which are sacrificed in September and October would go far to supply half the sport of the proper hunting season. We will give an example of this absurd prodigality. Imagine a cub rattled about a big wood for some time, and then followed through another large wood to one where he is again hunted for half an hour or more. He then takes refuge in a little outlying spinny in a deep bottom, where he is surrounded on all sides by the field; at last he makes a desperate bolt for the big wood, but the hundred yards between the two are more than he can cover, and he is pulled down just as he reaches the fringe of underwood. The scent had been bad for a long time, the hounds might over and over again have legitimately been taken home. Here was a cub well hunted which later on in the season would certainly have shown good sport; but instead of being spared he is killed in a manner which by no possibility could give sport. Then, when later in the regular season these woods are drawn blank, and men grumble about the scarcity of foxes, it may occur to some that a little less prodigality of this kind in the cub-hunting season might be the means of affording better sport when the majority of the hunt are present. Neither is the farmer usually pleased with overmuch cub-hunting: it breaks his fences while his cattle are in the fields, it comes upon him unexpectedly, and he has a feeling that more than a legitimate use is made of his land.

That cub-hunting is a pleasant pastime on a bright October morning may at once be admitted. The woods are then in their brightest livery, more beautiful in their varied colours

than in the warm days of summer. The mellow fruitfulness of a genial autumn is never more conspicuously noticeable than among the large woods and covers which are the most suitable for cub-hunting. The gleaming lights which are reflected by the rides of burnished beech, the picturesque vistas, and secluded dells kneedeep in the dying bracken, are sufficient to tempt the horseman forth at early dawn. But when we rid ourselves of the spirit of enthusiasm which haply may be created by a ride after hounds among such pleasant scenes, and regard the matter somewhat more critically, it must be confessed that the modern system of cub-hunting is not altogether advantageous to fox-hunting in the customary months and in the open country.

Again, it goes without saying that every argument which may legitimately be used against undue cub-hunting is of equal, if not of greater weight against late spring hunting. The destruction of a vixen in April is a distinct blow to sport in the following season. The farmer with his ewes and his lambs, his growing corn and his springing grasses, naturally takes umbrage at horsemen galloping over his land. So that there can be no means more likely to promote the stability and popularity of fox-hunting than a determination among masters of hounds and regular subscribers on the one hand only to allow cub-hunting in great moderation, and on the other to cease hunting at the end of March, or earlier if the season be a forward one.

The excellent work in the Badminton Library on *Hunting*, from which we have from time to time quoted, suggests other points for reflection and remark than those to which we have alluded in this review. It would be interesting, did space permit, not only from a sporting but from a purely literary point of view, to attempt a survey of the steadily growing literature of the chase, which in the century since the first edition of Beckford's '*Thoughts on Hunting*,' which appeared in 1781, has been increased not only by the well-known works of Nimrod and the Druid, but by others--and not a few of them of fiction--which deal with every portion of this subject. It is a merit of the book before us that it not unsuccessfully summarises, so far as it is possible, and draws attention to, the efforts of those writers who have gone before, and is thus to some extent a landmark in the literature of the chase--a branch of our literature full of faults of expression and form, but unique in itself, and very noticeable for its reflection of some national characteristics and ideas. Thus the thoughtful sportsman will, from the

information contained in this book on hunting, and from that which it puts him on the track of obtaining, combined with his own observation and experience, be able to consider all the aspects of this great national pastime. That it is in no sense decaying, but that it is undergoing changes, as it has done before, and as is inevitable, is certain; of its firm root in English society there can be no doubt. Of its great value every unprejudiced man who has made himself a master of the subject in all its bearings must be aware, whether it be regarded as a pastime which brings various classes of men into touch with one another, or which helps to preserve the physical and nervous vigour of our generation.

ART. V.—1. *The Ministry of Fine Art to the Happiness of Life.* Essays on various Arts. By T. GAMBIER PARRY. 8vo. London: 1886.

2. *Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools, based on the Handbook of Kugler; originally edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.* Fifth Edition, thoroughly revised and in part re-written by AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, G.C.B. Two vols. London: 1887.

THE essays which have been collected in a volume bearing the title of 'The Ministry of Fine Art' are a worthy contribution to the literature of art. The author, Mr. Gambier Parry, has been known for many years as a distinguished amateur. Towards the close of a long and useful life he has done what everyone would wish to do who has had great opportunities of making himself acquainted with the best specimens of ancient and modern art, and who has himself carried out into practice the principles which he has observed and made his own. One of the chief of these is the connexion of the various branches of art and their relation to architecture. There is no subject handled in the nine essays of which Mr. Gambier Parry is not entitled to speak with authority. However we may feel disposed to criticise the style of some of the essays, as wanting that care and polish which a finished work demands, it should be borne in mind that they are introduced to the reading public as sketches; and the modesty of the dedication should to a great extent disarm criticism. Perhaps the most valuable essays are those which treat of mosaic as used in church decoration, and of coloured glass, and the conditions under which the best examples of these have been produced.

There is an especial interest in the last essay on Gloucester Cathedral, which Mr. Gambier Parry describes with the enthusiasm of an antiquary and the loving familiarity of a near neighbour.

The purpose of art is stated in the First Essay as the expression of the sense of beauty. This sense is not entirely a gift of Nature, but is (in great measure) a creature of education. Much disappointment may be saved by the knowledge of a few principles which are common to all the branches of art; for instance, the value of repose, which Mr. Gambier Parry illustrates by one of Cuyper's quiet landscapes. The want of this in architecture may be seen in some of our club-houses, where there is no rest for the eye. Another principle is, the necessity of the artist combining intellectual with moral qualities. He should aim not only at the representation of beauty, but at making others recognise it; and his duty is so to present Nature to the eyes of men as to make them love that Nature more. As regards his own qualifications, a man must have intellect, else his art will be incomprehensible: and he must have a pure and noble nature, else his art will be sensual, and only fit to be burnt.

These are some of the principles which we find stated in the First Essay, and illustrated by reference to some of the noblest works in sculpture and painting. The application of these to architecture is continually suggested; and music is invoked to bring some points home to the subtler feelings. The value of constant study from the fountain-head of Nature is upheld, and the claims of genius are acknowledged in a generous spirit of appreciation.

The Second Essay treats of the Ministry of Fine Art to Common Life. It starts with the modest assertion that fine art ministers to human happiness, but does not make it. It requires a sympathetic nature in order that it may give pleasure. But without the rest and refreshment of art a portion of our nature is unsatisfied. It is a vulgar assumption that the enjoyment of art must be confined to the few. The love of art was once more diffused. It nourished in many ways the poetry of common life. Gradually the national love for beautiful surroundings disappeared.

'The old narrow shed, with all its interest of home endearment, with its pleasant outline of overhanging roofs and gables, quaint domes, turrets, and spires of shining shingle, carved woodwork and painted panelling, and all the cheery sense of friendship, warmth, and comfort that they gave; the deep chimney corner, the pleasant open porch, with their associations of rest, of refreshment, of warm-hearted

hospitality, and all else that could nourish in our people the last remaining and least sense of the poetry of common life, gave way before the desolating hand of social and political change.'

This is a good sample of Mr. Gambier Parry's style. A much longer quotation might have been made, but this is enough to show that he, like Mr. Ruskin, desires to see fine art ministering to the enjoyment of life, not only among the wealthy and highly educated, but among the poor.

Some good remarks will be found on the comparative effect of art in town and country life; and these are illustrated by the example of two cottages, one of which, in the course of a year or two, completely changed its aspect from gloom and dirt to brightness and cheerfulness, showing that art has a refining and cheering influence on individual life, and how we may 'hope to introduce with patience the materials of 'a higher and happier life.'

The aim of this excellent essay may be gathered from its concluding sentences:—

'The perception of beauty is one of the most precious endowments with which God has blessed humanity. The wise and benevolent do well to foster it in their fellow-men; and we do well to bless God for the inestimable gift, so far as we possess it ourselves, accepting the ministry of art as the surest means for its cultivation to enlighten and refresh the world, and accepting, in relation to it, the fundamental testimony of Nature, that God has spread man's path with beauty because He has consigned his life to work.'

The Third Essay treats of the Ministry of Fine Art to Spiritual Life. Nature, it is said, needs an interpreter to translate effects in the outward world into thoughts and feelings which can awaken the spirit of man. The early sculptor was haunted by an idea, and had no rest till he embodied it in marble. This is especially the case with the religious ideal. Poetry peopled the material universe with spiritual beings. It is the mission of Christian art to teach the world, through the element of beauty, the love of God to His creatures. This is what no analytical process can do. The artist is not a logician. His sense of beauty is intuitive, and he can but take the forms of beauty which surround him to interpret his thought.

The question 'Whence comes our power to respond to 'art's poetry?' is well answered, and there follows an eloquent passage, in which the effect of a sunset is explained upon a theory like the Platonic *ἀνάμνησις*. Its fascination 'is not that of novelty, but of reminiscence.' The same train of thought is pursued further, and finally we are told

that beauty is the symbol of Divine love. It is more than a poetic fancy in the mind. It is as a bridge, connecting two worlds, material and spiritual, an assurance to our spirits that God is perfect in wisdom and love! Some of our readers will recognise in this chapter thoughts which occur in Michel Angelo's sonnets. That they are pure and noble and elevating to the mind will not be questioned. It is, however, to be regretted that they are not always presented to the mind of the reader in the clearest language, and that occasionally sentences occur which would be better for recasting, with a view to greater lucidity and regard for grammar. They are precisely such shortcomings as the author would detect if the essays were revised by him with a view to republication.

The Fourth Essay is on Fine Art in Archæology. There the author is on firm ground. His antiquarian knowledge is great, and he is familiar with the recent discoveries in Greece, Asia Minor, and Assyria. After a few general remarks on the interest of archæological studies, and a reference to the well-known story of Solon and the Egyptian priest, he says that archæology employs all the powers of the scholar, philosopher, poet, and historian. Moreover, art and history must go side by side in archæology to supplement and illustrate each other. The remnants of ancient art bring before us the life of a people. Even the roughest art tells its tale, sometimes more vividly than if it were more highly finished. For vigour of life and heroic grandeur the sculptures of Nineveh surpass modern works of art. Everyone can see the faults of 'technique,' but only a sympathetic mind can appreciate their rude grandeur.

In answer to the question 'What is the atmosphere most 'favourable to the production of works of art?' he reminds us that it was not in unbroken peace, but in the short and stirring intervals between great wars, that the great works of Greek art were produced; and the glories of religious art in the Middle Ages correspond with a time when there were great moral principles at stake.

To the thoughtful archæologist the world's life is always young; not so individual life. We may find corresponding traces of the artistic feeling in prehistoric times and in the Middle Ages. Mr. Gambier Parry compares the cave-man etching with his flint arrow-point upon bones with Giotto, as he was found by Cimabue drawing sheep upon stones. It is from the associations of life that archæology draws its most interesting lessons. Some good remarks on 'mannerism,'

follow. This is often the true expression of individual character, and not merely an accident of style. Finally, 'it is in art that, throughout the ages of the past, we feel the spirit, and we mingle with the hearts of men.'

The Fifth Essay is divided into two parts, treating of the Ministry of Colour to Sculpture and Architecture. It begins with some general speculations as to the power and effect of colour, about which, in the author's opinion, some mystery hangs which has never yet been solved. He claims for colour the same right to aim at the ideal which is generally conceded to form. He asks, 'Why is the idea of purity associated with white?' Few will be satisfied with the answer, 'Because of its exquisite union of all colours;' for few comparatively have ever seen the experiment by which this is proved, and these must confess that the so-called white obtained by the blending of three primary colours is very dingy. Most people, however, will acknowledge the difficulty which art has to meet in consequence of the differences in individual natures, or what we call variety of tastes.

On the question of colour applied to sculpture it appears (for it is not too clearly expressed) that Mr. Gambier Parry claims for sculpture that it is not merely imitative but suggestive, 'appealing to the moral and intellectual sense.'

Socrates' dictum about the province of sculpture is good as far as it goes, but insufficient,—'to represent the emotions of the soul by form.' Gibson took a wider view when he wrote: 'Form is spiritualised by tinting; it makes us forget the material: the Greeks were right.' Why, then, is marble the best material for sculpture? Because it shows the modelling and finish the best. It is better than dark materials, which show a few bright spots, and not a surface of modified lustre. This effect is helped by a warm tint, which gives the mellowing effect of age. Terra cotta and ivory have much to recommend them, and the latter admits of colour to any extent. The feeling for colour is stronger among southern nations than among northerners, so that pure white marble would have struck a Greek eye as a blot; not that they attempted realistic colouring, but they aided the effect of architecture by the employment of colour for the background of groups, for hair, armour, and drapery. From the splendid palaces of Assyria to the temples on the Nile, all was coloured. The arts travelled westward, and were brought to perfection by the genius of Pheidias. The sculptured wall pictures of Nineveh and Egypt, the golden gates of Shalmanezer's palace, with their processions of

countless figures in relief, and incidents of history and warfare, were 'the first suggestion of an art perfected at 'last in the friezes of Athens and Phigalia.' The enquiry into the use of colours by the Greek artists at the best period of their arts is not easily satisfied, because so many of the traces of colour have disappeared. 'The deep recesses of 'sculptured forms, the sheltered corners of walls and hollowed mouldings, alone retain the evidences of the colour 'that once covered them.' However, there is enough evidence 'to convince unprejudiced judgement that colour was 'an important element of sculptural and architectural 'effect in the greatest works of classic art.' On this point it may be sufficient to quote one passage, which gives some details of evidence gathered from well-known sites:—

'Wherever we look among the sites of ancient celebrity, as at Ægina and Athens, in the Morea or in Asia Minor, at Olympia and Halicarnassus and the islands of the Ægean, at Pæstum, Girgenti, or Selinunte, and among the countless remains scattered far and wide, but of which all trace or name is lost, unquestionable evidences from travellers, whose very purpose as scholars and artists was to search out and verify the history and arts of classic antiquity, all combine to one and the same result. In many places the colouring remained bright; in others, where the gold or encaustic had perished from the sculpture, the stain remained. Where the colour had faded from the architecture, the etched outlines showed where the architect had designed upon his own mouldings the ornament for the painter; holes in the marble plainly indicated where metal decorations had been fastened on the frieze, where the gilt bronze harness had been fastened to the horses, and where helmets and weapons had been attached to the figures of gods and men.'

Altogether this part of the essay is very instructive, as showing the general use of colour, and the objects sought by its application to sculpture. The difference between the climate of Greece and our northern climate has to be taken into account before we can enter into the feelings which led the great architects and sculptors of the classic period to employ colour. To what extent it was employed is difficult to say, because five centuries had elapsed before Pausanias, Pliny, Strabo, and Lucian described the state of the masterpieces of antiquity. But considerable light has been thrown on the subject by Professor Cockerell, Dodwell, Sir Charles Newton, and Dr. Schliemann, who all testify to the existence of colour in recently discovered sculptures, and to the fugitive nature of the tints. The processes to which the statues were exposed are feelingly described by Mr. Gambier Parry:—

‘They were at first well cleaned upon their discovery; then on arrival at their destinations well soaped for taking plaster casts, then chemically washed to get rid of the soap (as the Elgin marbles and others in the British Museum were treated), and at last presented to us bare marble; and people think that they were ever bare, from which the old encaustic painter’s work has thus been ruthlessly stripped, and not a blush of it remains.’

The contemplation of such barbarism seems to have been too much for the author, as the concluding sentence of the essay defies analysis and, like some others in the book, needs recasting.

The subject of the second part of the Fifth Essay is Architectural Wall-Painting. The author, after stating that the revival of ideas of colouring Christian buildings was comparatively recent, shows how this was stimulated by discoveries in Greece and at Pompeii, which afforded a proof that it was possible for the arts to work harmoniously. When painting is used in decorative architecture, the painter must work under certain restrictions, which, when fairly appreciated, are no hindrance. Certain minor effects may, it is true, be lost, but ‘the greater elements of form, proportion, and equilibrium’ may be secured. This is very well expressed by the author, who has a good right to speak of the effect upon the artist’s mind of the restrictions which architecture imposes. As instances of free work, he mentions the paintings of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and those of Raphael in the Stanze. It is by no means necessary, he proceeds to say, that all wall paintings should be treated architecturally: for instance, the paintings of Pinturicchio in the Libreria at Siena would greatly lose in interest were they deprived of their historical backgrounds; and, to come nearer home, the frescoes of Herbert and Maclise in the Houses of Parliament would suffer from a rigid architectural treatment. The contrast between architectural wall-painting and free picture painting, and the province of each, is well expressed by Mr. Gambier Parry: ‘Let picture painting be as free as the air it imitates, but architectural wall-painting is bound by the respect which one art owes to another. In the former, the effect of it should be the annihilation of surface, in the latter its emphasis.’

After enumerating some of the great wall-paintings of the age of Pericles, and showing how ‘the feeble Byzantines, the Christian mosaicists, and the Gothic wall-painters only followed on the lines which had reached them through

'dark and evil times from the finest art schools of antiquity,' the author points out that 'there were two distinct systems of painting by the Greeks—one on panels, the other on walls. Wall-painting was essentially the art of the great building age; grand, heroic, monumental.' We can only form a faint notion of what the Greek wall-paintings were from descriptions, and from designs on ancient vases; but we gather that they were characterised by sculpturesque self-restraint. Some of the existing Lekythi (of which a fine specimen is in the British Museum, 'on which is painted the group of Oresies, Electra, and Iphigenia at the tomb of Agamemnon') are remarkable for the perfection of the drawing and the intensity of the colour. From this, and from the Cameirus vase, also in the British Museum, representing the surprise of Thetis by Peleus, we may form a conception of the character of the wall-paintings of the classic age, and of the essentially architectonic character of the paintings of Polygnotus and his contemporaries.

An interesting and just deduction is drawn from the superiority in many of the existing vases of the composition and treatment to the design. Where this is found to be the case, we may infer that the composition reflects the work of a better period of art, whilst the faults of design are attributable to the inferiority of the workmen in succeeding centuries. The essay concludes with an eloquent assertion of the claims of architecture to be regarded as the centre of all the arts—

'towards which they are all attracted by mutual regard and interest, and round which, as in natural relationship, they group their various attributes; with all their skill and all their poetry, making architecture itself completely beautiful, at once the home and the glory of them all.'

We have quoted largely from the author's own words, because it would be difficult to improve upon them, and because his practical knowledge of painting united to architecture, and working in due subordination to it, entitles him to speak with an authority which few living men can claim. It is a pity that the classical names were not subjected to scholarly revision. The eye would not then be offended by such blots as 'Olympion' for 'Olympieion,' 'Lechithoi' for 'Lekythi' (Gr. *λήκυθοι*), 'Zanthus' for 'Xanthus,' 'Pheigalia' for 'Phigalia,' and 'Agatharcus' for 'Agatharchus.' The publications of the Hellenic Society have familiarised the students of art with a more correct orthography, and it

is not too much to expect that a writer who shows so much knowledge, so much observation, and so firm a grasp of principles should conform to the received standard.

The subject of Ancient Mosaic, of which Mr. Gambier Parry treats in the first part of his Sixth Essay, has been already handled by Mr. Hope in his work on Byzantine Architecture. He points out that mosaic pavements, called by Pliny (xxxvi. 25) 'genus pavimenti Græcanici,' were introduced into Italy in churches of cities connected with the Eastern Empire, Ravenna, Venice, &c. He also shows that a similar work was applied to surfaces of walls—only in the case of the floors 'pierre dure' were employed; on the walls incrustations of enamel and composition were used. Both Mr. Hope and Mr. Ruskin give many instances of mosaic decoration, chiefly in the hieratic style. Mr. Gambier Parry brings his antiquarian knowledge and love of research to bear upon the origin and early history of the art. Like Dr. Schliemann, whom he quotes,* he derives 'mosaic' from pebbles put before a door and arranged in a pattern. As regards the name, he thinks 'mosaic' is connected with *μουσεῖον*,† the ordinary Greek term *ψήφωσις* not being adequate to express the high finish of such work, nor the term for a pavement, *λιθόστρωτον ἔδαφος*.

Pliny (xxxvi. 61) quotes a line of Lucilius, which speaks of pavement being adorned

Arte, pavimento atque emblemate vermiculato.

The word 'musivus' is used for 'mosaic' by a writer towards the close of the third century A.D., and also by Augustine.‡ This is the nearest approach to 'mosaic' in Latin. It was used somewhat promiscuously 'from the grand pavement of the battle of Issus to the picture of the Madonna made of inlaid flowers by Italians at a village festa.'

After this enquiry into the origin of the name, Mr. Gambier Parry raises the question whether the most ancient nations—the Chinese and the Egyptians—practised mosaic. He answers the question in the negative. The Chinese appear to have used coloured marbles laid chequer-wise, and coloured tiles laid like a chessboard; but true 'mosaic,' 'architectural or pictorial, appears to be conspicuous by its absence among the arts of the Celestial Empire.' Nor

* Troja, 1884, pp. 53, 54.

† Cf. Horace, Ep. ii. 2. 92: 'Cælatumque novem Musis opus.'

‡ Civ. Dei, 16. 8.

did the Egyptians practise true mosaic, though sometimes they nearly approached it. 'The true mosaics in Egypt ' were first Greek, then Roman, in design and workmanship, ' and lastly Byzantine and Arabic.'

Whence did the Greeks get their ideas of mosaic? They had the elements in use in the fifth century B.C., but these may have been imported from Phœnicia. The use of coloured marbles was very ancient. The tomb of Atreus at Mycenæ, of the twelfth century B.C., is described by Dr. H. Schliemann ('Tiryns') and in Dodwell's 'Classical Tour' 'as having originally presented a rich effect of colour as well as of ornamental carving.' This was produced by the employment of inlaid variously coloured marbles.

The author supposes that the tessellated work of the Chaldæans was known to the Greeks, whose artistic eyes saw in it capabilities of improvement. The pavements at Tiryns, itself of Phrygian origin, are 'suggestive of coloured mosaic ' floors'—an inference drawn from Dr. Schliemann's 'Tiryns' (1886), from which a quotation is given.

From these early instances 'there is a long interval before ' we come to the earliest known pictorial mosaics. They ' were in Greece, at Delphi and Olympia.' The existence of a mosaic at Delphi, representing the meeting of two eagles at a place called the 'navel' of the earth, is gathered from the Scholiast on Lucian 'De Saltatione.' A still more ancient mosaic is that which was discovered by the French expedition, 1831, at Olympia in the pronaos of the Temple of Jupiter. 'It is still *in situ*, and probably the earliest extant ' specimen of Greek mosaic.' It has been described by Sir Charles Newton and M. A. Blouet, and derives additional interest from its having been executed at the same time as the building of the temple (about 450 B.C.), and from its having been part of the ornament of the temple where the great statue of Pheidias was placed.

The next instance of mosaic by Greek artists which Mr. Gambier Parry mentions is the work of Sosus (about 220 B.C.) described by Pliny, under the name of an 'unswept ' room' (*oikos asáπτωτος*), in the centre of which were the famous doves, drinking water and preening their feathers.* 'The mosaic of Pliny's doves in the Capitol is composed of ' marbles, jewels, and a few glass imitations of them.' Pliny gives the names of several Greek artists in mosaic—Parnesos of Elis and Sosus of Pergamus. 'One of the

* H. N. xxxvi. 61.

'finest of the Pompeian mosaics, constructed of tesserae of 'vitréous enamel,' bears the name of the artist, Dioscorides of Samos. The absence of notices by Pausanias of Greek mosaics is noted and accounted for by the author, on the ground that Pausanias was more of a scholar than an artist. Some of the mosaics at Pompeii were wall-pictures, but the finest of all was a pavement.

'The subject is the battle of Issus, in which the prominent figure appears to be Alexander the Great, in the thick of the fight, having just speared his foe, whose horse has fallen in the attempt to fly. The earliest mosaic in Italy of which an account has been preserved is that which, on Pliny's authority, was made for Sulla, and placed in the Temple of Fortune at Palestrina.'

Mosaic was applied with good effect to portraiture, which gained in durability what it lost in finish. Instances are given of Caracalla's gladiators and the friends of the Emperor Commodus, whose portraits were erected in a portico of his garden. Early in the first century B.C. mosaic had become a necessary part of official furniture, and Mr. Parry quotes Suetonius, who tells us how Cæsar carried mosaic about in his campaigns that his official 'pavement' might be always ready. The common adoption of mosaic suggested the use of native materials. Where marbles could not be obtained, stones of various colours and clay, baked red or black, were employed. Frequently, as has been remarked before, the composition is so superior to the execution that it is impossible not to believe that the originals were the work of able artists. And thus an additional interest is imparted to mosaics as preserving some record of the composition of ancient pictures and wall-paintings.

Interesting as mosaics are which represent mythological subjects, those are even more interesting which illustrate contemporary life. 'One of the best examples of the kind 'is the great mosaic of Italica near Seville.' This represents the interior of a Roman circus, and bears testimony to the importance of a city of which little remains, though it was founded by Scipio Africanus, and was the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. A still finer specimen of mosaic representing the entire scene of the circus is at Lyons. This is fully described, and is an excellent illustration of the lively interest taken by the Romans in the games of the circus. Another favourite subject was taken from the kingdom of Neptune. There is a good instance of this on the coast of Spain, on the floor of the church of St. Michael at Barcelona, 'where the whole

'glory of the ocean kingdom is portrayed in mosaic, with fishes, nereids, and tritons sporting among the waves, and indicating the spot once occupied by a temple of Neptune.' These subjects were very popular towards the close of the first century A.D., a fact attributable to the extension of Roman commerce by sea. Of all such designs the palm is given by Mr. Gambier Parry to the mosaic found at Constantine, described in glowing language, which should be studied, as it contains, among other memorable expressions, a fine euphemism for 'naked'—viz. 'relieved of all impediments of drapery.' The marine deities who enjoy this privilege are Neptune and Amphitrite.

Old mosaics also abound in England, especially where there were Roman settlements. East London abounds in tessellated floors, evidencing the existence of Roman dwellings. The abundance of Roman remains in Gloucestershire is pointed out, and reasons are assigned for the preference which the Romans showed for this part of England:—

'It was a tempting site for them. The wide hunting-ground of the Cotteswold country was behind them, and their city Corinium, the modern Cirencester, at the junction of their principal roads, was within easy reach; Aqua Solis (Bath) also and Caerleon, and their "castra exploratoria" on all the points of the hills. The great military establishment at Glevum (the modern Gloucester) lay in the valley below them, on the bank of the meandering Severn; and far beyond, the country of the Silures, the scene of their great campaign, stretched out into the wide distance, blending the woods and hills of its horizon with the mists of the setting sun.'

Here, at Woodchester, a palace was built, which probably was an imperial residence. Claudius's seventh legion was for many years stationed at Gloucester, and Woodchester afforded precisely the central and secure position required for the governor's residence. A fine mosaic, of the date of Septimius Severus, was found there, a detailed description of which, with reference made to Lysons's '*Woodchester*,' 1797, is given by Mr. Gambier Parry. This is followed by descriptions of mosaics at Frampton, Harkstow, and Bignor. The latter is compared with a famous mosaic at Avenches, in Switzerland (the ancient Aventicum). Both are somewhat Pompeian in character, and both agree not only in 'the unique circumstance of each having a bath or cistern in the centre,' but 'in the evidence of both having been in great part taken from the same original cartoons.' This appears from the similarity of the figures, which extends even to their faults in drawing and proportion.

The mosaics at Bignor, about twelve miles from Chichester, are probably the earliest of any importance in Britain. They contain mythological figures and groups of gladiators. Those at Harkstow, discovered in 1796 near the mouth of the Humber, are described as blending mythological and Christian subjects—Orpheus with his lyre and attendant animals, and the symbol of the Cross inlaid in red tesserae; next to this is a spirited mosaic picture of a Biga race.

Only one other Roman mosaic is described, perhaps the most interesting of all, that at Frampton near Dorchester. 'There are pavements of three rooms of important size connected by long corridors with mosaic floors throughout.' The description of these is particularly interesting, as showing how a Roman temple, with its mythological and pagan ornament, by the addition of the Christian monogram, was adapted to the requirements of a British church.

The second part of this essay treats of Christian mosaic. The change from pagan to Christian art is chiefly in the motive. At first the builders and decorators of sacred buildings were obliged to employ artists who were familiar only with pagan subjects. Hence the motives appear mixed. This may last for centuries, but eventually Christianity developed its own schools of art, and these held their own. The view taken by Mr. Gambier Parry respecting the relation of early Christian to classical art corresponds in the main to that of Kugler in his '*Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*.' Both seem to agree in fixing the close of the first period of Christian art about A.D. 525. Henceforth a different class of art prevailed at Constantinople and Rome. 'Christianity was now free, and the mosaics upon the walls and vaults of its sacred places were spread as vast pictures illustrating the incidents of its history and faith.' Among the mosaics of the sixth century the author selects, as typical of 'the poetry of religious intention,' 'the dignified portraiture of the apse of Sta Pudentiana,' and 'the sacred symbolism in that of SS. Cosmo and Damian' at Rome. The figure of Christ holding a scroll in his left hand was copied about 300 years after (A.D. 820) in the church of Sta Prassede, and twice after in the churches of Sta Cecilia and St. Mark. When the Roman Empire fell, art became degraded, a proof of which was the repetition of the same design in several churches. And 'the edicts of Leo the Isaurian in A.D. 726 at Constantinople gave such a blow to art as it never recovered till the revival in the twelfth century.' Then took place a migration of Greek artists to Rome, where

they established themselves in a college called *Schola Græca*, 'close to a church which received the name of *S. Maria* 'in *Cosmedin* from the beauty of their works in it.' In the time of *Leo III.*, the friend of *Charlemagne*, the arts revived, but Roman art died out, and Greek artists had all their own way.

Meanwhile a love of splendour developed itself at Constantinople. Great use was made of gold to cover backgrounds, and gilt glass tesserae were used for mosaics. A temporary impulse was given to art by the conversion of Byzantium into an imperial city, and Constantine by his passion for building favoured this, especially as all the churches built under his directions were ornamented with mosaic and marbles; but little remains of any mosaics of his time, besides those of the Roman church of *Sta Costanza* and of the Lateran baptistery. Under Justinian another revival took place. The first stone of *Sta Sophia* was laid February 23, 531, and it was opened in 537 A.D. The central decoration of the dome was originally 'a colossal figure of Christ seated in majesty.' The church of *S. Vitale*, at Ravenna, was ornamented by mosaicists of the same school. The idea of Christ judging the world, first represented in mosaic on a gold ground at *Sta Sophia*, was imitated at Rome in the basilica of *S. Lorenzo*, and in the apse of *S. Theodore*; also in the seventh century in the lateral apse of *Sta Costanza*, and in the thirteenth century in the baptistery of *S. Giovanni* at Florence.* Another church dating from the time of Justinian, that of *St. Catharine*, near Mount Sinai, is covered with contemporary mosaics. Besides the figure of Christ, transfigured, with *Moses* and *Elias* on either side, *Moses* is represented kneeling before the burning bush, and in another mosaic holding the two tables of the law. Also, within circular medallions are the portraits of Justinian and *Theodora*, besides many figures of Apostles. Other instances are given from the important cities of *Thessalonica*, *Trebizond*, and *Ravenna*. The characteristics of these designs are given generally. 'The artists planned no great pictures, nor cared for dramatic action nor historic subject, but peopled their vast cupola and wall with single figures, each in his own individual capacity taking part in some great event.' This may be taken as a general de-

* Some of these mosaics are portrayed in Mr. Sidney Colvin's excellent translation of Professor Woltman's '*History of Painting*,' where the whole subject of mosaic work is treated with great ability.

scription of the religious art of the period ; and, whether executed in mosaic or in fresco, the works must have preserved the same character.

The main characteristics of the works of art at Ravenna are given by Mr. Gambier Parry :—‘ They surprise us indeed ‘ by their extent and technical excellence,’ but still more by ‘ the grandeur of idea which prevailed throughout and inspired their compositions, the sincerity of their enthusiasm, ‘ and an architectonic sense, applying ornament and pictorial ‘ design with complete mastery to the forms and effects of ‘ architecture.’ Instances of these qualities are given from the church of S. Apollinare Nuovo. The mausoleum of Galla Placidia and the orthodox baptistery are adorned with mosaics in the same symbolic style, one representing our Lord as the Good Shepherd amid a rocky landscape. ‘ The ‘ figure is classic in the gracefulness of its attitude, and ‘ beautiful also in the harmony of its colouring. Indeed, ‘ whether in design, colour, or expression, it is the most ‘ impressive representation of this lovely subject in early ‘ Christian art.’ Ravenna did not remain long as an asylum for artists. After two centuries ‘ a shadow fell on it,’ and its disregarded mosaics were robbed with the sanction of its absent rulers. Charlemagne, having a strong desire to introduce among his subjects a love of art, built a palace and cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), and applied to Pope Adrian I. for artists capable of ornamenting the cathedral at Aix with mosaics. Ravenna, at that time subject to the Papal See, was used as a quarry. With the written authority of the Pope, ‘ the tesserae were stripped from the walls, ‘ and the marbles from the pavements, and the cathedral at ‘ Aix was clothed with their stolen glories’ (A.D. 796—804). Thus church decoration was introduced into Northern Germany.

The art of mosaic was employed by the caliphs to decorate their mosques, as Caliph Walid stipulated for a contribution of mosaic tesserae for his mosque at Damascus, and two hundred years later a present of glass tesserae was made to Caliph Abderrahman to adorn the mosque at Cordova. The art was kept up in the retreat of monasteries, especially among the shrines of Mount Athos. About the year 1000 A.D. ‘ the ‘ first dawn of reviving art in Europe appeared at the court ‘ of the successors of Charlemagne at Aix.’ Among the places where the revival of art made progress were Hildesheim, where Bishop Bernward is said to have worked with his own hands at mosaics ; and Monte Cassino, in Italy, where

a school of Greek artists was established. 'For three centuries no mosaic had been executed at Rome; but now the age was startled by its sudden appearance on the walls of one that was then, and still is, among the grandest of its churches, Sta Maria in Trastevere' (A.D. 1130-43). The mosaics in St. Mark's, at Venice, are valuable and interesting as pictures of historical subjects. One represents the consecration of St. Mark's in 1085, the other the discovery of the bones of the Evangelist, described by F. Corner and quoted by Mr. Ruskin.* 'The pictures are valuable also as illustrating the costume and manners of the day, and the character of the marble and gold mosaic of the architecture.' 'The art thus revived soon broke out into a chorus of fine works from East to West.' Details of this are given in the essay with dates and names—especial mention being made of the basilica of Monreale, the cathedral of Torcello, and that of Murano, with which two the readers of 'Stones of Venice' are already familiar. In the north-west of Europe a spirit of iconoclasm broke out in the middle of the twelfth century, 'excited by the spiritual enthusiasm of S. Bernard of Clair-vault,' to 'whose denunciations . . . the loss of many precious works is to be traced.'

The large pavements of mosaic character in the early Middle Ages, north of the Alps, according to Mr. Gambier Parry, resemble what is called Florentine mosaic rather than the true mosaic formed of small tesserae. He gives an instance from the old buildings of St. Ethelreda's convent at Ely, dating from the fourteenth century. Among the 'favourite subjects of designs for pavements were the labyrinth, the zodiac, and the calendar, the last being treated with a ring of circles filled with emblematical figures of the months engaged upon their seasonable labours.' Instances are given of the various ways in which this design is carried out on 'the old Roman floors of Bignor in England, and at Caerleon in Wales, and the mediæval pavement inlaid in black and white under the western tower of Ely Cathedral.'

The moral of these labyrinths, when not enforced by verses of the 'Miserere,' was 'to represent the difficult ways of life, before arriving at celestial rest.'

The twelfth century saw the developement of the art of mosaic upon walls and vaulting, principally by artists from Siena and Florence, of whom the Greek Apollonius and the

* *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 60.

Italian Cimabue and Mino da Turrita, Duccio and Tafi, Gaddi and Giotto, are most conspicuous. By them

‘both modes of composition, the symbolic and the dramatic, were revived together. The symbolism which had characterised the mosaics of Ravenna was now consummated at Rome over the altars of San Clemente and the apsidal recesses of the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, affording examples of a reviving art that for magnificence of effect and expressive grandeur, under the obligations of architectural constraint, have not been surpassed.’

Here follows a full description of the ornamentation of the apse of San Clemente, and of that of the Lateran. Mr. Gambier Parry, whilst awarding high praise to these compositions, finds fault very justly with an artistic error—that of representing dignity by size. ‘The supplementary effect of colouring by mosaics on the exteriors of important buildings was finely exhibited on the façade of the cathedral at Orvieto, and on that of Siena, in the latter part of the fifteenth century.’ The façade of St. Peter’s at Rome was adorned in this manner, a famous design called the Navicella of Giotto representing St. Peter walking on the waves. After the twelfth century there was little work in mosaic north of the Alps. ‘The architects and artists spent all their enthusiasm and their means in developing the new idea of pointed architecture.’ South of the Alps mosaic was still cultivated, in spite of the increased attention given to wall-painting in tempera and fresco; and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the names of many men of eminence are associated with it, such as Lippi, Baldovinetti, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli. Their work, when original, was most refined, but deficient, says Mr. Gambier Parry, in the architectural sense that gave the older mosaics their great character in monumental art. Baldovinetti was the most earnest to maintain the honour of the art, and Peselli, also a Florentine, ornamented with mosaic, in 1416, Orcagna’s shrine in the church of Or San Michele. Henceforth, the centre of activity in the art was at St. Mark’s at Venice, and the author refers to the works of Michele Giamboni in 1430, in the chapel of the Mascoli. ‘But by the middle of the following century that phase of monumental art was over, and mosaicists copied the designs of the great painters—Titian, Tintoret, and Pordenone—without any regard to the requirements of architecture or to the congruity of style and effect.’ In closing our remarks on this interesting chapter, we cannot too strongly express our admiration of the amount of knowledge displayed in it, and

of the firm grasp of artistic principles which pervades it. Mr. Gambier Parry has not only written a very instructive essay, but he has held up as the standard of judgement, from which no artist or art critic should deviate, the architectonic ideal.

The Seventh Essay is on Glass Painting, Ancient and Mediæval. This is no less instructive than the essay on mosaic; but it is not quite up to the mark of English composition, as it contains some passages of which the meaning is not clear, and the grammar is defective. It contains at the outset a statement concerning the use of glass in the time of Pliny. He appears to have been familiar with its use in decoration, but not with its employment in windows to let in the light. Perhaps he would have understood what we confess our inability to realise—‘the employment of ‘opaque enamel to define ornamental design upon the colours ‘of glass used transparently.’ If this means inserting cameos in opaque colour upon transparent glass—as in the Portland vase, mentioned afterwards—we can only regret that it was not more clearly expressed. Objection also may be taken to the interpretation of Suetonius’s expression in describing Horace’s bedroom, ‘speculato cubiculo.’ No one can say in this case that glass was used. ‘Specula,’ or mirrors, were usually of polished metal. The quotation from that gossip-monger, Suetonius, does not help us to form a clearer notion of the use of glass in the time of Augustus, nor does it increase our respect for Horace, if what his biographer wrote was true.

‘The method of painting with glass fused into and upon ‘glass was an art of great antiquity,’ as Mr. Gambier Parry shows by reference to a relic of Egyptian art, B.C. 1600, and to a vessel found among the ruins of Nimroud, date B.C. 722.

‘Fusing vitreous enamels on blocks of cement or terra ‘cotta and on tiles’ is another ancient mode of painting. Instances are given from Nineveh and Khorsabad, with references to the works of Botta, Layard, and Place. In Egypt and Phœnicia the imitation of gems reached a high state of perfection. Imitative obsidian was made at Rome, and ‘murrhine,’ said to have been originally made at Thebes, and highly valued at Rome. It was also made at Alexandria, according to Pliny. It was the most costly of all glass, excepting pure rock crystal, and produced ‘a rich effect of ‘wavy streaks of indigo, purple, green, and white.’ Mr. Gambier Parry mentions some of the most effective pictorial designs in glass—the cameo reliefs of the Portland and

Aldjo vases, and the small blue amphora at Naples. At Athens cameo gems were worn at the best period of classic art; and at Rome, under the emperors, 'the use of glass for 'coloured ornament became universal, and walls, ceilings, 'and friezes were inlaid with painted panels of it.' Examples of these are given, showing that coloured glass was much in use among the nations of antiquity; but we are called upon to notice 'that there is neither relic nor record of actual 'glass painting depending on translucency for its effect.' How translucent glass painting originated is a matter of uncertainty. As to the date, we know nothing before the tenth or eleventh century.

'Winckelmann's idea is a very possible one, that the mosaics in glass, tesserae, and sectile marble marquetry, of walls and floors, suggested similar designs in windows. Even in the eleventh century the employment of glass in windows was not by any means universal, if we may judge by the employment of transparent alabaster in the windows of the south aisle of the cathedral of Torcello, and at San Miniato at Florence, at a time when glass was practically common and glass mosaic universal.'

An interesting account is given of the method of ornamenting windows in Mahomedan buildings in the East. And a quotation from Leo's history of the convent of Monte Cassino shows that the Oriental method of ornamenting windows was employed in Western Europe between the years 1050 and 1071, artists being obtained from Constantinople. Limoges, in France, 'an ancient city of Roman foundation,' was famous for its manufacturers of glass, artificers having been sent to France from Constantinople as early as A.D. 687, and in the latter part of the twelfth century the glass painting of Limoges was famous; 'but long before that date 'both the arts of enamelling and glass painting had been 'successfully established in Lorraine and the Rhenish provinces of Germany.' The records of the Abbey of St. Benignus at Dijon describe 'the figure of St. Panchasia, as 'painted in a glass window of the church, which was rebuilt 'there A.D. 1001.'

Towards the end of the tenth century Bernwald, Bishop of Hildesheim, exercised great influence in promoting the cultivation of the arts, and established a school with many native pupils, under the Byzantine artists then living there. He died in 1021. Cologne became also a centre for the cultivation of fine arts, and enamelling was practised there and at Verdun. 'Glass painting was an art nearly allied 'to enamelling from the similarity of the materials and

‘apparatus; and it is to that part of Germany, Lorraine, Alsace, and neighbouring Rhine provinces that we may look . . . for the earliest developement of that form of it which was developed in the middle ages.’ ‘At Neuviller, on the lower Rhine, is a relic of perhaps the oldest existing painted window,’ which is described as being ‘of extreme Byzantine style.’ At the Benedictine Abbey of Tegernsee, in Bavaria, glass-works were established A.D. 1003, in memory of Theophania, a Greek princess, married to Otho II. As time went on, the art of glass painting was extended from Germany to France and England. The Abbot Suger, A.D. 1147, sent for artists in enamel to decorate the cathedral of St. Denis, near Paris. Artificial gems seem to have been employed, rubies and sapphires being imitated. But the splendour of the abbey brought upon the abbot the wrath of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, who attacked his brother, like a John Knox of the twelfth century. In spite of this, the strict rule of the Cistercians against the use of coloured glass for church windows was relaxed; and the figure of St. Bernard was painted on panels representing the chief incidents of his life. Mr. Gambier Parry, commenting on the change, says: ‘The experience of life and human infirmity appears to have taught them, as it has taught others, that fine art, inspired by sacred motive, is most useful, not only to teach the ignorant, but to fill the void of vacant minds.’

The early windows were marked by simplicity in design and brilliancy of colour. In the thirteenth century an improvement in design took place; the architect apparently supplying the figures, if we may judge from ‘the works of Wilars de Honecort, who has left among his drawings scores of studies of figures, draperies, and proportion.’ In those days there was less subdivision of the arts than is the case now, and so

‘the glass painter often embraced in his work the whole art of his profession, from the first preparation of the glass to the painting of the finished window; as in the case of the Alsatian glass painter, Jean de Kirkheim, who executed great works in Strasburg Cathedral (about A.D. 1340), where he is described as Vitreator factor vitrorum, glass-seator, Pictor.’

In England much destruction of works of art and of records took place. Occasionally, however, they were ingeniously preserved; as, for instance, the records of Newstead Abbey, ‘which lay for centuries unsuspected in the brass ball of its lectern, now standing in the choir of Southwell Minster.’

Much of the glass was foreign, as, e.g., the windows for Rivaux Abbey, which were sent from France in 1140. In 1303 we come upon the name of an English glass painter, which is preserved in the history of Exeter Cathedral, where for 140 feet of painted glass, and other such work, 'Walter the Glazier' was paid various sums. A few years after 'Walter of Exeter,' the name of 'Robert of York' is preserved, as having been paid in 1338 at the rate of twelve-pence per foot for his painted glass.' He painted the great west window of York Cathedral. Another name occurs in the records of Exeter Cathedral, that of Robert Lyen (A.D. 1391). Men of his craft were held in high estimation in former times, being relieved from imposts under the Emperors Constantine, Theodosius, and Valentinian; and at Venice, the master glaziers of Murano were honoured by high social privileges, admitting them to intermarriage with the Venetian nobility, and to the rank of nobles, with their titles inscribed in their *libro d' oro*.'

The destruction of painted glass was in no country greater than in Italy, where this branch of art was little appreciated. Indeed, with walls adorned with mosaics and frescoes, there is more need of pure sunlight than variously coloured light shining through glass windows. There was a school of art in Florence, at the convent outside the Porta a Pinti, where monks established themselves in 1383, and where, until the siege in 1529, when it was entirely ruined, they employed themselves in the practice of various arts, and pre-eminently in glass painting. 'Their prior prepared with his own hands the ultramarine for Pietro Perugino for the frescoes which he painted on the walls of the convent; and for Michel Angelo, upon his undertaking the frescoes on the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.' Before the end of the fourteenth century this art had attained to eminence in northern and central Italy, but it rarely penetrated the south. Instances are given of glass painters of Siena and Pisa, among whom two, 'about the year 1460, filled with their painted glass the arcade on the two sides of the Campo Santo, for the preservation of the frescoes there from the action of sea-breezes—B. da Scarperia and Leonardo, a Florentine.' In the fifteenth century a young German artist, son of a merchant at Ulm, visited Rome in 1432, and being seized with a strong religious longing, 'he entered the order of the Frati Predicatori of the convent of S. Domenico at Bologna, and there he spent a devoted life, succeeding, as, his biographer says, some other saintly men

'have done, in making the pursuit of art a means toward 'the perfection of religious life.' The best known of his works are 'the great windows in the church of S. Petronio, 'executed with assistance of his pupils, Frati Ambrogino 'and Anastasio, in his adopted city Bologna,' where he was known by the name of Fra Beato Giacomo d' Ulma. 'A very 'different man was the Frenchman from Verdun, whose 'story has been told by Vasari under the name of Gulielmo 'di Marsilla.' He came to Italy, to assist a friend and fellow-countryman, named Claude, in decorating the Vatican for Pope Julius II. with painted glass, after designs by Raphael. He entered the Dominican Order to escape from the secular courts of justice, to which he had become amenable; but as soon as he felt assured of his safety, he threw up his conventual obligations and went to Rome, where he attained to the highest reputation as a glass painter. It is much to be regretted that the glass windows in the Vatican were destroyed at the siege of Rome in 1527 by the Constable de Bourbon. Mr. Gambier Parry traces the progress of the art both north and south of the Alps—

'the character of the advance from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century having been from exclusive conventionalism to Nature, from the fourteenth to the fifteenth that of improvement in the higher qualities of design, and in the following century by the introduction of the use of coloured glass enamels, affording to the glass painter as varied a palette as the painter in oil.'

This system was adopted by Gulielmo so completely that Vasari says of his works at Cortona and Arezzo that 'one 'would say that they were composed of living figures, and 'not of coloured and transparent glass, but in truth marvellous pictures.' In spite of this success, Gulielmo abandoned glass painting and took to fresco, probably anticipating the destruction of works in so perishable a material as glass.

The art owed much of its success in Italy to northern influence. The best materials were imported; for, as Vasari says, the best glass came from Germany, France, and England, and the best *smalti*—i.e. coloured enamels—were German, and with few exceptions the best glass painters were foreign, or the Italian pupils of foreign masters.

Spain also availed itself of the genius of the North. Toledo was famous for its painted glass as early as the thirteenth century, and from the records there appears to have been a continual succession of native and Flemish glass painters from the beginning of the fifteenth to that of

the eighteenth century. Specimens of the art in France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium Mr. Gambier Parry passes over as too numerous to be recorded, and in the case of France 'too well known to need further reference.' The causes of decline are traced in these countries to the abandonment of the brilliant old-fashioned colours, and to the use of white glass to be painted upon with 'enamels, as in oil or water-colour.' Other technicalities were introduced from the beginning of the sixteenth century, 'till glass painting changed its function, and produced cabinet pictures, landscape transparencies, miniatures and copies of the works of the great masters in oil and fresco, as when Bernard Palissy . . . painted on glass copies of Raphael's history of Cupid and Psyche for the family of Montmorency at Ecouen.'

In the Netherlands a school of glass painting adopted the supposed improvements of the sixteenth century, 'the greatest works thus executed being those in the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels, by Jan Haeck and Bernard von Orley,' which were more artistic, but less brilliant in colour, than earlier windows.

In Germany Albert Dürer is described as 'the founder of an improved school of more correct perspective and architecture, and for sacred subjects, particularly for painted glass;' and we know that glass painters were among his intimate friends. Whether any glass paintings by him still exist is uncertain; if any, those in the cathedral at Cologne, on the north side of the nave, have the best claim. 'The influence of his school is noticeable far and wide. Not only his genius can be plainly traced, but that of the Van Eycks and Hemling left their impress on the glass painting of the age. It is difficult to suppose that the decay of the art can be in any way attributable to them. But Adrian de Vrieë and the brothers Crabeth at Gouda despised the conventionalities of glass painting, and contributed by their freedom of treatment to its downfall.

One main cause of the decay of glass painting is the destructibility of windows. They are liable to be broken by any accident, and cannot, as a rule, be repaired. Mr. Gambier Parry shows the great loss not only to art, but also to historic knowledge, thereby sustained. He also points out the architectural objection to large windows.

'The windows of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries increased in height and breadth; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth, so universally did this fashion prevail, that the constructive principles of

buildings were affected by it, and all the weight of the groined roof and the arcades within, and of the spires and towers without, was left to rest on slender piers and flying buttresses, which alone remained for their support, the solid walls having given place to sheets of pictured glass.'

'The earliest form of this developement was in the great 'wheel windows, . . . among the earliest of which was the 'circular window of the north transept of Lincoln Cathedral,' date about 1200. Gothic architects adopted this form of window, which was probably 'the origin of the developement of ordinary window-heads to the entire space under 'the groining.' Instances of this are given from the Ste. Chapelle at Paris, completed 1248, most of the windows of which contain the original glass, and from the east window of Gloucester Cathedral, 'where the walls of the most 'eastern bay are sloped outwards to obtain an extra space 'for the mouldings of the window frame, and thus to secure 'the entire width of the choir for the glass. This great 'window still retains its original glass, dating from about '1370 A.D.'

Mr. Gambier Parry proceeds to show, with great force, how greater pictorial freedom and naturalism became the ruin of the art of glass painting:—

'It happily took centuries before that degradation brought it to its close. It had been by that thoroughly architectonic sense which prevailed in its earlier phases, and till the closing years of the fifteenth century, that this noble art, with all the dignified reserve of self-respect, had held its right place among its compeers; but as time advanced it happened with it, as with other things, that the idea of developement became confounded with that of progress, and a system was introduced which delighted the unthinking popular sense with much that was admirable in the strictest sense of art, and glorious in effect, but with it also a loss of principle and a flattery of ambition that brought it to a lingering but certain fall.'

This is followed by the assertion of the sound principle that every art should recognise its own limits. Architecture has its laws, so has picture-painting. How can glass painting claim to be free from laws which bind all other branches of art? As a matter of fact, glass painters erred by aiming at effects beyond their art, by disregarding the bounds of space, by attempting pictorial effects of atmosphere, and by excessive finish. 'A perfect work of art 'must be thought out in its own language.'

Those who have not painted on glass or canvas themselves, and have not thought out the different conditions of

the different branches of art, will nevertheless do well to recognise the truth of the statement 'that glass painting is 'a special art, with its own laws, its own powers, its own limits; that it is light that has to be dealt with, not shadow; translucent glass, not solid canvas; open air, not 'a picture frame.'

Mr. Gambier Parry says: 'The history of this art in 'England has as yet been but imperfectly written.' His readers will, we think, acknowledge that he has himself made a very valuable contribution towards such a history in laying down the true principles of the art, upon which, as upon a solid foundation, a superstructure might be raised by some who had the leisure and inclination to 'sketch the ins 'and outs of artistic life in England in the middle ages, its 'styles and schools, its connexion with foreign countries, 'its patronage, its roving confraternities, and so forth.

The Eighth Essay, on the Adornment of Sacred Buildings, Part I., begins with an eloquent, but not very clearly expressed, attempt to account for the 'deep sadness that pervaded all pagan religions.' National religion, in the opinion of Mr. Gambier Parry, requires, more than individual religion, the aid of externals, and has always called for the best that the nation can give to lend dignity to public worship. If this be the case, it follows that the responsibility of the artist is great, as his work is intended not only for the present, but for future generations. The purpose of the adornment of sacred buildings is stated. It is the 'expression of the universal religious sense of mankind.' Human infirmity sought aids to faith by representing objects 'in which both memory and hope were centred.' Association hallowed the sacred shrines, and brought together the souls of the living worshippers and of those who had gone before. Mr. Gambier Parry asks, 'Who would offend their household 'gods?' His attempt to make this clear leaves the reader in darkness. One thing he points out clearly, that in ancient mythology there was no object of love and devotion. All there was, the reality of the unseen, was grasped by a few minds, and genius expressed it in language and art. He goes on to show how the early Christians shrank from pagan art, and what they strove to keep before their minds; how the earliest lessons of their faith had been conveyed; and how accordingly they were disposed to receive spiritual instruction in the forms of allegory, type, and symbol. In the second century art was feeble. The symbols usually employed were 'the vine, the lamb, the crown, the phoenix,

‘and the peacock,’ and ‘the fish and the cross still more ‘intimately told the story of their creed.’ A desire to restore a sense of the proximity of the great drama of their redemption led Christians to adopt ‘some consecutive composition,’ one of the earliest of which was the figure of the Good Shepherd. ‘He is represented in many ways, ‘sometimes in the attitude of walking, with a lamb across ‘His shoulders; sometimes in repose, standing with His ‘sheep about Him, some feeding, some gazing up at Him, ‘or listening to His voice.’

We cannot rightly estimate the value of early Christian works of art unless we take into account the difficulties under which the artists laboured. Moreover, it must be remembered that pictorial art in classic times was more sculpturesque and conventional than it afterwards became, especially in regard of landscape, and this simplicity and conventionality are reproduced in early Christian art:—

‘We often find both single and grouped figures left with only plain monotone backgrounds, and this even where natural objects form part of the illustration. . . . The love and labour of the artist were thrown into the expression of his figures, and all else was omitted but a few conventional or emblematical accessories to explain his subject and to enhance its dramatic interest.’

After this general description of the character of early Christian art, illustrated by reference to well-known symbols, Mr. Gambier Parry adds the following summary:—

‘On these good and simple artistic principles all the painting of the early Christians is based. And although the style of art was entirely changed in after times, those principles remained inviolate until the science of perspective and the new passion for realistic landscape painting at the close of the fourteenth century opened a new era in the theory and practice of fine art.’

He accounts for the reserve which is observable in the works of early Christian artists, first by reverence, and secondly by the savagery of the times, which made them shrink from the direct outward expression of their faith. The main subject of Christian adoration being the person of Christ, the representation of His person in sacred buildings would naturally be demanded of Christian artists. But there was this difficulty—that there was no authentic contemporary portrait of Christ, from which in after ages copies might be taken and faithful likenesses handed down. Mr. Gambier Parry suggests that ‘the mind of early Christendom had ‘been so entirely concentrated on the character and gospel

‘of Christ that all material sense or memory of Him had been overwhelmed in the halo of His divinity.’

Though St. Augustine's assertion that no portrait of Him in His maturer years existed may be true, yet it appears that ‘through phases of art which the events of centuries had modified, and the varying tones of religious sentiment had changed, the same ideal can be traced throughout.’

A really eloquent passage follows, showing how different nations and succeeding ages have changed the aspect of ‘the divine head of which Origen said that it had no certain aspect.’

‘They began by the attempt to glorify it according to classic models; in the troubles of a subsequent age they cast their own gloom over it, and in the days of ascetic discipline they marred it with the lines of agony and grief; but by none has that noble, loving face been more degraded than by the degenerate schools of more modern times, which, taking refuge in the meekness and gentleness of Christ to screen the feebleness of their own conceptions, ignoring the grander elements of His character, His splendid independence, His boldness in denunciation, and, when needed, His ruthless severity, they picture Him a mere creature of weak sentimentality, effeminate, inane.’

‘The portrait in St. Peter's at Rome, described as that given by our Lord to Sta Veronica, is without doubt of great antiquity.’ The name ‘Veronica’ has been accepted as the popular name for the likeness itself—*vera-icon* (true likeness); but of its authenticity there is no evidence worth mention. Nor is there any more authority for the portrait of our Lord, said to have been painted by St. Luke, and even mentioned with respect by such an one as Thomas Aquinas (A.D. 1274).’

Reverence withheld the hands of the early Christians from the representation of our Lord's death, and till the sixth century ‘no hand had dared to portray a subject surrounded with such awful mystery as the self-sacrifice of Christ—an event so stupendous as the crucifixion of the Son of God.’ The symbols of the Lamb, the Cross, the Altar, and the Book as “the Word of God” were employed and approved.’ Illustrations of this are given, chiefly drawn from churches in Italy:—

‘For above one thousand years, among the numberless subjects which have covered the walls of sacred places, the bare cross was still prominent. In the sacred solitudes of the Catacombs the crucified figure was not seen till for seven hundred years the cross alone had sufficed to fill the minds of Christian worshippers.

‘The unoccupied cross expressed the idea of Christendom as the

symbol of victory. Its form was drawn upon the ground as the plan on which Constantine's great basilicas were built, the Church of the Holy Apostles at Constantinople, and of St. Peter's within and St. Paul's without the walls of Rome.'

The same subject is illustrated in great variety of detail. Both to painting and sculpture the same remark applies—that the crucified figure of Jesus is, down to the close of the tenth century, the one subject omitted. How reverence withheld Christians from the realistic exhibition of our Lord's death, and how artists employed various symbols to signify His crucifixion, forms a large and instructive portion of this very interesting essay.

Mr. Gambier Parry gives instances of the treatment of the subject of the crucifixion in early English art.

A gravestone belonging to the Saxon period * was discovered at Wirksworth, or Wirksworth Church, in Derbyshire, in 1820, of which the side that had been reversed was found covered with elaborate sculpture, though of the rudest kind. A detailed account, in which special attention is drawn to the figure of a dead lamb 'with his head drooped and his legs crumpled together,' is followed by the remark, having reference to some previous observations: 'Thus the poorest art often contains the deepest poetry, and is often more effective from its pure and simple suggestiveness, incapable of realism.'

In the year 692 the Greek Council at Constantinople gave effect to the wishes of those worshippers who were wearied of symbolic representation by ordering that, in place of the received symbols, the figure of Christ should be represented. Mr. Gambier Parry supplies a reason for this, which goes deeper than the craving of the human heart to see portrayed objects of worship.

'Realism is the absolute opposite to that mysticism in which disordered imagination loses its way into the regions of idolatry. . . . A vaguer art, symbolic and ideal, whether simply so or made so by consummate artifice, touches another chord in human nature, sets the heart free, and opens wide the springs of association—an art apparently unconscious of itself, that all generations have loved for its pure and fresh suggestiveness, an art that had no power to satisfy, but set the mind pondering far off in time and place, on the realities of the past and of the future, where the affections might rest or the imagination wander free.'

* In Dr. Westcott's admirable essay on the 'Relation of Christianity to Art,' in his edition of St. John's Epistles, second edition, 1886, special mention is made of this slab, p. 360.

The progress towards the more grave reality of Christ's figure was slow but sure. 'Still reverence stayed the artist's hand.' And so the figure was fully draped. The exception of a rude caricature in the palace of the Cæsars at Rome is easily accounted for by the fact that 'the scene of a crucifixion was common at Rome at that time, and furnished the caricaturist with all he needed to throw scorn on those who were Christians of Cæsar's household.'

Among the earliest representations of the crucifixion with which Mr. Gambier Parry is acquainted is one of the date 586. 'It is on the first page of a manuscript of the Gospels in the Laurentian Library at Florence. Here the figure of Christ is entirely draped, hanging upon a cross somewhat higher than those on each side, where hang the two thieves.' The next in date is A.D. 642, among the treasures of the cathedral at Monza, where is a small cross, sent by Gregory the Great to the Queen Theodolinda on the birth of her son Adulowald. 'The figure of Christ is here designed as standing on a *suppedaneum*, and nailed to an inlaid piece of the true cross, His body being draped from the neck to the feet, the arms and feet being left bare.' These are both Greek.

Reverence was shown in the famous crucifix at Lucca by the figure of 'Christ as the Lord of Life, standing before the cross crowned.' The date of this is probably not later than the sixth century. It was brought to Lucca in A.D. 782. A similar instance is found in painting in a manuscript of the Gospels belonging to the nunnery of Niedermünster, at Regensburg, which represents Christ standing, draped, before the cross, with a nimbus. The date of this is early in the eleventh century.

An early painting of the crucifixion, on a wall in the Cathedral of Narbonne, is mentioned by St. Gregory of Tours, about A.D. 600. In this the body of the Saviour was nude, which so distressed the bishop that he ordered a curtain to be hung before it. On the other hand, a wall-painting in the Julian catacomb at Rome represented the Saviour, clothed from the neck to the feet in a long white robe, standing before the cross on a *suppedaneum*.

The general conclusion drawn from these instances is that, with very few exceptions, down to A.D. 1000 the figure of Christ was represented alive, and that types of suffering and death date from the eleventh century. In that age the ideal of suffering had mastered the idea of art. Henceforth for a

season Christ is no longer exhibited as the spotless Lamb, or as the Lord of Life, but as suffering and dead.

By gradual stages the artists who treated this subject advanced from 'dignified reverence' to a morbid attempt to represent the load of suffering which the Saviour bore for man's redemption:—

'Whether from the roughness of the times or the false ideal of terror as the only element of power to affect the rudeness of the public mind, the true idea of the crucifixion was missed or ignored. A finer sense could alone conceive and portray the beauty of self-devotion, in a sacrifice self-imposed, a death accepted as the only mode of sacrifice, irrespective of its terror or its pain.'

The young Giotto brought a healthier feeling to bear on art when he painted the subject of the crucifixion on the sacred walls of Assisi. Though his art was still imperfect, he brought the spirit of life and freedom into Southern Europe. Two pictures are selected by Mr. Gambier Parry as showing the influence of Giotto on two men of different natures and times, Beato da Fiesole and Tintoretto. The devotional character of the one and the dramatic character of the other are well described. Nicholas of Pisa represented on a panel, in the thirteenth century, the figure of the Crucified in a calm and dignified attitude without sign of pain. As a fine example of concentration of interest in a single figure, the crucifixion by Guido at Modena is mentioned; and, lastly, a drawing of Michel Angelo, now in the British Museum, is referred to as being 'evidently a design for a great altar-piece in basso-relievo.' The figure of our Lord in this drawing is beautiful. 'Stretched with its arms raised upward on a Y-shaped cross, painless, motionless, exquisitely patient.' 'It is the picture of a tragedy indeed, for what else could it be? but composed with such reverence, and expressed with such intensity of mingled tenderness and power, as to engage the deepest sympathy, and arouse ideas that will not be forgotten.' Thus in all stages of art, from the rude workmen of the slab at Wirkworth to the design of Michel Angelo, the same principle may be traced—that beyond and above all power of realistic expression is the idea of reverence, aiming especially at expressing the central thought of the artist. It is in this sense that we can heartily echo the words with which Mr. Gambier Parry concludes this part of the eighth essay:—

'Sacred imagery is precious to those who can respond to it; an aid to the weak, a delight to the strong, a store unfailing for art to use, to adorn not walls alone but minds, with thought of what is highest,

noblest, loveliest, that the blessed God had spread along the path of life, to lead them upward to Himself.'

The second part of this essay deals with emblematic figures, style, and motive. The author says, especially with regard to architecture, that the true motive of religious art is 'Sursum corda.' As art became exclusively realistic, it lost its spiritual influence, till at last it became absolutely vulgar, as may be seen in some of the monuments in our metropolitan churches. It was otherwise in paganism, so long as the spirit of poetry prevailed, and in early Christianity, which suggested by such symbols as the palm, the dove with the olive branch, &c., spiritual realities.

The emblematic figure which was represented longest in Christian art was the Church—Ecclesia, under the figure of an Orante in the Catacombs. The same figure represented a female martyr, or a saint, afterwards the Virgin Mary. Sometimes the Christian Church is contrasted with the Jewish Church—the one as the accepted bride of Christ, the other as the faithless bride. References illustrative of this are given to the churches of Chartres, Mans, Bruges, and St. Denis. Sometimes, as in the Sacramentary of Metz, now in the National Library at Paris, 'the Church is represented 'standing close to the cross, and reaching up with her chalice 'to receive the blood from Christ's wounded side, while the 'Virgin and St. John stand at a distance to the right and 'left.'

The refinement of taste and labour bestowed upon such works as these shows, as the author says, 'how deeply penetrated Christendom was with the beauty of idea which 'permeated the history and doctrines of the faith;' and the enthusiasm of artistic life which characterised the 'great 'architectural age of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries 'resembles the sudden burst of joy and beauty to which 'the world awakes when, in April, Nature breaks the bonds 'of winter with the rush of her irrestrainable life.' This is followed by a passage which happily describes the spirit of the age when sculpture and painting worked in entire sympathy with architecture, and produced 'a grand and 'reposeful unity of effect.'

Mr. Gambier Parry raises the question, 'how far we, at 'the present day, should resort to old styles in applying decorative arts to sacred buildings.' And he justly remarks that the question is not to be settled offhand. 'Those 'styles represent intelligent principles,' and 'grew naturally 'in the atmosphere of national life.' He shows how and

under what circumstances the noblest works of art were created, and how the various 'styles and characters of arts' mark the stages of national culture, and are the turns and 'idioms of its phraseology.' He points out the futility of condemning ornament on the ground of its being conventional. Conventionality is not to be confounded with the blemishes of an undeveloped art. Modern art has erred on the side of naturalism. Ancient art was conventional; but it 'was as complete as it was simple.' 'Whatever it may 'be called, the "Monumental," or the "Sculpturesque," or 'the "Heroic" style, its genius must be awakened, if ever 'the great art of painting is to rise again to its level of full 'honour, and to be again what once it was . . . a power of 'abstract and ideal expression, in harmony with that greatest 'creation of man's genius—architecture.'

Mr. Gambier Parry passes in review the early decorative works abroad, in the South and East and North of Europe, and then comes to England, where the Lombard Archbishop Lanfranc gave the first important impulse to art.

'Now those arts have been long at rest.' After an eloquent passage, deploring the 'sad scenes of desolation, 'where passion and neglect have wrought an equal ruin,' Mr. Gambier Parry asks: 'What is the good of all these 'arts? Could such work supply the deficiencies of Christian 'souls, or compensate for the poverty of worship?' And he answers it as follows: 'In the privacy of communion between the spirit of man and the spirit of his Maker, No; 'but as "a tribute of reasonable service from humanity to 'God," Yes.' Lastly, he raises the inquiry, 'What is 'wanted in religious art?' and in the course of his answer, which is continued to the end of the essay, he states that 'only in the quietude of a contemplative spirit can a work of really religious art be conceived. In our crowded cities or unquiet homes it is to those sacred fanes that architecture has raised among them that men owe the precious opportunities of spiritual rest. A nation's temples have ever been the centre of the nation's arts. The history, the poetry, the religion of the world have been written in them. The power and devotion of human genius have been lavished upon them, the most pure and favourite handmaids of a nation's faith. Former generations have come and have passed away. It is now our day. The unceasing stream flows by us now, and for our short life we direct its current. The arts are in our hands, to use or to misuse them. Our honour in them will depend upon our motive; and whatever our works may be, we shall live in them to all time—for contempt or for gratitude.'

This is the view taken by the author of the province of

art, of its duties and responsibilities, and of its relation to the spiritual life of man. No one can find fault with the essays for lack of enthusiasm, or for the absence of a high sense of responsibility for artistic gifts. Their merits far outweigh their deficiencies, some of which we have pointed out—consisting mainly in the careless construction of sentences and misspelling of words. There are few men living who can bring to the work of art-teaching so much knowledge, so sound a judgement, so much practical acquaintance with methods of painting, and with the proper relation of decorative art to architecture, and, above all, so high and religious a sense of the relation of Art to Christianity, as Mr. Gambier Parry.

We had hoped to notice in this place the congenial work which we have placed at the head of this article, Sir Henry Layard's most valuable and novel edition of Kugler's 'History of Painting,' full of original matter and criticism, but our limits forbid, and we must content ourselves with bearing our testimony to its great value and interest as a fresh contribution to the history of Art.

ART. VI.—1. *Paris Newspapers of 1789–94.*

2. *Anacharsis Clootz.* Par G. AVENEL. Paris: 1876.

3. *Etat des dons patriotiques.* Paris: 1790.

4. *Letter by J. H. Stone to Dr. Priestley.* Paris: 1796.

5. *Maine Historical Society's Collections.* 1859.

6. *History of Alnwick.* By GEORGE TATE.

7. *Histoire de Madame du Barry.* Par CH. VATEL. Paris: 1884.

THE first French Revolution, it is well known, attracted to Paris men from all parts of the world, and of all classes—enthusiasts, adventurers, sensation-hunters; some of the best specimens of humanity and some of the worst; some of the most generous minds and some of the most selfish; some of the busiest brains and some of the idlest. Not a few of these moths perished in the flame which they had imprudently approached; others escaped with a singeing of their wings; others, again, were fortunate enough to pass unscathed. Some died in their beds just before the Terror ended, but without any assurance of its ending; others only just saw the end. The foreigners, like the natives, who

fairly survived the Revolution, had very various fortunes. Some were thoroughly disillusioned, became vehement reactionaries, or abjured politics and were transformed into sober or enterprising men of business. Others crossed or recrossed the Atlantic, and lived to a green and honoured old age, or gave way to degrading vices. Others, remaining in France, hailed the rising star of Napoleon, and lived long enough to be disenchanted, but perhaps not long enough to see the restoration of the Bourbons. The characters of these men are an interesting chapter in psychology. The honest among them had left house and parents and brethren, if not wife and children, for the sake of what they believed to be in its way a kingdom of heaven. They appeal to our sympathies more than the cold observers, if indeed there were any such, who foresaw the lamentable collapse of all these highly wrought expectations. No doubt some of these immigrants were restless agitators, empty demagogues, pretentious egotists; but even these are not undeserving of study. There was much base metal, but there was also genuine gold. If of some who underwent imprisonment or death we can hardly avoid thinking that they deserved their fate, there are others whom we must sincerely pity, men to whom the Revolution was a religion overriding all claims of country and kindred.

French historians cannot be expected to take much notice of these aliens. In their eyes they are but imperceptible specks in the great eddy. Their attention is absorbed by their own countrymen; they have none to spare for interlopers, none of whom played a leading rôle. If they devote a few lines to Cloutz or Paine, they consider they have done quite enough. French readers, moreover, while anxious for the minutest details on Mirabeau, or Madame Roland, or Danton, and while familiar at least with the names of the principal Girondins and Montagnards, do not care to hear about a foreigner who here and there sat in the Assemblies, commanded on battlefields, or fell a victim to the guillotine. Yet for us, surely, fellow-countrymen have an especial interest. We would fain single them out on the crowded stage of the Revolution. They are more to us, not than the actors of first rank, but than secondary characters like Brissot or Vergniaud. Here, however, English writers will not help us. If they have not surveyed the field with French eyes, they have at least used French spectacles. French artists have painted the panorama; English connoisseurs give us their opinion of the panorama, but not of the actual

scene which it represents. To vary the metaphor, or rather to state a fact, they work up the materials collected by French authors; they do not go in search of materials for themselves. Not a single English book on the Revolution tells us who represented our own country in Cloutz's deputation of the human race, gives us an accurate account of Paine's experiences, or specifies the number, much less the names, of the British victims to the guillotine. Nor can private inquiry do very much to remedy this deficiency. The men in question, as a rule, left no issue, and their collateral descendants, regarding them as the black sheep of the family, are unwilling or unable to supply any information—oftener, perhaps, unable than unwilling, for the probability is that these emigrants mostly broke off all intercourse with their kinsmen, especially as after a certain date war rendered communication very uncertain and difficult. There are, indeed, sources of information in France, contemporary newspapers and pamphlets, local and national archives, but even these are incomplete, and as regards manuscripts rarely catalogued. The Commune of 1871, moreover, created an irreparable gap, for in the burning of the Palais de Justice and Hôtel de Ville the municipal records, the registers of deaths, and many of the prison lists were consumed. We have, however, in researches on the principal Englishmen who figured in the Revolution, profited by every still available source of information. We have skimmed a multitude of journals and tracts, runnaged musty documents, made inquiries of relatives which have not always proved fruitless, and, although such researches would a generation ago have doubtless been more productive, we have collected data which from the fading away of traditions and from material or political accidents might not at a future period have been obtainable.

Although Paine, as a member of the Convention, might seem entitled to precedence, we prefer to begin with men of higher status and wider culture, who, even if eventually brought into political association with him, must have loathed his vulgarity and coarseness. Robert Pigott, for instance, who, as Cloutz's biographer, M. Avenel, has ascertained, represented England in the deputation of June 19, 1790, had been an opulent country gentleman. The Pigotts claimed descent from a Norman family named Picot, and had for eleven generations owned an estate at Chetwynd, Shropshire. They had been strongly attached to the Stuarts, and two heirlooms are still preserved in the family—a ring,

one of four presented by Charles I. on the eve of his execution; and a portrait on ivory of the Pretender, presented by himself to Robert Pigott's father at Rome in 1720. Robert succeeded to the estate in 1770, at the age of thirty-four. The very day of his father's death, he and the disinherited son of Sir William Codrington, at Newmarket, 'ran their fathers' lives one against the other' for 500 guineas. The elder Pigott having already been dead a few hours at Chetwynd, though neither party knew of it, Pigott maintained that the bet was off; but Lord Mansfield gave judgment for Codrington, holding that the impossibility of a contingency did not debar its being the subject of a wager, if both parties were at the time unaware of that impossibility. Pigott had soon to serve, as his grandfather had done before him, as high sheriff of the county; but he held eccentric views. He shared the belief of croakers that England's fall was imminent; sold all his estates (said, including the Manor of Chesterton, Hunts, to be worth 9,000*l.* a year), and went to live at Geneva. We know nothing, however, of how long he stayed or what acquaintances he made: Voltaire must have been of the number. We next hear of him in London, where Brissot was introduced to him. Pigott had become a vegetarian, or, as it was then called, a Pythagorean. To this he had probably been converted by a Dr. Graham, brother to the well-known Mrs. Macaulay's young second husband, the notorious charlatan with whose mud baths and electric beds the future Lady Hamilton was associated. Brissot, when calling on Pigott, frequently found Graham with him. Pigott was thus evidently just the man to be kindled into enthusiasm by the Revolution. He had, moreover, an antipathy to cocked or other hats, as the invention of priests and despots, and wore a cap which at the Feast of Pikes made him the observed of all observers. When royalist deputies, suspecting the genuineness of Clootz's deputation, sent an usher who spoke English—probably Rose, a man of Scotch extraction—to test the English representative, he was answered by Pigott in 'good Miltonic English,' and retired in confusion. We may imagine Pigott receiving from Clootz a certificate of his presence at the Feast of Pikes, couched, with a simple alteration of name and nationality, in these terms, and entitling the bearer to a federal ribbon and diploma:—

'Capital of the globe, February 5, year 2. I certify and make known to all the free men of the earth that Joseph Cajadaer Chammas, member of the oppressed sovereign [the people] of Mesopotamia, had

the honour of attending the Federation of July 14, by virtue of a decree emanating from the august French Senate, June 19, year 1. ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, orator of the human race in the French National Assembly.*

What a contrast between the high sheriff of Salop paying the honours to the judges of assize and the cap-headed man at the bar of the National Assembly! Pigott is described in one place as a journalist, but perhaps merely because he had sent an address to the Assembly on Sieyès' press bill of 1790. He spoke in this address of loving France as warmly as if he had been a native, and of his having hastened over with a multitude of foreigners to enjoy the rights of man in all their purity. He dissuaded the Assembly from taking English legislation as a model, for the shameful war with America had shown how people could be misled by a press which the Government could oppress or coerce. England, he said, was not really free, but had only a semblance of freedom.

At the beginning of 1792, Pigott, in a pamphlet which we have been unable to find, but passages from which appeared in Brissot's paper, the *Patriote Français*, advocated the use of caps, as allowing the face to be well seen, and as susceptible by various shapes and colours of all sorts of embellishments. He condemned the hat as gloomy and morose, denounced the uncovering of the head as a servile and ridiculous salutation, and appealed to Greek, Roman, and Gaulish usage, as also to the example of Voltaire and Rousseau. The effect of the appeal was electrical. For a few weeks caps were the rage, though it is not clear how far the republicans, any more than Voltaire and Rousseau, wore them outdoors. When on March 19, 1792, Pétion wrote to the Jacobin Club so strong and sensible a remonstrance against external signs of republicanism that the president pocketed his cap, all present following suit, it cannot be supposed that they went home bareheaded. These red caps must have been confined to indoor use. Pigott, however, was clearly the introducer of the *bonnet rouge*, for the Château-Vieux mutineers, to whom it is usually attributed, did not enter Paris till three months after caps had come in and gone out. The cap of liberty had been a symbol, indeed, employed from the outset of the Revolution, but it was Pigott who made it an article of dress. He had apparently quitted Paris by the summer, when it was revived,

* Lettre du Prussien Clootz au Prussien Hertzberg. Paris: 1791.

and this time undoubtedly worn outdoors, sometimes placed on the back of the head, like that of a Zouave of the present day, sometimes covering the top of the head, with the end slightly lapping over in front.

Pigott's next two years are a blank for us. He must have left Paris before November 1792, or he would have figured in the British club which then made itself conspicuous. We thought, indeed, at one time to have traced him under the guise of Picotte or Pigatte in the Paris prison rolls, in which case he might have met his old friend Codrington as a fellow prisoner, but the dates do not agree. He died at Toulouse on July 7, 1794, three weeks before Robespierre's fall, leaving a widow, Antoinette Bontan, possibly the Mrs. Pigott who was living at Geneva in 1807-9. He is said also to have had a son who predeceased him.

James Watt, junior, son of the great inventor, represented his country, like Pigott, in a cosmopolitan procession. He had become intimate at Manchester with an ardent politician, Thomas Cooper,* a chemist; and the Constitutional Society of that town deputed both of them, towards the end of 1791, to carry an address of congratulation to the Jacobin Club. Young Watt was in all probability the anonymous 'constitutional Whig' who figured in the 'moral-sublime' scene quoted by Carlyle in his essays. The poet Wordsworth arrived in Paris a little later, made Watt's acquaintance, likewise attended the Assembly of the Jacobins, and on continuing his journey to Orleans took away a fragment of the Bastille as a relic. Watt may have introduced the future laureate, then a heated democrat, ultimately an extreme Tory, to Robespierre and Danton, for he knew them well, was Danton's second when they had quarrelled, and on the ground effected a reconciliation by urging the loss to the cause of liberty if either of them fell. When, on April 15, 1792, the forty mutinous soldiers of the Châteaueux regiment, released from the galleys of Brest, had a triumphal procession through Paris, Cooper and Watt were in it, bearing the British flag, with the bust of Algernon Sydney. Burke, in the House of Commons nearly a year afterwards, vehemently denounced them as having thus applauded mutiny and murder, and as having exchanged embraces with Marat. Watt's biographer, Muirhead, speaks of him as horrified by the storming of the Tuileries and the September massacres, but he was so far from reprobating

* Cooper eventually emigrated to America, and died in 1829.

the former that on August 14 he waited on the Assembly, together with Gamble and Raymont—Didot, the papermaker, had married a Miss Gamble, and this was probably her brother—to present 1,315 francs for the families of the combatants. The September massacres, however, certainly horrified Watt, and so little did he make a secret of it that Robespierre denounced the two Manchester delegates to the Jacobins as Pitt's emissaries. Watt, whom three years' schooling at Geneva had made fluent in French, was equal to the occasion. Springing on the platform, he pushed Robespierre aside, and in a short but vehement speech 'completely silenced his formidable antagonist, carrying with him the feelings of the rest of the audience, who expressed their sense of his honest British spirit in a loud burst of applause.' On going back to his lodgings, however, Watt had a warning that his life was not safe, and we know that the incorruptible Robespierre was also the unforgiving Robespierre. He immediately left Paris without a passport, and with some difficulty made his way to Italy. On his return to England in 1794 his father had serious apprehensions lest he should be prosecuted, and contemplated shipping him to Northern Europe or America; for though young Watt (by this time twenty-five years of age) had broken off correspondence with France he was still a radical, and deemed it an honour to dine with two of the 'acquitted felons' of the 1794 trials. He was, however, left unmolested, went back after a time to Birmingham, succeeded to his father's business, and in 1817 was the first to cross the Channel and ascend the Rhine to Coblenz by steam. He lived till June 1848, thus hearing of the proclamation of the second Republic, after having witnessed the virtual establishment of the first.

William Playfair, more actively engaged in the Revolution than Watt, had also to flee for his life, but unlike Watt he ended by cursing what he originally blessed. Brother of John Playfair, the Edinburgh mathematician and geologist, he was a civil engineer, and had settled in Paris. He had patented a new rolling machine, and in 1789 joined Joel Barlow in launching the Scioto Company, which in two months disposed of 50,000 acres in Ohio to two convoys of French emigrants. When Barlow was called back to America, Playfair acted as sole agent. He assisted, in all probability, in the capture of the Bastille, for he was one of the eleven or twelve hundred inhabitants of the St. Antoine quarter who on the previous day had formed themselves into a

militia, and who, with the exception of a few detained by patrol duty, headed the attack on the fortress. It is significant, but scarcely excusable, that in his 'History of 'Jacobinism' he makes light of the capture of the Bastille, and does not hint that he was concerned in it. Indeed, the only reference to his having been in Paris at all is the remark, 'I do not consider virtue to consist in the simple 'manners and republican phrases of a Brissot, and I have 'told him so to his face.' A French pamphlet of 1790 on paper money is attributed to him. It was he (not Pétion, as Carlyle represents) who courageously rescued D'Espréménil, an old acquaintance, when half killed by a mob in the Palais Royal in February 1791. Pétion simply visited and condoled with the poor man after the rescue, in which Playfair was assisted by a brave National Guardsman, a horsedealer, who afterwards pawned his uniform to give Playfair a dinner, and was with difficulty persuaded to accept a few louis.* On Playfair speaking out too plainly on the excesses of the Revolution, Barrère is said to have procured an order for his arrest, but he escaped to Holland and thence to England.

By 1793 he was back in London, publishing pamphlets which advocated a wholesale manufacture of forged assignats as the surest and most merciful method of crushing the Revolution. He urged that this would save many lives, that American notes were forged in General Howe's camp without its being deemed dishonourable, and that there could be no fear of retaliation, seeing that Bank of England notes were payable at sight. Names, says the old song, go by contraries. Only on the *lucus à non* principle can we explain the sanguinary temper of a Rossignol or a Saint Just and the forged assignat proposal of a Playfair. Unfortunately his suggestion did not fall on deaf ears. The British Government is alleged to have connived at the manufacture by the *émigrés* of forged assignats at Howden, near Hexham. The local tradition is that this paper-mill on the Tyne never prospered afterwards. Some of the exiled bishops and clergy reprobated the act, but the Bourbon princes apparently reconciled themselves to it on the casuistical plea that the counterfeit notes had a secret mark by which, in the event of the restoration of the monarchy, they could be distinguished and cashed. One ill deed begets another, and though the royalist issue had long ceased, Napoleon in 1803

* 'France as it is, not Lady Morgan's,' by W. Playfair, 1819.

organised a forgery of English, Austrian, and Russian notes, the plates of which were claimed by and given up to the respective ambassadors on his fall. Playfair, who is more honourably known as an editor of Adam Smith's works, was constantly unsuccessful, despite his inventive genius. He returned to Paris after Waterloo to edit 'Galignani's Messenger,' but in 1818 an account of a duel brought on him a sentence of three months' imprisonment, to escape which he fled to London, where he died five years afterwards, at the age of sixty-four. His brother, the professor, remained a staunch Whig; and a Dundee minister, James Playfair, who in 1790 signed an address of congratulation to the French Assembly, was probably a cousin.

John Hurford Stone resembled Playfair only in enterprise and eventual poverty. He was born at Tiverton in 1763, lost his father in childhood, and was sent up to London with his brother William to assist in the business of their uncle William Hurford, the son of a Tiverton serge-maker, who had become a coal merchant. Stone, according to information furnished us by a kinsman, was very clever and cultured, and had completely thrown off the Unitarian doctrines of his family. He was one of Dr. Price's congregation in London. He induced his uncle to embark in speculations which ultimately proved ruinous. There is a tradition in the family that he assisted at the capture of the Bastille, but there is no positive evidence of his being in Paris till three years later. In October 1790 he presided at a dinner given by the Society of Friends of the Revolution (of 1688) to a deputation from Nantes. They wrote home that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the European languages and literatures, and that on dining at his house they met the leading men of letters. Samuel Rogers may have been one of the number, for he knew Stone well, and twelve months later, dining with him, met Fox, Sheridan, Talleyrand, Madame de Genlis, and Pamela, 'quite radiant with beauty.' In November 1792, Stone was in Paris, and wrote to dissuade Sheridan from accepting French citizenship, which the Convention intended conferring on him and Fox. 'Obscure and vulgar men, and scoundrels'—does he include Paine?—having already received the distinction, he had persuaded Brissot to defer the proposal, especially as it would be made a handle of by the Tories. In the same month he presided at a dinner of British residents in Paris to celebrate French victories. Paine was present, as also Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Stone intro-

duced to the fascinating Pamela. Stone was well acquainted with Madame de Genlis, Pamela's adoptive (or real) mother, and on having to quit Paris she entrusted her manuscripts to him. He handed them over to Helen Maria Williams, who, on the eve of a threatened domiciliary visit, burnt them. The 'scribbling trollop,' as Horace Walpole styles her, never forgave him for this holocaust, yet he is said to have advanced 15,000 francs with a view to procuring her husband's escape from prison.

Sympathy with the Revolution ensured no immunity from the wholesale arrest of British subjects as hostages for Toulon. Stone was apprehended and consigned to the Luxembourg on October 13, 1793, but released on the 30th. He was again arrested, together with his wife, in April, 1794, but liberated next day on condition of leaving France. He could not safely return to England, for his brother was in Newgate on a charge of treason, and he himself was described in the indictment as the principal. He went to Switzerland, probably joining Helen Williams there, but he must have been back in June, for he then obtained a divorce from his wife Rachel Coope. This is the presumptive date of his *liaison* or secret marriage with Miss Williams. Their friend Bishop Grégoire perhaps married them; but it is not easy to understand why they were not publicly and legally united.

William Stone was tried at the Old Bailey, after nearly two years' incarceration, on January 28 and 29, 1796, for 'treacherously conspiring with his brother, John Hurford Stone, now in France, to destroy the life of the king and to raise a rebellion in his realms.' The truth was, however, that he had urged his brother, 'that seditious and wicked traitor,' as Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) styled him, to dissuade the French from invading England, inasmuch as they would find none of the sympathy they expected, but were doomed to failure. Scott argued, indeed, that by warning the French against a hopeless enterprise William Stone had acted as their friend and as the king's enemy; but Erskine and Adair, his counsel, urged that if promoting an invasion was treason, warding it off must be the reverse. The prisoner, indeed, had sheltered his brother's emissary, the Irish Presbyterian minister Jackson, had corresponded with Jackson in Ireland, signing his name backwards (Enots), and had forwarded to the Government garbled extracts from his brother's letters; but Lord Lauderdale, Sheridan, and William Smith, M.P., testified

that he was merely a weak enthusiast, anxious to give himself airs, but sincerely desirous of a peace with France. Rogers, called as a witness for the prosecution, and asked as to the prisoner's loyalty to his king and regard for his country, evasively answered that he had always thought him a well-meaning man. He was acquitted, and after a fortnight's detention for debt retired to France.

J. H. Stone, in a published letter to Dr. Priestley, made some caustic comments on this prosecution, and incidentally expressed admiration of Charlotte Corday, though her act had done more harm than good. He also extolled the Girondins, and declared his dissent from Paine's religious views and his belief in an enlightened Christianity. He had by this time started afresh in business, and while still an ardent politician, and in the confidence of the Directory, became one of the chief printers in Paris. In 1805 he brought out an edition of the Geneva Bible, he published several English reprints, and he undertook a costly edition of 'Humboldt's Travels.' This work, which must have made him acquainted with Humboldt, ruined him, and in 1813 he had to hand it over to Smith, likewise apparently an Englishman. He was naturalised in 1817, simultaneously with Helen Williams, and died in the following year. His tombstone in Père Lachaise, 'the last tribute of a long friendship,' describes him as an enlightened champion of religion and liberty. A now fallen stone alongside seemingly marks the spot where Helen Williams was interred nine years later.

The prosecution of William Stone caused the flight of Benjamin Vaughan, M.P. for Calne, and uncle by marriage of Cardinal Manning. Vaughan was the son of Samuel Vaughan, a London merchant trading with America, by the daughter of a Boston (U.S.) merchant, was born in Jamaica in 1751, and was educated at Cambridge, but being a Unitarian could not graduate. Private secretary to Lord Shelburne, he fell in love with Miss Manning, but her father withheld his consent to the marriage on the ground that Vaughan had no profession. Thereupon Vaughan went and studied medicine at Edinburgh, married on his return, and became partner with Manning & Son, merchants in Billiter Square. He acted as confidential messenger in peace negotiations with America, edited a London edition of Franklin's works, and wrote a pamphlet on international trade, which was translated into French in 1789. He was returned for Calne at a bye election in February, 1792, Lord Shelburne

having evidently effected the vacancy for him. In February, 1794, he made a speech advocating precautions against negro risings in the West Indies, on account of the emancipation of slaves in the French colonies; but although this speech argued little sympathy with the Jacobins, a letter from him found on Wm. Stone, seemingly addressed to or intended for J. H. Stone, and dissuading the French from an invasion, led him to take refuge in France. To avoid arrest as an Englishman, he assumed the name of Jean Martin, and lived in retirement at Passy, his identity being known to only five or six persons. One of these was Bishop Grégoire, who states that the English Government supposed him to have gone to America, or would otherwise have outlawed him. Another was Robespierre, to whom he paid secret visits. In June the Committee of Public Safety detected his incognito and arrested him, but after a month's detention at the Carmelite monastery he was banished. According to Garat he was mobbed in the street as one of Pitt's spies, and narrowly escaped immediate trial and execution; but even if his apprehension really took place in this way the danger could not have been so imminent as Garat represents.

Vaughan repaired to Geneva, and had no sooner arrived than he despatched a long letter to Robespierre, written in a tone bespeaking intimacy, and an intention of keeping up a correspondence. He advised Robespierre to contract France to her former limits, and to convert her conquests into a fringe of free and allied States. By the irony of fate this letter, written as if to an autocrat, reached Paris on the night of the 9th Thermidor, when Robespierre, arrested but released, was making his last throw for life and power at the Hôtel de Ville. It was opened by the Committee of Public Safety, perhaps at the very moment when the fallen tribune was writhing in agony.

In 1796, probably before his return to Paris, Vaughan published at Strasburg a pamphlet entitled 'De l'état politique et économique de la France sous sa Constitution de l'an 3.' It professed to be a translation from the German, made by a foreigner who craved excuse for inaccuracies of idiom. It is an unqualified panegyric of the Directory, a system of government to be envied, according to Vaughan, even by America, much more by England, Switzerland, and Holland. There is an incidental reference to the Reign of Terror as a political inquisition whose rigour equalled that of the Spanish tribunal, and there is a very just remark

attributing the atrocities of the Revolution in part to the despotism and superstition under which its leaders had been trained. Vaughan likewise observes that the mob generally respected private property, frequently yielded to the voice of reason, and were rarely intoxicated, 'which'—an evident fling at the London and Birmingham rioters—'cannot be said of mobs everywhere.' It is surprising, however, to find him not merely extolling the cumbrous and corrupt system of the Directory, but confidently predicting its durability and an era of peace and prosperity. He was manifestly wanting in political sagacity. He was also smitten with the craze of the Revolution being a fulfilment of the book of Daniel, and wrote a treatise on the subject, but had the good sense to suppress it, the printer saving one copy for Grégoire. A Unitarian should have escaped the prophecy interpretation mania, but the Revolution upheaval turned merchants into fanatics and rationalists into mystics.

Stone's acquittal ought to have rendered Vaughan's return to England perfectly safe, and his brother-in-law William Manning, M.P. for Plympton and a staunch Tory, was assured by Pitt that as a harmless enthusiast he might resume his parliamentary duties; but Vaughan suspected a trap. This was of course absurd, but it shows the atmosphere of distrust which then prevailed. He consequently never again trod English soil; but after living some time with Skipwith, the American consul in Paris, he rejoined his family at Halliwell, Maine. We do not hear that he took any part in American politics, but he doctored his neighbours gratuitously, was honoured and respected, and died in 1835, bequeathing part of a fine library to Bowdoin College. Of all the English exiles in Paris he seems to have had the peace fullest old age.

George Grieve, who hunted Madame du Barry to death, is in every way a contrast to him. Grieve's grandfather, Ralph, was a scrivener at Alnwick, who, on the election of an incumbent in 1694, headed the minority and was expelled from the common council. His father, Richard, a few weeks before George's birth in 1748, was the leader of an election mob which stormed the town hall, thus frustrating the attempt of his fellow-councillors to procure an unfair return. With such a lineage George Grieve could scarcely fail to be an ardent politician; yet his elder brother, Davidson Richard, was a quiet country gentleman, high sheriff of Northumberland in 1788. George, in 1774, headed the opposition to the Duke of Northumberland's attempt to fill up both seats,

in lieu of being content with one, and the opposition secured a narrow majority of sixteen, Alnwick itself pronouncing for the duke. Four years later Grieve led a mob which levelled the fences of part of the moor wrongfully presented by the corporation to the duke's agent. He was of course a fervent admirer of Wilkes, and a zealous advocate of parliamentary reform. His affairs, however, became involved, and like Pigott he fancied England to be on the brink of ruin. Accordingly about 1780 he sold his patrimony, crossed the Atlantic, made acquaintance with Washington and Paine, and is said to have partly supported himself by his pen. He appears to have been sent on a mission to Holland, and then, about 1783, settled in Paris.

That such a man would throw himself into the revolutionary movement is evident; but although he knew Mirabeau there is no trace of Grieve's activity till 1792, when he took up his quarters at an inn at Louveciennes, the hamlet inhabited by Madame du Barry. Here he formed a club, which, the lady being in England in quest of her stolen jewels, audaciously met in her drawing-room. Her Hindoo servant Zamore, whom she had brought up, had stood sponsor to, and had named after one of Voltaire's tragedies, proved unfaithful. She had loaded him with kindness, and as a boy he used, dressed like Cupid, to hold a parasol over her as she went to meet Louis XV. in the garden; but Grieve wormed all her secrets out of him, got an order for seals to be placed on her property, and placed her name at the head of a list of persons to be arrested. The power of the municipality to make arrests was, however, questioned, and for seven months Madame du Barry remained free, though in perpetual anxiety. On July 1, 1793, Grieve escorted the municipality to the bar of the Convention, vehemently denounced her, and obtained authority to apprehend her, but a petition from the villagers, who had profited by her residence, procured her release. Thereupon Grieve issued a pamphlet describing her luxurious life, and holding her up to odium as a conspirator. He signed himself 'Man of letters, "officious"' (this is surely a case for translating *officieux*, officious), 'defender of the brave sans-culottes of Louveciennes, friend of Franklin and Marat,* 'factious (*factieux*) and anarchist of the first water, and 'disorganiser of despotism for twenty years in both hemi-

* Marat perhaps made his acquaintance at Newcastle, or while teaching French at Edinburgh in 1772.

‘spheres.’ Madame du Barry, who had already dismissed one treacherous servant, now dismissed Zamore also. In September Grieve secured a fresh warrant against her, and singularly enough rode part of the way to Paris in the hackney carriage with her. What passed between them is a mystery. Was he enamoured of her, and repelled with horror, or did he offer life and liberty if she disgorged? In any case it is strange that Madame du Barry, whose last lover but one had been an Englishman—Henry Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Somerset, the Sunday evening dancing in whose park at Prunay was remembered by old women still living in 1870—should have been hunted to death by another Englishman. The inhabitants again petitioned for her liberation, but this time in vain. Grieve superintended the search for jewels concealed in dunghoops, and got up the case against her. His manuscripts, still preserved at the National Archives, are in irreproachable French. Not merely did he collect evidence, but he was himself a witness, and had it not been for his relentless persecution it seems likely that she would have been left unmolested.

Grieve was to have dined with Marat the very day of his assassination, and he unwarrantably denounced the Jacobin ex-priest Roux as Charlotte Corday’s accomplice, on the ground of having met him at Marat’s house and seen him ‘look furious;’ but this denunciation had no effect. He is said, however, to have boasted that he had brought seventeen persons to the guillotine. If the vaunt was true, it can only be hoped that his reason was temporarily impaired. Five months after Robespierre’s fall he was arrested at Amiens and taken to Versailles, where twenty-two depositions were given against him, but on unknown grounds the prosecution was stopped. In 1796 he was back in America, where he published a translation of the Marquis de Châtellux’s ‘Travels,’ unaware perhaps that John Kent, likewise an eye-witness of and pamphleteer on the Revolution, had brought out a translation in London nine years earlier. He eventually settled in Brussels, and died there in 1809. His tool and confederate Zamore, also arrested after Robespierre’s fall, but said to have been released on Grieve’s representations, lived, morose, miserable, and a vilifier of his benefactress, till 1820.

We now come to Thomas Paine—the original spelling seems to have been Pain, and the French orthography was Payne—who had twice visited Paris prior to the Revolution,

but whose previous career need not be related. He paid a third visit in 1790, and a fourth in 1791, when four Frenchmen joined him in constituting themselves a 'Republican Society.' On the king's flight to Varennes, Paine drew up a Republican manifesto, which Duchatelet translated, signed, and placarded on the doors of the Assembly. Still clinging to royalty, that body was much scandalised, and threatened a prosecution. Paine likewise challenged Sieyès to a written controversy on republicanism. He returned to London in company with Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, a young Scotchman, enraptured with the Revolution, destined to die of consumption at Madeira, and with Étienne Dumont, Mirabeau's secretary. The latter was thoroughly disgusted by Paine's claiming the chief credit for American independence, and by his avowed desire to burn every book in existence and start society afresh with his 'Rights of Man.'

Almost the last act of the Constituent Assembly was to confer French citizenship on eighteen foreigners, that they might help to 'settle the destinies of France, and perhaps 'of mankind.' Paine was elected by Girondin influence in four departments, one of them styling him 'Penne,' and as Priestley wisely declined to sit, he and Clootz were the only foreigners in the Convention. Madame Roland, repelled doubtless by his vulgarity, regretted that her friends had not nominated David Williams in his stead. To avoid being mobbed, Paine had to make a detour by Sandwich and Deal to Dover, where the custom house is said to have rummaged all his effects, and even opened his letters; but at Calais he was greeted with military honours, cheered by the crowd, and harangued by the mayor. Paine, unable even to the last to open his mouth in French, could reply only by putting his hand to his heart. His portrait found its way even into village inns, and an English lady archly wrote home:—

'At the very moment you are sentencing him to instalment in the pillory we may be awarding him a triumph. Perhaps we are both right. He deserves the pillory from you for having endeavoured to destroy a good constitution; and the French may with equal reason grant him a triumph, as their constitution is likely to be so bad that even Mr. Thomas Paine's writings may make it better.' *

Major Monro, with more seriousness and severity, exclaimed in a despatch to the English Foreign Office, 'What must a nation come to that has so little discernment in the election of their representatives as to elect such a fellow?'

* Residence in France, 1792-5. Edited by John Gifford.

Safe out of reach, Paine sent a defiant letter to the English Government, thanking them for extending the popularity of his book by prosecuting it, and sneering at 'Mr. Guelph and his debauchee sons' as 'incapable of governing a nation.' When this letter was read at the trial, Erskine, reprobating its tone, could only suggest that it might be a forgery, and urge that in any case it was irrelevant.

When the king's trial came on, Paine voted for his detention during the war, to be followed by banishment. His reasons, a French translation of which was read by Bancal while he stood mute at the tribune, evinced humanity and sagacity. He contrasted the success of the English 1688 with the failure of 1649, excused Louis as the victim of bad training, and warned France of the impolicy of losing her sole ally, America, where universal grief would be caused by the death of a king regarded as its best friend. In a sentence which goes far to redeem Paine's errors he said:—

'I know that the public mind in France has been heated and irritated by the dangers to which the country has been exposed; but if we look beyond, to the time when these dangers and the irritation produced by them shall have been forgotten, we shall see that what now appears to us an act of justice will then appear only an act of vengeance.'

Marat twice interrupted, first alleging that Paine was a Quaker, and as an objector to capital punishment disentitled to vote, and then pretending that his speech had been mis-translated.

On the fall of the Girondins, Paine discontinued attending the Convention, quietly awaited the impending arrest, and amused himself in the garden and poultry-yard of his house with marbles, battledore, and hopscotch. On Christmas Day, 1793, he was expelled from the Convention as a foreigner, and on New Year's eve was arrested simultaneously with Clootz. An American deputation vainly pleaded for his release, and on his asking for the good offices of the Cordeliers Club, its only reply was to send him a copy of his speech against the king's execution. Gouverneur Morris, the American ambassador, advised him as the safest course to remain quiet, and Paine appears to have acted on the advice. Morris, however, was mistaken in thinking that he would then have nothing to fear. Not that there is any truth in Carlyle's story of Paine's cell door flying open, of the turnkey making the fatal chalk mark on the inside, of the door swinging back with the mark inside, and of another

turnkey omitting Paine in the batch of victims ; even at the height of the Terror men were not executed without trial, nor without an indictment having been drawn up by Fouquier Tinville and served upon them at least overnight. Not one of these preliminaries had been accomplished in Paine's case. Carlyle, contrary to his practice, cites no authority for the story, but a variation of it appeared in the newspapers in 1823, in a biography of Sampson Perry, likewise a prisoner at the Luxembourg, who may have been accustomed to tell this traveller's tale. Numbers of survivors of the Terror pretended indeed to have been ordered for execution and saved by Robespierre's fall ; whereas the tribunal took a holiday on Décadi, the Jacobin sabbath, and of the fifteen cases prepared for trial on the 11th Thermidor there was not one of any note. Paine's death-warrant was really signed, but it consisted in this memorandum, found in Robespierre's notebook :—‘ Demander que Thomas ‘ Payne soit décrété d'accusation, pour les intérêts de l'Amérique autant que de la France.’

This animosity can be explained. When Marat was prosecuted in April 1793, Paine gave information to the Jacobin Club that, addressing him once in English in the lobby of the Convention, Marat expressed his desire for a dictatorship, and though the letter was prudently suppressed Robespierre was probably cognisant of it. In May, 1793, moreover, Paine wrote a letter to Danton (found among Danton's papers and still preserved), advocating the removal of the Convention from Paris, in order that provincial deputies might be free from mob insults.

Paine was released in November, 1794, and Gouverneur Morris gave him hospitality for some months, though his dirty and drunken habits necessitated his exclusion from the family table. On December 8, the Convention rescinded his expulsion, and ordered payment of the arrears of parliamentary stipend ; but he did not resume his seat till the following July, when he pleaded a malignant fever contracted in prison as his excuse. On his journalistic and pamphleteering activity, his refusal of one of the proposed rewards to literary men, his subscription of 500 francs towards the invasion of England, which Bonaparte intended him to accompany, and his return to America in 1802, it is needless to dwell.

We have not spoken of the dozen Englishmen consigned to the guillotine, for though some, like General Arthur Dillon, were born in this country, they had become to all

intents and purposes French; nor need we speak of the members of the British Club at Paris in 1792, which was soon broken up by internal dissensions. Beyond temporarily misleading the Convention as to public feeling across the Channel, they were merely eyewitnesses of the Revolution, not actors in it. It may seem strange that so many British subjects, or at least those in no danger of molestation at home, should have remained in France during the Terror, but it is easy to be wise after the event. The Revolution was like a day in early spring. It commences with brilliant sunshine, light showers then pass over, black clouds next begin to collect, but there are still occasional gleams of sunshine; presently the hail pelts, the wind howls, there is a rumbling of distant thunder, but there seems still a chance that the sky will clear, till at last the clouds lower, the horizon narrows, the thunder peals, the lightning flashes, the rain falls in sheets, and the day ends in blackness and darkness and tempest. The capture of the Bastille was the brilliant dawn, arousing an enthusiasm in which even the English ambassador, the Duke of Dorset, shared. Before the first anniversary arrived, clouds had chequered the sky, but till the September massacres hope predominated; even after Louis XVI.'s execution it appeared still probable that the Revolution would be appeased by the blood of its foes; and there were alternations of hope and fear till the Terror commenced :—

France had shown a light to all men, preached a gospel, all men's
good ;
Celtic Demos rose a demon, shrieked, and slaked the light with blood.

We see all along what the end was to be, but these English enthusiasts were literally ignorant of the morrow, and did not easily renounce their illusions. Not till they were fairly in the toils did they recognise the gravity of their position. Flight, moreover, became increasingly difficult. Passports were refused or granted grudgingly; to depart without them was perilous in the extreme, and even with them there was constant liability to detention as French aristocrats in disguise. After the occupation of Toulon by the English, all British subjects were actual prisoners of war; and although about February, 1795, there was a general liberation, Lord Malmesbury in 1796 found countrymen in Paris anxious, but still unable, to return home. It is easy to say they should never have gone to Paris during the Revolution or should have left before the

Terror commenced, but how natural was it that those whose sympathy had drawn them thither, like numbers who watched the Revolution from this side the Channel, should hope and believe that every atrocity was the last, and that these excesses were the inevitable transition to the triumph of liberty. The wonder indeed is not that they remained till it was too late to flee, but that they suffered nothing beyond imprisonment, coupled, however, with constant apprehension of another fearful gaol delivery like that of September, 1792. It must be presumed that many of them altered their opinion of their own country's stability and institutions, and learned to prefer even an unreformed Parliament to the French Convention. They cannot at any rate have failed to contrast the revolutionary tribunal with a British jury, and the guillotine with the heaviest English penalties for sedition.

ART. VII.—*England under the Angevin Kings.* By KATE NORGATE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1887.

‘THE Angevin Kings of England’ would perhaps have been a better title for this admirable history. Every chapter throughout the work is full of valuable results obtained from an exact and conscientious examination of original materials, and rich in lessons enforced with the soundest sobriety of judgement. But it needs some stretching of words to regard these volumes as strictly a history of England under the three sovereigns who were also Counts of Anjou. Such a history would have justified indeed the devoting of a considerable space to the course of events which united in the same person the crown of England, the dukedom of Normandy, and the lordship of Anjou and Aquitaine; but if the proportions would have been different, there is no reason to suppose, so far as our harvest of knowledge is concerned, that we should have been gainers by the change of view.

In whatever light we may regard it, the interval which separates the death of the Red King from that of John is a time of astonishing growth for the English people, a growth designedly fostered by the two sovereigns who distinctly valued above all other glory the reputation which comes from wise legislation and from equal administration of law—a growth not retarded by the terrible anarchy under Stephen, by the indifference of Richard, or by the treachery of

John. It is a time during which all that was good in the work of the Conqueror began to yield wholesome fruit, and much that was evil in it was deprived of its power to harm; the most wonderful feature of the age being the success with which the English nation, struggling on towards freedom, surmounted barriers seemingly insuperable, and turned every disaster to its own advantage. The advance thus made was made independently. The fortunes of this country were never dependent on those of the foreign dominions of the English kings. It was not so even in the days of the Conqueror; and the defeat of Robert at Tinchebray really made Normandy a dependency of England, just as, after the wresting of Normandy from John, Aquitaine fell into the same relation with his island realm. But although, as being ruled by sovereigns who were at the same time foreign potentates, England was drawn within the circle of continental politics, her true interests were never endangered by the connexion. The Count of Anjou or Duke of Normandy, who was lord of lands stretching from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees, and who claimed and was acknowledged to be the peer of the Cæsar himself, derived his chief power from the fact that he was King of England, while his island realm, in turn derived from his foreign dominion a lustre unknown in the days preceding the enterprise of the Norman William. The good kings helped on this national growth; the bad ones could only in outward seeming retard it. All of them had in greater or less degree to struggle with their barons; but the struggle of the two Henrys was a fight for the establishment of a peace and order which the lawlessness of their tenants in chief would have rendered impossible; that of John was an effort to free himself from the restraints of law which the barons, who had now become simply Englishmen, were resolved to maintain in the persons of all from the supreme lord to the humblest tiller of the soil. Nor were there wanting battles between other clashing interests, or interests which were supposed to be antagonistic. The rivalry between the secular and the ecclesiastical powers seemed to threaten sometimes a complete disruption, and to open a way for a foreign domination more oppressive and more withering than that of a military conqueror; and here too the lowest degradation reached by any English king marks the beginning of a national resistance to Papal encroachments, which was brought to a head by the revolt of Henry VIII.

This great drama is the subject of Miss Norgate's

volumes; and we may say at once that she has treated every portion of it with the greatest ability. Her research is unwearied; her care and exactness have left but few chinks in her armour for any shafts of hostile criticism. Devoting herself to the task at the suggestion of her venerated master J. R. Green, she has resisted the temptation to strain after pictorial effects by which Mr. Green was not unfrequently overcome. In no way lacking the enthusiasm which has sustained Mr. Freeman under his gigantic labours, she has, with but few exceptions, refrained from loading her pages with matter which, however necessary for the historical explorer, is only too likely to clog or weary the reader, be he ever so conscientious. Of the repetitions which have added appreciably to the bulk of Mr. Freeman's volumes there is in her pages scarcely a trace. In short, Miss Norgate may be wholly acquitted of all extravagance of thought or exaggeration of expression. The chief personages which pass before her she has studied with the utmost care; but perhaps in no instance has she blurred her picture with the hyperbolical praises which disfigure the portraits of some modern historians. But no historian can expect to produce a perfect work, or one which shall exhaust the subject dealt with; and we shall best show our sense of the interest and charm, as well as of the power of these volumes, by speaking with all plainness of speech whether of their few defects or their many excellences.

The historian of the Angevin kings is happily spared the necessity of dealing with the mass of hopelessly perplexing or incredible narrative which marks much of English history before the Conquest. We have here no such puzzle as that which is presented by the career of such men as Eadric Streone, or Tostig, or Swegen, and but few stories as bewildering as the tale of the murder of the Ætheling Alfred, or of Harold's sojourn in Ponthieu and Rouen. We have long since expressed our opinion* of the method which Mr. Freeman has applied to these narratives; and the conclusion forced upon us largely affects the value of the history in which they are embedded. The historian is scarcely discharging his full duty when, admitting the inexplicable character of, for instance, the treasons of Eadric, he insists that, as the facts are recorded, we have no choice but to accept them. We cannot put faith in direct contradictions, or in plain impossibilities, without abdicating our powers as reasoning

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxx. pp. 186-216.

thinkers. The same test must be applied to all work ; and happily Miss Norgate's work can stand the test without any very serious mischief. But where we have throughout so much care and caution, and so judicious a weighing of evidence, we may mention occasional defects which otherwise it might be more gracious to pass by in silence.

Predictions which furnish minute details of events belonging to a much later age are usually regarded as in the highest degree suspicious ; nor are there many narratives more suspicious than those of the prophecies of Edward the Confessor. Having quoted the sentence which speaks of 'the green tree cut asunder and severed by three furlongs' space, as being grafted in again and bringing forth flowers and fruit,' the sign being an assurance that England will then see the end of her sorrows, Miss Norgate adds : 'So closed the prophecy in which the dying king foretold the destiny in store for his country.' If there had been nothing more, we might have understood the author to speak merely of a prediction put into the Confessor's mouth by some later writer ; but when we read further that 'his words, mocked at by one of the listeners, incomprehensible to all, found an easy interpretation a hundred years later,' we can only gather that she supposes the bystanders to have heard not merely some sounds of which they could make nothing or next to nothing, but these precise words and no others, and therefore that this prediction was actually in existence before the reign of Henry I. Nor is this impression removed when we read that 'there are at first glance few stranger things than the revival thus prefigured.' Unless the prediction was known at a time preceding that to which it relates, the revival was not prefigured at all. Nothing can be better than Mr. Freeman's remarks on this very circumstantial prophecy :—

'When he wrote, in the early days of William, a Prometheus after the fact might well put into Edward's mouth a prophecy of the conquest of England, and of the general misfortunes of England ; but he could not put into his mouth a prophecy in honour of Henry II. Either, then, the passage is a later interpolation, of which the editor gives no hint, or else Edward really uttered some allegory, quoted some proverb, or, as Stigand thought, simply talked nonsense, on which people began to put a meaning forty years later.' *

In short, the prophecy took shape at this time ; and therefore the words cited by Miss Norgate from the *Life of the*

* Norman Conquest, iii. 12.

Confessor were not uttered by him. There is, therefore, no reason for saying that any one mocked at them, still less for levelling this charge at the primate. The latter had no motive whatever for misrepresenting the utterances of the king, and the presumption altogether is that Stigand was quite right when he spoke of these utterances as the babblings of an old man worn out with sickness. It is quite certain that that portion of his discourse which conveyed any sense to his hearers was a mere slandering of his subjects, who were innocent in comparison with himself. It was not true to say that England had become a hell upon earth as compared with its condition in the days of Eadgar, or even of Alfred; and if, as was afterwards said, he spoke of foreign demons as coming to harry the land soon after his own departure, the responsibility lay on his own head. It was he who had opened the gates of England to Norman intruders, and excited an unrighteous ambition in the Norman duke. In truth the prophecy is not wanted, and the nature of the great revival is better apprehended without it.

The rise of the great monastic orders and houses brings us to another field in which wary walking is needed; and if we choose to reproduce a picture or give a poem which tells the old tale, we should leave no room even for an uncritical reader to take the picture as a record of fact. The story of the settlement at Fountains is nothing if we take away the great elm-tree under which the community found their sole shelter for some two years. How the branches of this tree could have furnished this shelter through the cold of a Yorkshire winter, Miss Norgate disavows, indeed, the power of explaining. Unluckily this is not the only incident over which the elm-tree throws a doubt. The story adds that the kindness of the brethren who had given their two last loaves, one to their builders, the other to a passing pilgrim, was rewarded by an immediate supply of food which never afterwards failed. The legend of Godric would have been made even more interesting, if the recurrence of this incident in that tale under a slightly altered form had been pointed out. Some few of the other stories cited are scarcely worth the trouble of quoting them. This same Godric leads a solitary life in the wilds of Finchale; and 'on moonlight nights the rustics of the countryside woke with a start at the ring of the hermit's axe echoing for miles through the woodland.' To Miss Norgate this may be only poetry; but an incident scarcely less unlikely in the story of St. William of York seems to be more seriously

related. Attributing the archbishop's suspension to the influence of Murdac, abbot of Fountains, his friends sought to punish the latter by making a raid upon the abbey.

'Plunder, of course, they got little or none in a freshly reformed Cistercian house; so, after a hurried and unsuccessful search for Murdac himself, they set the place on fire. Every stone of it perished except the church, which escaped as by a miracle; and the abbot escaped with it, for he had been lying all the while, unnoticed by the passion-blinded eyes of his foes, prostrate in prayer before the high altar.'

The story is utterly incredible; but it is from no wish to find flaws in a history as remarkable generally for its sobriety as for its vigour, that we lay stress on what might be dismissed as a mere mote. The readiness to give credit to a highly coloured story, a common failing at all times, is only too widely conspicuous at the present day; and we have to be specially on our guard against anything which may even tend to throw our judgement off its balance. This perhaps may be the result produced by some of the things said of Thomas of London and Canterbury. After his consecration the once splendid chancellor was surrounded, we are told,

'by a select group of clerks, his *eruditi* or "learned men," as he called them: men versed in Scripture or theological lore, his chosen companions in the study of Holy Writ, into which he plunged with characteristic energy; while, instead of the minstrelsy which had been wont to accompany and inspire the gay talk of the chancellor's table, there was only heard, according to ecclesiastical custom, the voice of the archbishop's cross-bearer, who sat close to his side, reading from some holy book; the primate and his confidential companions meanwhile exchanging comments upon what was read, and discussing matters too deep and solemn to interest unlearned ears or to brook unlearned interruption.' (Vol. ii. p. 8.)

For every clause in this passage ample authority, no doubt, may be adduced from the multitude of the books which deal with the primate's fortunes; but to what does it all amount? If the archbishop and a number of his confidential friends were exchanging comments, they could do so only by interchange of speech, and yet the cross-bearer's voice was alone to be heard, 'although the knights and other laymen talked and laughed as they listed,' at their own table in another part of the hall. What, again, are the matters which are too deep and solemn for the attention of the honest though unlearned thinker? Such descriptions may remind us of chaff fluttering in the wind. The gist of them comes only to this, that Thomas was still the stately prelate as he had been the stately chancellor; that his

guests were for the most part clerks, and especially the regulars, 'whom he courted with the most obsequious deference;' and that at his meals the reading of grave books in the Latin of the Church took the place of the sprightly conversation of former days. These are the real facts; and with the statement of these facts Dean Milman does well to content himself.* So when Henry is going to do penance at the tomb of his old friend, he is said to have 'made his way with bare and bleeding feet along the rough-paved streets' of Canterbury. The feet of Scottish children do not bleed in traversing ground rougher than the roughest pavement. But our powers of belief are more hardly taxed by the report of the last hours of the young Henry, whose crowning was one of his father's least judicious acts. Having given his last directions to William the Marshal, the young man caused his attendants, we are told,

'to strip him of his soft raiment, clothe him in a hair shirt, and put a rope round his neck; with this he bade the assembled clergy drag him out of bed and lay him on a bed of ashes strewed for the purpose. There, lying as if already in his grave, with a stone at his head and another at his feet, he received the last sacraments; and there, an hour after noon, kissing his father's ring, he died.' (Vol. ii. p. 228.)

We are scarcely more inclined to put faith in the tale because it is told of so many, both of great saints and great sinners; nor is it a question of authorities. Abundant verbal attestation can, it may be, be produced for them all. The worth of the story must be measured by other tests. Human nature and human powers of endurance are much the same in all ages; and in cases of mortal sickness, during the last hours of exhaustion, a very little violence will suffice to insure almost immediate death, or at all events to render recovery impossible; but in these tales we have an exertion of brute force which would be trying to many, or most, men in fair health and strength. Like some of the narratives already cited, the story is intrinsically incredible; and beyond all doubt, if his father had heard of it, it would have gone hard with the attendants who, even at his son's bidding, took part in an act of virtual homicide. Maddened as he was with grief, he would have asked what grounds they had for daring to assert that his son might not have lived had they not thus hastened his death. So, again, when Henry himself died, there followed, we are told,

'one of those strange scenes which so often occurred after the death of

* Latin Christianity, Book VIII. ch. viii.

a mediæval king; and as during the three days that he lay dying they had plundered him of everything on which they could lay their hands, the few friends, who were shocked at the sight, could not find a rag wherewith to cover the dead king, till one of his knights, William Trihan, took off his own cloak for the purpose.' (Vol. ii. p. 269.)

Was Trihan the only one who possessed such a garment? Were there no coverlets of any kind in their own lodgings, even if there were none in those of the king? Had he and the rest no eyes to see the plundering which was going on while Henry still lived? and were all of them absolutely helpless to prevent the thieving of the servants or to insure their punishment? The fact that this story is told of some who were not kings, as of some who were, detracts seriously from the credit of a narrative which, like the others already referred to, is past all belief. In the present instance everything was soon set straight, although 'it was no easy matter 'to arrange within four-and-twenty hours, and utterly without resources, anything like a regal burial.' Without resources as they were, they robed him, 'as if for his coronation, with a crown of gold upon his head, a gold ring on 'his finger, sandals on his feet, and a sceptre in his right 'hand.' If they were so successful in all their other thefts, how is it that the servants failed to carry off some of these treasures? Another story which fairly passes the bounds of credibility is that of the incident which immediately brings about the fall of Richard's Saucy Castle. That Château Gaillard was taken by the French king is certain; it is scarcely less certain that of the manner of its taking we have no trustworthy narrative.

When from these matters (which are not unimportant only because for many the search for truth is, in the words of Thucydides, still a disagreeably troublesome thing) we turn to the real subjects of Miss Norgate's history, our only difficulty where the whole work is so excellent is to point out any one portion which deserves more commendation than the rest. Among its many merits the power of exhibiting a living image of the chief actors in the drama is one of the most conspicuous. The character of the first and second Henry, of Richard of the Lion Heart, of Thomas of Canterbury, of Gilbert Foliot, are all admirably drawn. That of Henry of Winchester, the brother of Stephen of Blois, is perhaps now for the first time exhibited in its true light. The origin and growth of the several states which went to form the great inheritance of the younger Henry, popularly called the Son of the Empress, are traced with the utmost

clearness and with a wealth of knowledge which leaves nothing to be desired. The task sketched out in the concluding chapters of Mr. Freeman's 'Norman Conquest' has been worthily accomplished.

Foremost among the personages in the great drama stand the two kings whose special ambition it was to be successful lawgivers, and to establish peace and order everywhere. If they failed to see that some things are beyond human powers, and that the task of welding their island realm and their foreign dominions into a single state was one of these impossibilities, this cannot affect the loftiness of the purpose by which they were stimulated or the wisdom of the measures by which they sought to attain their ends. They know that the effort to fix what had been thus far perpetually shifting must tax all their strength; but they plunged into the work with an energy and resolution which no disaster or discouragement could damp or weaken. The defeat of Robert left Normandy, as we have said, a dependency of England; but the significance of the change was not apprehended at the moment.

'The reign of Henry I., if judged merely by the facts which strike the eye in the chronicles of the time, looks like one continued course of foreign policy and foreign warfare pursued by the king for his own personal ends at the expense of his English subjects. But the real meaning of the facts lies deeper. The comment of the Archbishop of Rouen upon Henry's death, "Peace be to his soul, for he ever loved peace," was neither sarcasm nor flattery. Henry did love peace, so well, that he spent his life in fighting for it. His early Norman campaigns are enough to prove that, without being a master of the art of war like his father, he was yet a brave soldier and a skilful commander; and the complicated wars of his later years, when over and over again he had to struggle almost single-handed against France, Flanders, and Anjou, amid the endless treasons of his own barons, show still more clearly his superiority to nearly all the other generals of his time. But his ambitions were not those of the warrior. . . . The victor of Tinchebray looked at his campaigns in another light. To him they were simply a part of his general business as a king; they were means to an end, and that end was not glory, nor even gain, but the establishment of peace and order. In his thirteen years of wandering to and fro between England, Normandy, and France, he had probably studied all the phases of tyranny and anarchy which the three countries amply displayed, and matured his own theory of government, which he practised steadily to the end of his reign. That theory was not a very lofty or noble one; the principle from which it started, and the end at which it aimed, was the interest of the ruler rather than of the ruled; but the form in which Henry conceived that end and the means whereby he sought to compass it were at any rate

more enlightened than those of his predecessor. The Red King had reigned wholly by terror. Henry did not aspire to rule by love; but he saw that in a merely selfish point of view a sovereign gains nothing by making himself a terror to any except evil-doers; that the surest basis of his authority is the preservation of order, justice, and peace, and that so far at least the interests of king and people must be one. It is difficult to get rid of a feeling that Henry enforced justice and order from motives of expediency rather than of abstract righteousness. But, as a matter of fact, he did enforce them all round—on earl and churl, clerk and layman, Norman and Englishman, without distinction. And this steady equal government was rendered possible only by the determined struggle which he waged with the Norman barons and their French allies. His home policy and his foreign policy were inseparably connected; and the lifelong battle which he fought with his continental foes was really the battle of England's freedom.'

The life and work of Henry I. were to be reproduced under many remarkable points both of likeness and unlikeness in the life and the work of his grandson. The court of the latter stood out in strange contrast with that of the first Henry,

'where everything was done according to rule, where the royal itinerary was planned out every month . . . where the king's own daily life was passed in a steady routine, holding council with his wise men, and giving audiences until dinner time, devoting the rest of the day to the society of the young gallants whom he drew from every country on this side of the Alps to increase the splendour of his household—a court which was "a school of virtue and wisdom all the morning, of courtesy and decorous mirth all the afternoon."' (Vol. i. p. 414.)

But a picture which might content Walter Map cannot altogether satisfy us now. When so many minute personal details are brought before us, we wish to know somewhat more of the inner life of the man; and Miss Norgate's judgement of the two Henrys would have been more valuable as well as more complete if the dark side had been presented in due proportion to the bright. The vices of the grandfather were those of the grandson, and they were sufficiently black to call for the sharp treatment which Mr. Freeman never hesitates to apply to them.* No doubt their faults may in some measure be accounted for by a reference to the character of the age in which they lived; but these faults influenced also the character of their legislation, and added strength to the chief of the forces arrayed against them. The selfish hardness and cruelty of both these men were reflected in the

* Norman Conquest, vol. iii. p. 157 et seq.

criminal legislation of their reigns; and it was, we cannot doubt, a sense of this cruelty and lack of mercy which imparted to the opposition of Thomas of Canterbury such vitality as it possessed. Had it been a mere strife of different orders, a mere question of privilege or of political form, the resistance of Becket must have soon collapsed. It ran to serious issues because in more ways than one it involved the defence of the helpless against the mighty. The spirit of law generally was fierce and savage. The clergy, indeed, were but little better than their lay peers, or perhaps not better at all; yet they demanded for their persons and property 'an absolute, inviolable sanctity. The seizure of their palaces, though fortified and garrisoned, was an invasion of the property of the Church. The seizure, maltreatment, imprisonment, far more any sentence of the law in the king's courts upon their persons, was impiety, sacrilege.' But after the dreadful years of anarchy under Stephen had passed away, the harshness of the criminal code was but slightly mitigated. The Council of Northampton in 1176 imposed even harder penalties on some classes of wrongdoers. 'The forger, robber, murderer, or incendiary, who under the former system would have suffered the loss of a foot, was now to lose a hand as well, and to quit the realm within forty days' (vol. ii. p. 172). The cry for the immunities of the clergy was in part a revolt (it may be almost semi-conscious revolt) against these barbarous penalties. With these immunities there would be one class at least on whose persons they could not be inflicted; and in this class all might enrol themselves, from the highest to the lowest. In criminal jurisprudence blood was still counted as water: 'The executioner in those days,' says Dean Milman, 'sacrificed hundreds of common lives to the terror of the law. The churchman alone, to the most menial of the clerical body, stood above such law.'* Not a few great criminals, no doubt, thus escaped a recompense which they had at least deserved; but many were shielded whose offences would now bring on them the most trifling of penalties; and so the feeling gained strength that mercy was not commonly to be found outside of the Church, and Thomas of Canterbury in the popular fancy became the protector, not, as some have supposed, of Englishmen against Normans, but of the poor against the rich, of the weak against the strong.

The impression thus made had not a little to do with the

* Latin Christianity, Book VIII. ch. viii.

fierceness of the ecclesiastical strife which marks the reign of the second Henry. We look for it in vain in the same strife as it comes before us in the days of the first Henry, simply because he was a more prudent if not a more righteous man than his grandson. In Miss Norgate's words, 'he yielded the form and kept the substance; the definite concession of the bishops' homage for their temporalities fully compensated for the remuneration of the ceremonial investiture' (vol. i. p. 18). Henry I. no doubt saw that a cause of serious quarrel lay beneath these questions of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction; but his brother's reign must have shown him how shifting were the circumstances of the quarrel. He could scarcely have failed to see that the Conqueror had placed himself at disadvantage in any struggle with a vigorous pope, no matter how wise might be the rules which he laid down for the guidance of himself or his successors. These rules were that no papal letters should be received in England without the king's consent; that no decrees of Church Councils should have force in his realm without his approval; and that no servant of the crown should be laid under ecclesiastical censure except with his own expressed sanction. This was all highly judicious, if his attitude towards the Pope was that simply of a man resisting unjust aggression. But the Conqueror had himself appealed to the Roman pontiff in his quarrel with Harold, had received from him the gift of the English crown, and by so doing had set aside the free and, as it so happened, unanimous election of the English nation. Things had already changed much since the Red King thrust the Piedmontese Anselm into the metropolitan chair of Canterbury. Anselm had then raised no objection to the form of investiture; his doubt of the king's repentance probably suggested the plea that he was under a foreign jurisdiction, as being already the man of the Duke of Normandy and the Archbishop of Rouen. For the rest, his quarrel with Rufus was nothing more than a righteous resistance to sheer and barefaced extortion and robbery; but when we come to the reign of his successor, we find that it is the very form of investiture which is now the cause of the offence. The truth is that Anselm was driven on by a force of which he had himself but an imperfect knowledge. Neither he nor Lanfranc entered fully into the spirit of the principles by which Hildebrand had declared that the Pope must be guided. But Rufus made it impossible for Anselm to remain in England; and a sojourn in Rome sent him back an altered man. He went thither, so

far as we can see, under the impression that the English Church was only the English nation seen under another aspect: he returned with the conviction that they were distinct powers, of which the Church, with the Pope at its head, must be the higher. The pontiff had ruled that the bestowal of ring and staff by the king implied his bestowal of a spiritual as distinct from a temporal office, and therefore that compliance with this custom was on the part of the bishops a betrayal of the Church of God. But although Anselm accepted this ruling, he saw also that the matter of investiture was not one of essential right or wrong. He had himself held it to be of no importance at the time when he accepted the primacy. But the Pope had spoken, and this was enough. If his utterances clashed with the usages of England, the usages must be cast aside. It was quite otherwise when Thomas of London sat on the seat of Theobald, Anselm, and Lanfranc. The question was no longer one of government or order. He was as ready to resist the Pope as the king in his battle for the rights of the Church. He could never see more than one question at a time, or more than one side of that question. To suppose that the strife could admit of any compromise was impious. While he was the king's chancellor and comrade, he was ready to go all lengths in his service, although he even then showed sometimes an ominous jealousy for the assertion of ecclesiastical privilege or rule.* When he became archbishop there was nothing which he was not ready to do or to suffer in the new service to which he had devoted himself.

For Thomas of Canterbury Miss Norgate feels evidently no small admiration. There is no harm, and there may be much good, in an enthusiasm which never upsets the balance of her judgement. That Thomas, who may have been in his right place as chancellor, was wholly in the wrong place as primate; that to him the part which Anselm had played did not come naturally; that, where Anselm moved freely and easily, his own action was artificial and constrained; that in him an official sanctity took the place of a simple and

* When the marriage of Mary, abbess of Romsey, to Matthew, second son of the Count of Flanders, was proposed, Thomas 'started up as a vindicator of monastic discipline, remonstrated vehemently against the marriage of a nun, and used all his influence at Rome to hinder the dispensation. He gained, however, nothing save the enmity of Matthew, and a foretaste of that kingly wrath which was to burst upon him with all its fury three years later.' (Vol. i. p. 469.)

spontaneous holiness, Miss Norgate is well aware. She claims for him no deep insight, no great breadth of view, no wide-embracing charity; but she sees that he had some real virtues and many brilliant qualities, and that, if he had failed in everything else, the fact that he could win to himself the whole heart of a man like John of Salisbury and return his love, would tell strongly indeed in his favour. Externally he had everything to recommend him.

‘He was very tall and elegantly formed, with an oval face, handsome aquiline features, a lofty brow, large, lustrous, and penetrating eyes; there was an habitual look of placid dignity in his countenance, a natural grace in his every gesture, an ingrained refinement in his every word and action; the slender, tapering white fingers and dainty attire of the burgher’s son contrasted curiously with the rough brown hands and careless appearance of Henry Fitz-Empress; the order, elegance, and liberality of the chancellor’s household contrasted no less with the confusion and discomfort of the king’s.’

This is a fair picture; but the details have been brought together at the cost of vast and patient reading, and the work bestowed on the portraiture of Becket is only a sample of the toil and care lavished on every part of this history. Miss Norgate insists that the veneration paid to Thomas was in some most important respects well deserved.

‘Like the king himself, Thomas was a standing marvel to his contemporaries. The strict stood aghast at his unclerical mode of life; the simple were half inclined to take him for a wizard. But his witchery was universal and irresistible; and after all it was only the magic of a winning personality, a vivid imagination, a dauntless spirit, and a guileless heart. For the chancellor’s frivolity was all on the surface of his life; its inner depths were pure. Amid the countless temptations of a corrupt court, no stain ever rested upon his personal honour. He shared in all the king’s pursuits except the evil ones; into them Henry tried to entrap him night and day, but in vain. The one thing he would not do, the one thing he would not tolerate, was evil; the one species of human being to whom his doors were inexorably closed was a man of known bad character. Coarseness, immorality, dishonesty, in word or deed, met with summary and condign punishment at his hands. Above all things, lying lips and a deceitful tongue were an abomination unto him. When in after days a biographer of the martyred archbishop copied from the Epistle to the Ephesians the description of the spiritual armour in which his hero was supposed to have clothed himself at his consecration, he significantly omitted the first piece of the panoply. Thomas had no need to put on the girdle of truth, for he had worn it all his life.’ (Vol. i. p. 425.)

The formation of right judgements is the first duty of the historian, for this judicial act implies the careful collection

of facts and the true appreciation of them. Becket's intolerance of men of bad character should have shut the king out from his friendship and from his good offices; but the chancellor and the primate confined his protest to a refusal of participation in his evil deeds. Was this enough? This is a question which is not asked by Miss Norgate. Yet it goes straight to the root of the matter, and it is answered by Dean Milman emphatically in the negative.

'Henry II. was a sovereign who, with many noble and kingly qualities, lived, more than even most monarchs of his age, in direct violation of every Christian precept of justice, humanity, conjugal fidelity. He was lustful, cruel, treacherous, arbitrary. But throughout this contest there is no remonstrance whatever from primate or pope against his disobedience to the laws of God, only to those of the Church. Becket *might*, indeed, if he had retained his full and acknowledged religious power, have rebuked the vices, protected the subjects, interceded for the victims of the king's unbridled passions. It must be acknowledged by all that he did not take the wisest course to secure this which might have been beneficent influence. But as to what appears, if the king would have consented to allow the churchmen to despise all law—if he had not insisted on hanging priests guilty of homicide as freely as laymen—he might have gone on unreprieved in his career of ambition; he might unrebuked have seduced or ravished the wives and daughters of his nobles; extorted without remonstrance of the clergy any revenue from his subjects, if he had kept his hands from the treasures of the Church. Henry's real tyranny was not (would it in any case have been?) the object of the churchman's censure, oppugnancy, or resistance. The cruel and ambitious and rapacious king would doubtless have lived unexcommunicated and died with plenary absolution.' *

The most prominent ecclesiastical personage of Becket's age, next to the primate himself, was a prelate who outlived him and who had been appointed to the see of Winchester six years before the death of Henry I. On the life of Henry of Blois, a man whom circumstances made a kingmaker in the persons of his brother and his cousin, Miss Norgate has bestowed, evidently, no little care, and the result is a narrative which throws much fresh light on a character not sufficiently known or appreciated. It is well that justice should be done to a man who had a conscience, and who followed its dictates according to the measure of his knowledge. His acts seem to convict him, if not of inconsistency, yet at least of fickleness. From the uncertainties which endangered the position of Stephen after his election by the Londoners, Henry of Winchester provided a way of escape

* Latin Christianity, Book VIII. ch. viii.

by offering himself as surety in his brother's behalf. He thus secured the crown for Stephen. Four years later at the Synod of Winchester he expressed his regret for what he had done. His harangue was in every way significant.

'He set forth how, as vicar of the Apostolic See, he had summoned this assembly to consider of the best means of restoring order in the land; he contrasted its present wretched state with the good peace which it had enjoyed under King Henry; he recited how the crown had been promised to Matilda; and how, in consequence of her absence at her father's death, it had seemed wiser to secure a king at once in the person of Stephen; how he, the speaker, had stood surety for the maintenance of the new king's promises to the Church and the nation, and how shamefully those promises had been broken. He had tried to bring his brother to reason, but in vain; and now the matter had been decided by a higher power, and the judgement of the God of battles had delivered Stephen into the hand of his rival, and cast him down from his throne. The speaker's duty was to see that throne filled at once. He had spent the previous day in consultation with the bishops and clergy, to whom the right of election chiefly belonged. Their choice had fallen upon the candidate to whom their faith had been pledged long ago. He called upon them now publicly to confirm their choice and swear fealty to King Henry's heiress as Lady of England and Normandy.'

Henry's speech, it must be marked, expresses no regret for his conduct or for that of his fellow clergy, and he gives no pledge that he may not take the same course again hereafter. He asserts plainly the right of the subjects to elect their sovereign; but the theory or the practice of the days of the Confessor is considerably modified, and this change is beyond doubt the fruit of the policy of the Conqueror himself. William had been glad to parade before the world the Pope's approval of his plan of invasion and robbery; and Stephen had adduced the confirmation of the pontiff as adding strength to his title to the crown. The Conqueror had invited from the Pope a condemnation of the alleged perjury of Harold, the freely and unanimously chosen king of the English; the clergy promised to be faithful to Stephen only so long as he should respect the rights and liberties of the Church. The Conqueror had allowed a Roman legate to place the crown on his head; Stephen had used language implying that the title of an English king needed for its validity the confirmation of the Roman pontiff; and now, when Stephen was set aside for Matilda, the synod asserted plainly that the right of election belonged chiefly to the clergy. A few months later Henry undid at Westminster the work which he had done at Winchester. Miss Norgate

is surely right in thinking that 'such daring indifference to the awkwardness of his own position can have been due to nothing but conscious integrity of purpose.' In this his second apology Henry admitted that he had acquiesced in the rule of the empress (so called), the wife of the Count of Anjou, 'believing it a necessary evil; the evil had proved intolerable, and he was thankful to be delivered from its necessity. In the name of Heaven and its Roman representative he therefore once more proclaimed his brother as the lawfully elected and apostolically anointed sovereign to whom obedience was due.'

It is clear that such doctrines could have for their logical result only that state of things which was finally brought about by the treachery of John. The alleged right of free election was in reality an assertion of the exclusive right of the ecclesiastical order. Irregular and dangerous as this theory undoubtedly was, it was still doing good by reducing all theories of absolute power to an absurdity; but the theory would become more potent for mischief in exact proportion to the degree of discipline and morality in the body of the clergy, and it was, therefore, for a reform in this direction that the legate was most anxious.

'Steeped in ecclesiastical and monastic traditions from his very cradle, Henry was before all things a churchman and a monk. . . . His own political ideal was independent of all party considerations. It was the ideal of the ecclesiastical statesman in the strictest sense; to ensure the well-being of the State by securing the rights and privileges and enforcing the discipline of the Church. In his eyes the whole machinery of secular government, including the sovereign, existed solely for that one end, and he carried out that theory to its logical result in the synods which deposed Stephen and Matilda each in turn, as each in turn broke the compact with the Church which had raised them to the throne. Of the use to be made in later days of the precedent thus created he and his brother clergy never dreamed; they are, however, entitled to the credit of having been the only branch of the body politic which made an organised effort to rescue England from the chaos into which she had fallen. The failure of these efforts hitherto was due partly to the overwhelming force of circumstances, partly to the character of Henry himself. His temper was like that of the uncle whose name he bore—the calm, imperturbable Norman temper, which neither interest nor passion could throw off its balance or off its guard; and with the Norman coolness he had also the Norman tenacity, fearlessness, and strength of will. . . . His policy really had a definite and noble end, but his endeavours to compass that end were little more than a series of bold experiments. Moreover, his conception of the end itself was out of harmony with the requirements of the time. . . . He belonged to a time of ecclesiastical states-

men, or rather political churchmen, who did not shrink from arraying the Church militant in the spoils of earthly triumph, and would fain elevate her above the world in outward pomp and majesty no less than in inward purity and holiness. This was the school of which Cluny had been, ever since the days of Gregory VII., the citadel and stronghold. Henry was thus attached to it by all the associations of his youth, as well as by his own natural disposition. But in the second quarter of the twelfth century this Cluniac school was losing its hold of the finer and loftier spirits of the time, and the influence of Cluny was beginning to pale before the purer radiance diffused from St. Bernard's * "bright valley," Clairvaux.' (Vol. i. p. 349.)

Nor could Henry, as bishop, fail to be conscious that his work depended on an accident. The legatine authority alone overrode that of Canterbury, and the death of the Pope might at any moment deprive him of that authority. Hence he betook himself to schemes for making Winchester a metropolitical see, with suffragan dioceses carved out of the province of Canterbury. But while he was thus plunging into stormy waters, the primate was quietly gathering round himself 'a group of earnest, deep-thinking students, . . . ' in a word, making his palace the seminary and the training college, the refuge and the home of a new generation of 'English scholars and English statesmen,' among the foremost of whom was Thomas of London, whom Henry himself consecrated as successor to Theobald. Henry's political work also went on after him. If popes and clergy encroached on the nation's right of electing their sovereign, the sovereign encroached upon it from another side. Of the use to which the Pope turned the treachery of John it is unnecessary to speak. The scheme convicted itself; but there was a greater danger in the slow growth of modern notions of primogeniture and succession. These notions took something like a definite shape in foreign kingdoms, duchies, and countries before they were distinctly formulated here; but they were fostered by every attempt of the king to force the choice of a successor during his own lifetime. The constraint applied by Henry I. to the Witan gathered at the Gemot of Christmas, 1126, let loose a sea of troubles upon his luckless daughter. The like plan urged by Stephen in favour of his son came happily to naught. The scheme of the first Plan-

* We are disposed to regret the constant use which Miss Norgate makes of this prefix of canonisation. To hear of a multitude of men spoken of during their lifetime as St. Anselm, or St. Thomas, or St. Lanfranc, St. Stephen Harding, or St. Murdoc, may be irritating or confusing; but it can scarcely be of much profit.

tagenet king was more disastrous than that of his grandfather, because he demanded for his son something more than a mere acknowledgement of fealty. Well aware, as he could not fail to be if he thought about the matter at all, that he reigned himself by the choice of his people, he treated his subjects, both here and elsewhere, as though the right of choice was a mere dream of a disordered fancy. The coronation of a successor during his own life seemed to open a way out of every difficulty; and he seems to have indulged the thought that this successor would be content with a shadowy title, and leave him undisturbed in his work of legislation and government. It seems hard to determine whether such schemes should most fitly be regarded as foolish or as treacherous. In the case of the second Henry the plan was fruitful in dire disaster, although at first everything seemed to favour it. Thomas of London was still chancellor, and therefore still eager to do his will.

‘A matter so important and so delicate could be entrusted to no one but the chancellor. He managed it, like everything else that he took in hand, with a calm facility which astonished everyone. He brought the child to England, presented him to the bishops and barons of the realm in a great council summoned for the purpose, knelt at his feet, and swore to be his faithful subject in all things, reserving only the fealty due to the elder king so long as he lived and reigned; the whole assembly followed his example, and thus a measure which it was believed that Henry’s personal presence would hardly have availed to carry through without disturbance was accomplished at once and without a word of protest, save from the little king himself, who, with childish imperiousness, it is said, refused to admit any reservation in the oath of his adoptive father. Henry probably intended that the boy’s recognition as heir to the crown should be speedily followed by his coronation. This, however, was a rite which could only be performed by the primate of all England, and the chair of St. Augustine was vacant. Once again it was to Thomas that Henry looked for aid; but this time he looked in vain. Thomas had done his last act in the service of his royal friend. The year which had passed away since Archbishop Theobald’s death had been, on both sides of the sea, a year of almost ominous tranquillity. It was in truth the forerunner of a storm which was to shatter Henry’s peace and to cost Thomas his life.’ (Vol. i. p. 473.)

Henry, in short, was counting without his host; and he repeated his mistake again and again. He wished to see his sons representatives of himself in his kingdom, his duchies, and his countships; but he had no intention to be supplanted by them in either. The result was fruitless concession and endless discontent, running into feud, rebellion, or

treason. The king was drawn into more substantial surrenders of wealth and revenue, of everything, in short, except the powers of administration and justice. His relations to his sons, and even his plans, were, it would seem, constantly shifting. He had thought at first of making England over altogether to his eldest son, and devoting himself entirely to continental politics.

'This scheme, indeed, had been frustrated in the first instance by his quarrel with Thomas; although it seemed to have been revived in 1170, it was as a mere temporary expedient to meet a temporary end, and the revolt of 1173 put an end to it altogether, by proving clearly to Henry that he must never again venture to delegate his kingly power and authority to anyone, even for a season. But, on the other hand, it is not easy to see why, during the years which followed, he persistently refused to give to his eldest son as much real, though subordinate, power on the continent as he was willing to give to the younger ones—why young Henry was not suffered to govern Anjou and Normandy as Richard was suffered to govern Aquitaine, and Geoffrey to govern Brittany, as soon as they were old enough, under the control of their father as overlord.'

The reasons which probably determined Henry's action or inaction are given by Miss Norgate with admirable clearness.

'From a strictly Angevin or Cenomannian point of view, Aquitaine and Brittany were both simply appendages, diversely acquired, to the hereditary Angevin and Cenomannian dominions. Nay, from a strictly Norman point of view, England itself was but an addition to the heritage of the Norman ducal house. Henry might make over all these to his sons as under-fiefs to govern in subjection to him, and yet retain intact his position as head of the sovereign houses of Normandy and Anjou. But to place his mother's duchy and his father's counties in other hands—to reduce them to the rank of underfiefs, keeping for himself no closer connexion with them than a mere general overlordship—would have been in principle to renounce his birthright; while in practice it would probably have been equivalent to complete abdication, as far as his continental empire was concerned. . . . All his schemes for the distribution of his territories, therefore, from 1175 onwards, were intended solely to ensure a fair partition among his sons after his own death.' (Vol. ii. p. 191.)

To this work the coronation of the younger Henry was to impart at least the appearance of solidity. The fact of his father's death would leave him at once King of England, Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, and overlord of Brittany, Aquitaine, and all other dependencies of Anjou, Normandy, and England. But of the real nature of the task thus attempted the great law-giving and law-enforcing king can scarcely have been fully aware. No doubt he would

have admitted, if questioned on the subject, that the arrangements which seemed so acceptable to himself, and so convenient for his subjects, were not likely to be maintained through many generations. He can scarcely have realised that they had no inherent stability whatever, and that they were, in short, mere husk or shell, which might be broken and blown away by any accident. A dominion stretching nominally from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees, consisting largely of mere claims to overlordships (claims sometimes admitted with reservations, sometimes openly denied), and embracing a multitude of peoples between whom there was no real connexion, could form no real whole. The fabric in every part of it was simply dynastic. No doubt Henry was sagacious enough to see that to keep this fabric together at all a firm government and order were indispensable; but the order must be imposed upon them from without if they were not capable of building it up from within. In one sense we might say that Henry was working to very little purpose; in another we must admit that he was striving for a very high one. The rule over England (we need say nothing of Scotland), over Normandy, Anjou, and their dependencies, might all be centred in one man; but the several peoples over which he reigned might be growing up and taking root as nations, and when the separation came there would be little sense of loss, and none of weakness. The Duke of Normandy was a greater man because he was King of England; but the English nation did not regard itself as in any way stronger for its connexion with Normandy, nor was it willing to treat Normandy in any way different from that in which it would treat any other foreign country. We have here the key to the history of Henry's age and of the century which immediately follows it; and on this fact Mr. Freeman has laid the utmost stress. In England

'Henry legislates for a kingdom from which all practical distinctions between conquerors and conquered have vanished—a kingdom in which nothing but a few formal phrases remain to tell men that French and English had ever been the names of hostile races within the realm of England. Under Henry, England, though politically only part of one vast dominion, is legally a realm which knows nothing of the dominions of its sovereign beyond its own shores. The arms of England are to be kept for the defence of England. No man is to send or sell weapons of war out of the kingdom, and no distinction is drawn between wholly foreign lands and the king's own continental dominions.' *

* *Norman Conquest*, vol. v. p. 684.

Thus, while Henry strove to give permanence to his work, or rather to keep his dominions together in the hands of his sons, and so to uphold his own dynasty, his English subjects were regarding the matter in their own way, keeping quietly to their old rule with little respect to theories of inheritance and succession which were springing up abroad. As it so happens, it was at the coronation of John, the king whose folly severed the Norman dukedom from the English realm, that the old English custom was most emphatically asserted.

'Be it known unto you,' said Archbishop Hubert, addressing at once the king elect and the whole assembly, 'that no man hath any antecedent right to succeed another in the kingdom, except he be unanimously chosen by the whole realm, after invocation of the Holy Spirit's grace, and unless he be also manifestly thereunto called by the pre-eminence of his character and conversation. . . . But, indeed, it there be one of the dead king's race who excelleth, that one should be the more promptly and willingly chosen. And these things I have spoken in behalf of the noble Count John here present; forasmuch as we see him to be prudent and vigorous, we all, after invoking the Holy Spirit's grace, for his merits no less than his royal blood, have with one consent chosen him for our king.'

These last words show that the primate was announcing the result of the ecclesiastical election as in harmony with the civil election which had been already gone through in a council at Northampton. In the report of Hubert's speech, as given by Matthew Paris, Miss Norgate places entire confidence. It is not easy to see why this confidence should be withheld. He could scarcely have any motive for misrepresenting it. Mr. Freeman thinks it right to note that the report is not that of a contemporary writer; but he has no hesitation in saying that the speech sets forth 'some of the 'truest constitutional doctrines that ever English lips uttered, 'or English ears listened to.'*

This growth of the English nation, as steady under the reign of Richard, who was utterly indifferent to it, as it had been under Henry, who, according to his lights, had done all that he could to foster it, was not a new thing. It was not crushed by the fatal disaster of Senlac; it had gone on, partly checked, and in part distinctly furthered, by the Conqueror and by his sons, and it was not extinguished even by the anarchy of the reign, if so it be called, of Stephen. During some portion of his time Stephen was a

* Norman Conquest, vol. v. p. 697.

king in name only. If Richard was something more, it was because circumstances gave him the power of extorting money from his subjects for purposes which had for them little interest or none. What, then, was the worth of this man? His life may be regarded as exhibiting a series of pictures, some of which are not without the element of grandeur, while others, if true, are certainly horrifying.* In his masterly sketch of the Angevin rulers of England, Mr. Freeman says trenchantly that, 'born as he was on English soil, no king ever had less of English feeling; none cared less for the welfare of England; none so systematically made himself a stranger to her.† Miss Norgate endows him especially with the quality of generosity, and more than once reminds us of his possession of it; but it is not mentioned in her narrative of the siege of Châlus. It is well to say nothing of it in telling the story, although Mr. Freeman speaks of Richard as 'showing a certain real power of forgiving offences.' Yet he forgives only the one man who wounded him; the whole remaining garrison had all been hanged, while he lay sick on the bed from which he never rose. But generosity is a term to which we may assign more than one meaning; and the meaning which Miss Norgate attaches to it is not altogether clear. An opportunity for exercising this virtue was furnished to him by the proposal that he should yield up the duchy of Aquitaine to his youngest brother. The test was a severe one.

'Richard was generous; but to give up to other hands the reaping of a harvest which he had sown with such unsparing labour, and watered with such streams of blood, was a sacrifice too great for his generosity in his six-and-twentieth year.' (Vol. ii. p. 233.)

His unlucky subjects spoke of this sowing of the seed as a process of intolerable tyranny and cruelty; and his refusal to give place to another ruler looks much like a determination to complete the work of merciless repression. But is not the term 'generosity' out of place altogether, when ap-

* There is, we fear, no solid reason for doubting the terrible story which relates the slaughter of Saladin's hostages during the truce of 1191. The massacre may have been done in accordance with rule; the tale says that it was, and so far it may have had a technical justification. We may also cut down the number of the slain, but the slaying of more than five thousand Saracens for Saladin's failure to pay a sum of gold within the time agreed on remains a sufficiently ruthless deed.

† Norman Conquest, vol. v. p. 687.

plied to a man like Richard? Miss Norgate holds that we can best see what Richard was from the portrait drawn of him by Gerald de Barri in contrast with that of his brother Henry. The latter, Giraldus tells us, was 'admired for his 'mildness and liberality;' the former was 'esteemed for his 'seriousness and firmness;' and so the critic goes on, setting the graciousness, the courtesy, the mercy of Henry over against the stateliness, the constancy, the justice of Richard. Henry was 'the refuge and the shield of vagabonds 'and evil doers;' Richard was 'their scourge.' The one was 'gracious to strangers;' the other 'to his own friends: one 'to all men, the other only to good men.' It is rash to put faith in comparisons when the colours are so broadly and lavishly laid on. The picture of neither corresponds with the story of his life. It is of Richard that Miss Norgate herself is speaking when she says that he 'was ready to find a 'ground of suspicion in every word and action of his father 'for which his own intelligence was incapable of accounting, 'and to credit every calumny reported to him by his father's 'enemies.' (Vol. ii. p. 254.) It is not easy to see how this readiness to believe all evil of his father could be found in one of whose character an 'unsuspecting confidence and 'generosity' formed 'the noblest feature.' (Vol. ii. p. 281.) But elsewhere Miss Norgate speaks of the habitual shiftiness of Richard's conduct (vol. i. p. 336); and of his extortionate demands on the resources of his people there is, of course, no concealment. He could scarcely be a generous ruler or a generous man whose justiciar deserves praise for contriving to meet his 'ceaseless demands year after year without either plunging the nation into helpless misery, or provoking it to open revolt.' (Vol. ii. p. 341.) Nor did Richard improve as he grew older. Of the administration of the last eight months of Richard's reign Miss Norgate speaks as a 'salutary discipline,' but as a discipline which was also 'stern and cruel.' Her judgement, then, is in substantial agreement with that of Mr. Freeman, and in Mr. Freeman's picture meanness and greediness take the place of generosity. Richard's 'one object was to screw money out of his kingdom. Wherever Richard went personally everything was 'to be sold, and no commodity seems to have been found 'more marketable than the honour of a chivalrous king. 'No pretence was too base for the hero of the lion's heart, 'if money could be gained by it.'* We can only regret that

* Norman Conquest, vol. v. p. 693.

Mr. Freeman could speak of Richard as reconciling 'the breach of every duty of a man, a son, and a king with some degree of at least formal piety,' as though such a task involved the least difficulty, and as though one abomination could be palliated by being combined with another. In short, Richard's deeds were, in most instances, overruled for the benefit of England; but strict justice to his people sat very lightly on his conscience. On one side we have a series of oppressive exactions; on another a series of half-known acts, some of which might have seriously compromised his English subjects, if nations could be compromised by the unauthorised and unsanctioned acts of any individual man, be he king, or pope, or any other. As a concession, Miss Norgate thinks, to the emperor's vanity, Richard accepted from him the investiture of the kingdom of Burgundy, over which Roger Howden is careful to say that the emperor had really no power at all. The story that he surrendered England itself into his hands, and received it back from him as a fief of the empire, Miss Norgate is inclined to set aside as an exaggeration. Mr. Freeman seems not less inclined to regard it as a fact. We are carried back to the old question of commendation; and on this controversy we have expressed an opinion which we see no grounds for either withdrawing or even modifying.*

The reign of Richard was the reign of one who, in Mr. Freeman's words, 'appears in every land and in every character, except that of a king of the English, dwelling and reigning in his own kingdom.' The reign of John is the reign of a man whose treasons united all Englishmen against him as a coherent nation. John did his best to bring about an anarchy more desperate than that of the days of Stephen. Under both the work of recovery was in great part the work of churchmen, if the word 'churchmen' is to be applied especially to holders of office. The history of their influence, of their successes and their failures, is full of interest in the records of every age; at no time has it a greater interest than during the reigns of our Angevin kings and their immediate predecessors. In this portion of her task, as in every other, Miss Norgate's volumes are full of instruction; but we are not sure that she does full justice to the English clergy as a whole, from the days of Alfred downwards. In no one respect has Dean Milman done better service, in his 'History

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxx. pp. 206-210.

‘ of Latin Christianity,’ than in the unwearied patience with which he tracked out the whole course of the controversies relating to the marriage of the clergy, and thus showed the terrible fierceness of the strife, and the very partial success which attended the efforts of popes and councils in the way of what they were pleased to call reform. Miss Norgate’s language would lead us to conclude that the clergy who asserted the old freedom were somehow or other so far from being in the right that they might without injustice be set down as being in the wrong. When the attempt was made to thrust upon them the rule of Chrodegang of Metz, the reformers encountered a resistance not the less formidable because it was rather passive than active.

‘ The English clergy were accustomed to the full enjoyment, not only of their separate property, but of their separate houses ; many were even yet, in spite of Pope Gregory, married men and fathers of families ; and the new rule, which required them to break up their homes and submit to community of table and dwelling, was naturally resented as an attempt to curtail their liberty and bring them under monastic restraint.’

This is true to the letter ; and all the other facts related by Miss Norgate are true also. But the impression left on the reader is, that more was to be said against the old position or liberty than in its favour. The only means which Lanfranc had of bringing about the reform was the abolition of ‘ the old lax system ’ (vol. i. p. 65). The phrase seems to imply that the old system was a wrong one ; and the question is whether the new system was, or was not, the source of far greater evils than those which it rather kept out of sight than repressed. For not one fourth part of the time which has passed since the conversion of England have the clergy been tied to the rule of celibacy. Was the result of the rule during the ages of its enforcement worth the trouble and the misery which that enforcement involved ? If there was slackness or laxity in that power of choice which was so offensive to Dunstan or to Hildebrand, was there less of this tendency to degeneration amongst men who were subjected to their rule of iron ? The zeal which had marked the Church revival in the days of Stephen had become by comparison so strangely cold in those of his immediate successor, that a reaction in favour of secular over regular clerks seemed once more likely to set in.

‘ One bishop, Hugh of Coventry, not only ventured to repeat the experiment which had been vainly tried elsewhere under the Confessor and the Conqueror, of turning the monks out of his cathedral and

replacing them by secular canons, but actually proposed that all the cathedral establishments served by monks should be broken up and put upon a new foundation of a like secular character.' (Vol. ii. p. 436.)

Not improbably Hugh would have approved of the granting to the parochial clergy the freedom of which they had only of late years been deprived by the legislation of Lanfranc. But the decrees even of the Synod of Westminster failed to win a complete victory for the Hildebrandines. Speaking of this council, and of those which immediately preceded it, Mr. Freeman says that 'in vain legate, archbishop, and bishops put forth their decrees; the old custom of England was too strong for them, and the king no longer gave his countenance to the innovation. By his leave, when the bishops were gone home, the priests kept their wives as they did aforetime.'* But if the large majority of the clergy maintained their old freedom to the days of Stephen, if not later, they can have done so only because they had the approval of a majority of the laity. It can only be, therefore, in a very modified sense that we can accept Miss Norgate's assertion, that 'in English national sentiment monachism was inseparably bound up with Christianity itself.' That it must not be taken as an affirmation that the existence of the former was indispensable to the existence of the latter, the mere agreement of the majority of English clergy and laity on the subject of clerical marriage is very sufficient proof. That monachism had wrought great good in England was not disputed then, and cannot be disputed now. We may, therefore, safely follow Miss Norgate when she goes on to say, that 'to the monastic system England owed her conversion, her ecclesiastical organisation, her earliest training as a nation, and a church. Even if the guides to which she had so long trusted were failing her at last, the conservatism and the gratitude of Englishmen, both alike, still shrank from casting aside a tradition halloed by the best and happiest associations of six hundred years.' (Vol. ii. p. 438.) All this may be granted so long as we remember that monachism had its own proper field, and that the mischief came only when the system was carried beyond its legitimate borders. That the English were converted by monks is certain. That they would not have been converted if the missionaries had not been monks, we cannot say.

We have passed in review a few only of the vast multitude

* Norman Conquest, vol. v. p. 236.

of subjects with which in the course of her task Miss Norgate has been called upon to deal. We have made no attempt to exhaust any one of them; but what we have said may be enough to show the thoroughness of her work, as well as the force, unpretending grace, and clearness of her style. The latter will attract all readers; the former will win for her the gratitude of every historical student who comes to her pages for instruction.*

ART. VIII.—*The Arniston Memoirs: Three Centuries of a Scottish House, 1571–1838.* Edited from the Family Papers. By GEORGE W. T. OMOND, Advocate, Author of ‘*The Lord Advocates of Scotland.*’ Edinburgh: 1887.

IT is always a pleasure to welcome another addition to the number of our family histories—those ‘stepping-stones’ to higher things’ for the historian of the future. The particular history before us must be especially welcomed by many, because the Dundas family played a very great part in the political, juridical, and social history of Scotland throughout the eighteenth century. There is no other family of the period with which we can compare them, either in regard to their extraordinary influence in public affairs, or the equally remarkable array of high intellectual talent and personal worth which they brought to the administration of those affairs. We do not seek to defend the colossal system of nepotism which their energies and abilities enabled them, with more or less of public consent, to build up; we have frequently, indeed, had occasion in more distant times to comment upon and condemn it. But not even their severest censors will shrink from admitting that, however objectionable the system, as such, may be held to be, that system was for the most part under the control of men who gave of their best—and that best was of a high standard—for the service of their country. In the volume before us, Mr. Omond has told the story of this remarkable family, illustrating the story at every step by the interesting and valuable family papers to which he has had access. Many will regret that he has not been able

* There is yet much work to be done in the scrutiny of the vast mass of documents bearing on the relations of Aquitaine or Gascony with England, of which we have had to speak in our notice of the Brocas Book (*Edinburgh Review*, July 1887, pp. 237–242).

to embrace the life of the greatest of the Arniston family, Henry Dundas, first Lord Melville, in this volume; but the reason he urges for postponing it to a second volume must be accepted as sufficient, namely, that the enormous amount of documentary material relating to the period when that politician guided the fortunes of the family, would, if done justice to, have necessitated the introduction of subjects inconsistent with the scope of the present publication. The manner in which Mr. Omond executed the literary portion of his former volumes on the Lord Advocates of Scotland is a sufficient guarantee of the genuineness and carefulness of his work; and, with the exception of wishing that he had given us a genealogical chart of the family, to guide us through the labyrinth of successive and collateral Dundases all bearing the same Christian name, there is little of the purely critical to be advanced regarding 'The Arniston Memoirs.'

The family of Dundas traces its ancestry to an ancient source. When Gospatric, Earl of Northumberland, unable either to keep terms with the Conqueror or to resist the Norman aggression, was obliged to seek safety in flight, he found a refuge, as many other noble English exiles had done, at the court of the Scottish king, Malcolm Canmore. And not only did he find a refuge, but he received from Malcolm a grant of Dunbar and other valuable possessions in Lothian. In after years the banished earl's son, or grandson, Waldeve, who had evidently managed to extend his patrimonial possessions, had also a property on the Firth of Forth, in what is now called West Lothian. This estate, named Dundas, Waldeve, between the years 1166 and 1182, granted, by a charter which still exists, 'to Helias, son of Huctred, for half a knight's service;' and from this Helias, son of Huctred, the Dundas family trace their descent. For the next four hundred years, the family representatives of Dundas of Dundas do not take any conspicuous place in history. Their names appear, of course, in the Ragman Roll; in the fourteenth century they had a quarrel with the Abbot of Dunfermline, in which the churchman was—as churchmen in those days generally were—victorious; in the end of the next century, when James III. and his son took up arms against each other, the Dundas of that period espoused the cause of the king instead of that of the prince, with the consequence that before he could make his peace with the latter he had to yield up a valuable portion of his estate, in exchange for

which he received a gift of a barren little rock standing in the Firth of Forth, midway between the Queensferry, North and South. Within the present century, the fine estate of Dundas itself has passed out of the family possession; and, with the exception of their burial-place in the ruined aisles of the Carmelite monastery in South Queensferry, all that they now possess there is this little rocky island of Inchgarvie, 'now,' says Mr. Omond, 'desecrated by the 'piers of an enormous structure.' Why 'desecrated'? The 'enormous structure' is the marvellous Forth Bridge; and it takes a place on Inchgarvie which was for long nothing better than a vile resort of smugglers and other bandits of the sea. The Dundases did indeed build a little fortress on the rock, but it never was a place of any moment, Dundas Castle having been all along the principal residence of the old family.

It is not, however, with the Dundases of Dundas that we have now to do, but with the much more illustrious branch of the name known as the Dundases of Arniston. To trace the connexion of this branch with the parent stem we must go back to the middle of the sixteenth century, when George, the sixteenth laird of Dundas, was served heir to his father, March 11, 1554. This George was twice married, and it was to provide for the eldest son of his second wife that, in 1571, he bought the lands of Arniston in the neighbouring county of Midlothian. The son who thus became the progenitor of a distinguished race was James Dundas, his mother being Katherine, daughter of the third Lord Oliphant. 'Tradition at Dundas Castle,' says Mr. Omond, 'charges her with having damaged the family estate to obtain an inheritance for her son; while at Arniston her name has been handed down as that of a 'prudent dame, who had provided for her son from the 'savings of her pin-money' (p. 2). This thrifty lady's individuality must have impressed itself strongly upon the traditions of the family, for at Arniston House there is still a Venice glass, said to have been Katie Oliphant's wineglass, of which the legend is narrated that its breakage would be followed by dire misfortune in the family. She and her husband soon added other lands to those that originally formed the Arniston property; and their son James, after his succession to Arniston, continued the purchases of land commenced by his father and mother. In this way, Arniston became shortly a very considerable landed possession.

James Dundas, the first of Arniston, was born in 1570;

and educated at the University of St. Andrews. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Berwick, and he received from James VI. the further honour of knighthood.

‘Sir James Dundas was a zealous agriculturist, at a time when the poverty of the country and its backward condition raised obstacles to improvement greater than can now be conceived. Runrig and tenancy in common, vexatious servitudes, the absence of roads and facilities for carriage, the miserable condition of live stock, arising from the want of winter food, and the wretchedness of the accommodation for both man and beast, were but a few of the difficulties with which an improver in the sixteenth century had to contend.’ (P. 8.)

The above, and some details of his estate management, are almost all that Mr. Omond tells us of the first Sir James Dundas of Arniston. But as the politics—which in the sixteenth century inevitably included the religion—of our leading Scottish families is always of interest to the historical student of that period, we should have liked if some light had been thrown upon Sir James’s politics in his earlier years. This question is here raised in allusion to a trial, to which Mr. Omond makes no reference, and in which Sir James figured as the party prosecuted. The trial, which is given by Pitcairn (vol. ii. p. 67), is curious partly for the light which it throws upon the relations of the lesser nobility to the higher barons, and partly for the connexion which it has with the Earl of Angus, one of the three great ‘popish lords’ of the period. The offence for which Sir James was placed at the bar was in itself a trifling one. In 1593, an Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament ‘anent the wearing of hackbutts and pistoletts,’ in which it was stated that former ordinances on the subject had been disregarded, ‘wherethrough vile murders and frequent slaughters’ had been committed. The readiness, indeed, with which this comparatively new weapon could be used, and was used, in Scotland at that time had given much trouble to those responsible for the public peace. Besides, as that sneering cripple, Sir Mungo Malagrowther, puts it, King James himself ‘had a special ill will at all arms whatsoever, and more especially pistols.’ Hence it was now ordained that all persons were liable to be searched by the officers of his majesty’s guard, and if found to be carrying such weapons without sufficient authority were to be apprehended. Sir James Dundas of Arniston was one of the persons so apprehended; and in December 1598 he was placed at the bar of the High Court charged with the unlawful ‘bearing and wearing of pistoletts.’ He admitted having had these arms

in his possession; but pled that at the time libelled he had been commanded by the Earl of Angus, then Lieutenant of the Borders, to accompany him thither to a Justice Court to be held at Peebles on October 9 and 10, and that consequently he, Sir James, 'did na wrang to provide himself of 'armour' upon the preceding day. He further pled—and this plea, Pitcairn notes, affords a striking illustration of the original use of the word 'servitour'—that he was, at that time, 'domestic servitour and proper depender upon my 'Lord of Angus, like as he was divers years of before,' which statement, he adds, 'is offered to be verified presently 'by my Lord of Angus's own declaration, wha is personally 'present.' The prosecutor, however, would not listen to these pleas. The accused, he said, did not live within the bounds of Angus's lieutenancy, and the place where 'the 'crime is libelled to be committed' was in the highway between Niddrie and Kirkliston, in the county of Linlithgow—consequently a long way from the Borders. He, moreover, could not accept the Earl of Angus as an admissible witness for the accused, seeing that Sir James was so nearly related to his lordship 'baith in affinity and consanguinity.' Sir James, at this stage, withdrew his pleas, and referred himself to the king's mercy; and we hear no more of the matter.

The trial is, of itself, of little moment; but, as already remarked, it is noticeable for two things. In the first place, it affords an instance of the eagerness with which the younger sons of the lesser barons and gentry attached themselves to the households of the higher barons, doubtless in the hope of thereby finding a ready way to promotion and office. The situation bears no analogy to that implied in our modern use of the word 'servitor.' In this case we have a knight, a man of good birth and rank, designating himself as Lord Angus's 'domestic servitour,' and a 'proper depender' upon his lordship. Sir James's relationship to his lordship both by 'affinity 'and consanguinity' is also obvious, for both of them were, apart from whatever other ties of pedigree, closely related to the family of the Oliphants; the Countess of Angus being the fourth Lord Oliphant's daughter, and Katherine Oliphant, the mother of Sir James, being the same Lord Oliphant's sister. We have already seen that Katherine Oliphant was a 'prudent dame,' said to have provided an estate for her son out of her pin-money; and probably one other way she took to advance her boy's fortune was to have him placed in the service of her kinsman Lord Angus. But the chief point of interest brought out in the trial is the

relation in which Sir James, the son of a leading Protestant,* stood to Lord Angus, who with Errol and Huntley formed, shortly before, the head and front of the popish party militant in Scotland. Only a few years previous to this time, Angus and his followers were openly in arms against King James, and they even defeated the king's forces under Argyll at Glenlivet so recently as October 1594. But in the end the 'popish lords' had to yield, though not till their estates had been forfeited and their lives placed in deadly peril. Only eighteen months before the date of the above trial, Angus was still an 'excommunicat papist,' and it was only when compelled by the force of circumstances that he, along with Errol and Huntley, underwent the ordeal of a public conversion and recantation in St. Nicholas's Church, Aberdeen, and so was received into the fold of Presbytery, that he was restored to the favour of the king. When, therefore, Sir James Dundas pleads before the Court that he was then Angus's 'domestic servitour' and 'proper depender,' as he had been for 'divers years' before, are we to infer that Sir James was united with the earl in his political schemes for the restoration of the ancient faith, and that he had taken part with Angus in his rebellion? The evidence before us is not sufficient to warrant an affirmative conclusion; but we should have been glad if the family papers had thrown any light upon a situation which offers to the curious reader a good many points of interest and enquiry. It would not have been at all strange had this divergence in the family politics been found to exist. For it was then indeed a time of marvellous trimming and setting of sails among the Scottish nobles and gentry. There was the English influence on the one side, and the French influence on the other. There was, besides, an unintermittent flow of natural jealousies through all the precincts of the Scottish Court itself, by which sometimes a whole party of nobles, sometimes even the king himself, had been wellnigh overwhelmed. The raid of Ruthven was not long past, and already the Gowrie conspiracy was in the air. Even the Reformation itself was only a thing of a generation; and amidst all these clashings of self-interest and personal ambi-

* At the General Assembly held at Edinburgh in August 1588, Sir James's father, the Laird of Dundas, was one of an important deputation appointed to wait upon the king in person, and convey the thanks of the Assembly to his majesty. (Calderwood's 'History,' vol. iv. p. 684.)

tion and unscrupulous partisanship, it was scarcely to be wondered at that, constituted as human nature is, there should always have been men, and families, and sections of families, holding themselves in diverse attitudes of watchfulness and unrest, not knowing which way, when the storm came, the tree should fall.

At the date of the trial in question, Angus had made his peace with the king and been restored to office ; and James's accession to the English throne a few years thereafter probably put an end to what necessity existed on the part of many of keeping a loose hold on the reformed religion. If Sir James Dundas ever did hang for a time between two opinions—a point which is only matter of speculation, not of knowledge—the occasion for it soon ceased to exist, and up to the time of his death in 1628 he seems to have lived quietly on his own estate, following after the religion of his father. His son James, by whom he was succeeded, was at the time of his death but a child of eight years. When this second James arrived at manhood, there was no doubt as to the principles, political and religious, to which he adhered ; and in the course of his career throughout the troubled period of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and after, he exhibited a self-denying integrity of character, a noble and conscientious devotion to principle, such as reflects honour upon any family and upon any individual. His mother was a daughter of George Home of Wedderburn, and appears, during her son's minority, to have exercised over him a kind and loving control, not unmindful of his interests both material and moral. Like his father, he was educated at St. Andrews University ; and when he arrived at maturity, he warmly espoused the cause of the Presbyterians.

Charles I. when he had visited Scotland in 1633, and been formally crowned at Holyrood, left behind him among his Scottish subjects a good many bitter seeds of discontent. He brought against himself the hostility of his nobles by desiring them to restore to the Church a portion of the property of which at the Reformation they had deprived it ; and he likewise provoked the opposition of the clergy and the common people by seeking to force upon them certain hateful changes in the Church services and Church ritual. The king was right, and he was wrong. The claim upon the nobles was just and reasonable ; the innovations upon the vestments of the clergy and the services of the Presbyterians were most unwise and undesirable. The end, as might have been expected, was a coalition between the nobles and the

clergy, which led to something like a constitutional struggle between the Scottish nation and the sovereign. It went on for years, culminating in 1638 in the first of the two famous Covenants, the National. This covenant was supported with marvellous unanimity; marvellous, in that it was a very rare thing in Scotland to find the nobles and the clergy acting in unison. Such unanimity had never been before, and has never been since. The nobles were moved with extraordinary zeal for the National Covenant; so much so, that, as Row tells us, many of the people called it the Noblemen's Covenant, 'for they stirred more about it nor the most of ministers did.' To this covenant James Dundas of Arniston adhibited his name; but few of his fellows among the gentry, whatever their zeal for the time, adhered to the principles embraced in that covenant with such unshaken constancy as we shall find Dundas doing. He signed it in 1639, when under twenty years of age.

In 1640 he was made an 'elder' of the church, and so qualified to sit in the church courts; and in the following year he was married to a daughter of Robert, Lord Boyd. That same year, 1641, King Charles visited Scotland, and sought, by a few graceful concessions to the popular demands, to make his failure in the recent contest with his subjects look less like defeat. Among other things, he conferred honours upon Argyll, Warristoun, and other Presbyterian leaders; and it is some acknowledgement of the part which young Dundas was already taking in public affairs, that at this time the king conferred a knighthood upon him. For some years we do not find that he appears conspicuously in public affairs, though he was active in 1646 in taking order with 'a drunken minister' in the courts of Dalkeith Presbytery. In 1648 he was returned to the Scottish Parliament as one of the members for Midlothian; and in 1650 we learn that the Presbytery of Dalkeith were questioning him as to why he had not yet signed the second great historic charter of Scottish rights and religion, the Solemn League and Covenant. He stated that he had certain scruples 'whereof he desired to be resolved.' In the end he subscribed the Covenant, but for the next few years does not seem to have taken any leading part in the distracting events of the Commonwealth.

If Sir James Dundas had some hesitation in subscribing the Solemn League and Covenant, it was not from any want of fidelity to Presbyterian principles. This is rendered clear by what followed immediately upon the Restoration. That

event necessarily introduced many changes in the civic polity of Scotland, as Cromwell had swept away or metamorphosed the old law courts, appointing judges, chiefly Englishmen, in place of the old Scottish justices. Consequently when Charles II. resumed the crown, and the old order of things promised to be restored, there was, as might be expected, a somewhat keen competition among the leading Scotchmen for offices of place and power. Among these competitors was Sir James Dundas of Arniston. He wished to be appointed one of the lords of the Court of Session; and he had a friend at the English Court, Sir Alexander Hume, who undertook to bring his request under the king's notice. The king received it favourably, and after consulting with Middleton, who was then head of the Government in Scotland, conferred the appointment upon Dundas. The paragraph (pp. 23-4) in which the account of this transaction is given, is so very condensed as to be almost obscure. Mr. Omond has given no dates; does not say if Sir James Dundas ever took his seat as a judge; he does not even give the title which the judge assumed, but which we gather from the heading of the chapter was that of 'Lord Arniston.' The author has also neglected to tell us that Sir James was not a trained lawyer—a peculiarity in the appointment which, if it was not justifiable on any sound principles of government, renders it all the more a compliment to the individual on whom the honour was conferred. The fact of Sir James being a layman had also some bearing upon the final issue of a difficulty that shortly arose between him and the king.

The difficulty in question was due to the policy which Charles chose to pursue with regard to the religious establishment of Scotland. Sir James Dundas, as we have seen, had subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant; and so did also the king, in 1651, when he was crowned at Scone. But his Majesty, soon after the Restoration, resolved that this and the National Covenant should be abrogated, whether under pressure of his advisers, or from some religious impulse in his own mind, we need not discuss here. In this decision he was supported by his Scottish Council and by what was known as 'Middleton's Drunken Parliament.' No Christian king was ever beset by so mean a band of noblemen and advisers as Charles then had in Scotland. Lord Middleton had been a common trooper, and brought to the court the worst manners of the camp and the military canteen. Fletcher, the Lord Advocate, openly took bribes to thwart justice. Lauderdale, the Secretary, was an unprincipled

sycophant, who found the nearest way to the king's interest through the Jezebels of the royal scraglio. The Rev. James Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, was an ecclesiastical pettifogger, regarding whom, the more we know of him, the less good there is to be said. All these, and many others, concurred with the king in having the Covenants put down, though this resolution was not for a time made public in Scotland. Sir James Dundas first hears of it in May 1662, from his friend Sir Alexander Hume, who wrote to him immediately after the appointment to the judgeship had been announced.

'Now, cousin,' wrote Sir Alexander, 'I must (but under this caution that no man living know what I write you) acquaint you with one thing that hath been discoursed by some here, that when you have the king's grant of the place you may probably refuse to accept of it upon such terms as all that exercise any public office in that kingdom must submit to, which is to subscribe a Declaration that is expected to be enjoined by the Parliament, wherein, amongst other things, it is believed the Covenant is to be renounced, wherein I hope so wise a man as you will make no scruple; for, to pass by the evil consequences and sad calamities that have followed upon the Covenant, which may justly make all men out of love with it, I conceive that even those who approve of the contents of it would make no difficulty of submitting to the authority of Parliament in renouncing that instrument, which will in no ways infer a receding from any point of it which they hold themselves in conscience bound to believe or practise, there being without question some points in it (such as maintaining the true religion, and defending the king's person, and divers others) which all men will confess ought to be inviolably observed, notwithstanding of the renunciation to be enjoined, which can signify no more but a disowning of that formal act as any tie upon them. This, I trust, will be your excuse in that matter, and that you will not by needless scruples disable yourself from doing God, your prince, and country such useful service as you may be capable of, in the employment you are called to.' (P. 24.)

It is easy to read between the lines of this verbose and involved epistle. The writer evidently felt that the man to whom he addresses himself was not at all likely to be one of those who would 'make no scruple,' although he assumes as much of him. Sir Alexander obviously anticipates no little difficulty on the part of his friend, and softens the effect of the coming Declaration, and explains it away as much as possible. We have not Dundas's reply, but six months afterwards we have another letter from Sir Alexander, in which he states that he is glad to hear from Sir James that there was some hope that the Declaration would not at that time be urged 'upon those of his order,' and adds:—

‘I am very confident some others whom you think to have scruples will overcome them, namely, a person [meaning Sir James Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Stair] of near relation to yourself, whom you mentioned in your last, he being, as I am informed by a discreet man that is intimate with him, resolved to take the Declaration, as I could heartily wish that you might, and hope you will if it be required of you.’ (P. 25.)

The king may have had at first some scruples as to the wisdom of enforcing the Declaration, for it is not till fifteen months after we first hear of it—namely, not till August 7, 1663—that the Scottish Parliament passed an Act ordaining that no person who had not subscribed a formal renunciation of the Covenant should ‘exercise any public trust or office within the kingdom after the eleventh of November next to come.’ When the time came for the judges to take the oath, Sir James Dundas absented himself, and refused all offers of another opportunity of taking the oath. The king, however, seemed to be desirous to give time to those—including Dundas, Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Crawford, and some others—who had conscientious scruples; and Dalrymple and Dundas eventually expressed themselves as willing to subscribe the renunciation of the Covenant if they were allowed to add in writing the sense in which they did so. Charles refused to accept this, and the seats of these judges were formally declared vacant. There is a long correspondence on the subject, from which it appears that the king afterwards pressed Dalrymple to reconsider his decision; and on the latter going to London and conferring with his majesty, an agreement was come to, Dalrymple making the renunciation with a verbal statement of his reservations. Sir James Dalrymple was an able and erudite lawyer, and the king may have stretched a point in order to secure his services on the bench. Dundas, on the other hand, being a layman, was probably not again approached so strongly as was Dalrymple; but even had he been so, there is every reason to believe that he would not have signed the Declaration unless he had been allowed to add *in writing* the sense in which he took the oath. After the matter had been finally concluded, it would seem that Dundas suggested to those in power the name of a gentleman as his successor, and from Sir Alexander Hume’s reply it would appear that the king did not again wish to appoint a layman to so important an office. ‘As for that person whom you wished to be your successor,’ writes Sir Alexander, ‘there is no expectation for him though all these places were

‘ void, the resolution being unalterably taken to fill all with
‘ lawyers, according to the constant practice of this country
‘ [England], which is undoubtedly more fit’ (p. 37). Many
appeals from private friends were made to Sir James Dundas
to yield so far as to accept the renunciation with an expla-
nation by word of mouth—even Lauderdale himself appealed
to him by letter; but all was unavailing to shake his reso-
lution, and he retired into private life. He died at Arniston
in October 1679, ‘ leaving behind him the well-earned repu-
‘ tation of one who, at a time when principles were put to
‘ the severest test, had proved himself a resolute and con-
‘ scientious man.’ The life of Sir James Dundas forms a
striking episode in the history of a family which during the
following century came to be so conspicuously identified,
not with the popular, but with the very opposite elements in
political life. Without being made aware, as this history
now makes us aware, of the fact, one could hardly have
expected to find so marked an example of Covenanting prin-
ciples in the house of Dundas of Arniston, which for nearly
a century was regarded in Scotland as the head or represen-
tative of all political autocracy.

Before passing from the life of this noble old Covenanter,
we must quote a paragraph of some literary interest:—

‘ In the early part of the year 1679, Sir James’s daughter Katherine
was married to James Dalrymple, one of the principal clerks of the
Court of Session, and second son of his friend Sir James Dalrymple,
afterwards Lord Stair. The contract of marriage is dated January 2,
1679. On the part of the bridegroom the consenting parties are his
father, Sir James Dalrymple, and his mother, Dame Margaret Ross.
The bridegroom’s mother, it is perhaps unnecessary to remind the
reader, was the “Lady Ashton” of Sir Walter Scott’s “Bride of
“Lammermoor,” and it is curious to notice that one of the witnesses
to the contract is “David Dunbar, younger, of Baldoon,” who appears
in that celebrated novel as “Bucklaw,” the unlucky husband of Lucy
Ashton.” (P. 39.)

For about thirty years after the death of Sir James Dun-
das, the records of the family are almost a blank. His son
and successor, Robert Dundas, lived abroad for some years
previous to the Revolution. He returned to this country
with the incoming of William of Orange, and in 1689 was
chosen one of the members of the Scottish Parliament for
Midlothian, which position he continued to hold till the
extinction of the Scottish Legislature by the Act of Union.
He was a man of quiet and unpretentious habits, spending
his time in improving his estate, and loving in his old age

to sit in the hollow trunk of an aged ash tree near his house, 'reading Italian books, of which he was fond, and 'the "Pastor Fido," which was a peculiar favourite.' He was in the time of William and Mary appointed a judge in the Court of Session, taking the title, like his father, of Lord Arniston; but appears not to have played any very distinguished part in the judicial affairs of his day. He was a sound Whig and thoroughgoing supporter of the House of Hanover; and as such the conduct of his eldest son, James Dundas, in 1711, must have caused him no little pain and anxiety. This was on the occasion when the Duchess of Gordon presented to the Faculty of Advocates, for preservation among a collection of coins in their possession, a medal bearing the head of the Pretender and mottoes of a strongly Jacobite cast. When the Dean of Faculty submitted the medal to his brethren, strong objections were at once taken to receiving it, on the ground that to do so would be to 'throw dirt upon the face of the Government.' Young Dundas was a member of the Faculty, and spoke in favour of receiving the medal and thanking the duchess for sending it. His speech, which was a strong one, he ended by saying: 'But, Dean of Faculty, what needs further speech? 'None oppose receiving the medal, and returning thanks to 'her grace, but a few pitiful scoundrel vermin and mush-rooms, not worthy of our notice.'

'The vote being taken, it was carried by a majority that the thanks of the Faculty should be given to the duchess, and that Mr. James Dundas and a Mr. Horn, of Westhall, should represent the Faculty on the occasion. According to the "Flying Post," Dundas, in performing this duty, took occasion to say: "I hope, and am confident, so do my "constituents, that your grace shall very soon have an opportunity to "compliment the Faculty with a second medal, struck upon the "Restoration of the King and Royal Family, and the finishing "Rebellion, Usurping, Tyranny, and Whiggery." The records of the Faculty are absolutely silent upon the subject, and there exist no means of knowing whether the statements of the "Flying Post" are well founded; but the Dean of Faculty threatened, in the columns of the "Edinburgh Gazette," to prosecute the editor for publishing false news; and the Faculty, at a special meeting, rejected the medal, and passed a resolution declaring their loyalty to the queen and the Protestant succession.' (P. 53.)

Neither the taste nor the prudence of Mr. James Dundas's appearance in this affair is to be commended; yet the fact that he was able to carry his motion in the Faculty is an indication not to be disregarded of the wide prevalence of Jacobite opinion in Scotland about the time of Queen Anne's

death. The Whig Government of the day was, as might be expected, indignant with the Faculty, and so dissatisfied besides with the conduct of the Lord Advocate, Sir David Dalrymple, that he was summarily dismissed from office. Orders were further given that Dundas should be prosecuted on a charge of sedition; and a prosecution was accordingly set on foot, but the proceedings ultimately collapsed, there having been a difficulty in procuring sufficient definite evidence, and the officers of the Government did not think it wise, in the state of public feeling, to court a defeat. James Dundas married in the following year, but predeceased his father, the judge, without issue. But the father's rage at his son's conduct over the Gordon medal must have left a strong impression on the people in the district, for Mr. Omond tells us that 'the common belief in Midlothian was that, to punish his disloyalty, James Dundas had been confined in a strong room at Arniston until his death.'

After the death of his eldest son, the hopes of Lord Arniston were centred in his second son, Robert, who had a career of rapid promotion at the bar. 'In 1717, only eight years after he was called to the bar, he became Solicitor-General, and in 1720 he was appointed Lord Advocate. In the following year he attained the high position of Dean of Faculty.' In 1737 he was raised to a seat on the bench; and in 1748 he filled the Lord President's chair. With him began what may be called the public life of the family, and in his time was laid the foundation of that tremendous social and political prestige which before the end of the century had rendered the Dundases of Arniston the absolute controllers of all patronage and power north of the Tweed—had made them the uncrowned kings of Scotland. Robert Dundas, to judge of him by the portrait engraved for this volume, was a man of handsome and prepossessing features, such as might aid a clever man in climbing the difficult steep to place and power; but, according to Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, 'his appearance was against him, for he was ill-looking, with a large nose and small ferret eyes, round shoulders, a harsh croaking voice, and altogether unprepossessing. Yet,' he adds, 'by the time he had uttered three sentences, he raised attention, and went on with a torrent of good sense and clear reasoning that made one totally forget the first impression.' With all this, he is said to have been naturally averse from study and application, and, except when employed in the practice of

his profession, consumed his time in convivial meetings and the company of his friends and acquaintances. Readers of 'Guy Mannering' will remember that Scott justifies and illustrates the picture which he there draws of the high jinks of Mr. Pleydell and his friends at the Clerihugh Tavern, by a note in which he relates a striking anecdote of the drinking habits of this same Robert Dundas. Yet, withal, when in the vigour of life and manhood, he must have been a man of commanding intellect and no ordinary powers of application.

Like his father, he remained a steady adherent of the Whig party; but it is not necessary to follow his career with any minuteness. The political life of Scotland between 1715 and 1745 was of the dullest and least inviting imaginable. It would interest no mortal to have the details of correspondence with relation to the election of Scottish representative peers, the adjustment of the Malt Tax and the Sinking Fund, and measures for the improvement of the Excise. As little would it interest us to detail Dundas's quarrels with either those same representative peers, or, to pass from great things to small, the town councillors of Edinburgh. Even the long correspondence that precedes Dundas's appointment to the Lord Presidentship is dreary in the extreme, and serves only to show the hungry scramble for office which then, as now, agitated from time to time the legal coteries of Parliament Close.

It is not till we approach the rebellion of 1745 that affairs in Scotland assume a higher degree of historic interest; but at the same time the centre of attraction in the Dundas annals is shifted from the father, Lord Arniston, to his son Robert, who, at the early age of twenty-nine, was already filling the important post of Solicitor-General for Scotland. He was appointed to the office in 1742, when he had been but five years at the bar, thus carrying on the system of nepotism which abundantly characterises the history of this family during the last century. When at school and college this Robert Dundas is said by a writer in the 'Scots Magazine' to have been 'a very good scholar, owing to his quick apprehension and natural genius; but afterwards he was never known to read through a book, except perhaps (and that but seldom) to look at parts out of curiosity, if he happened to know the author.' We hope this account is a little overdrawn; he must at least have studied his law books, for he was a good lawyer and an able judge, though, we may add, a very indifferent letter writer,

as, indeed, all the Dundases appear to have been. This literary defect is noticeable in a family that produced so many men of remarkable forensic and administrative ability.

A trying period for Scottish officialdom was now approaching. The Marquis of Tweeddale was at this time Secretary of State for Scotland—an important appointment, for the patronage of all offices had been conferred upon the holder of it. The Under-Secretary of State was Mr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Mitchell. The Lord Advocate was Robert Craigie of Glendoick, and he, having been more than thirty years at the bar, might have been for that reason regarded as a man of experience; but his young subordinate, Solicitor-General Dundas, seems not to have treated him with a high degree of respect. It is amusing to find Dundas, in his official correspondence with the Government, writing of his senior thus: 'I hope a little more practice, not in the law 'but among men, will make him more cautious.' It should also be added that Dundas, while thus disparaging the Lord Advocate, was at the same time not on good terms with the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Milton (Milton belonging to the Argyll faction), a condition of things which will perhaps help us to account for the deplorable state of official mismanagement under which Scotland suffered in 1744 and 1745. For some time there had been constantly recurring rumours of a rising among the Jacobites, and there could not be any doubt that emissaries from the court of St. Germain were busy all over the country. Yet the Scottish Department, with the blindness of fatuity, failed entirely to read these signs aright, and regarded all reports of a rising on the part of the Highland clans with the most ill-judged incredulity. We shall shortly see some of the fatal consequences of their culpable indifference on the one hand, and of their mutual jealousies and mistrust on the other.

The Government in London appear to have become alive to the necessities of the hour, when in February 1744 they began to prepare for the defence of Scotland, the unfortunate Sir John Cope being sent down as Commander-in-Chief. This appointment had been made, writes Under-Secretary Mitchell to Solicitor-General Dundas, 'without much consultation,' and contrary to the wishes of the Duke of Argyll. Mitchell goes on to say:—

'This gentleman (Sir John) has been what the world calls lucky in his profession. He has rose fast to considerable rank and preferment, without much service, and his success has been attended with the usual concomitants, envy and slander. But he certainly has both parts and

address, to acquire the friendship of the great, and to make it useful to himself. . . . You will find him easy, well bred, and affable, and I fancy it will be an easy matter to gain his confidence. Some early civilities will make him yours, he being an absolute stranger in the country.' (P. 120.)

The officials in London continued to press upon the Scottish Department the necessity of being vigilant. Lord Tweeddale was in the belief that 'some desperate enterprise' had been resolved upon by the Jacobites. He wrote to Dundas saying that he was 'glad to hear there has yet appeared no disturbance in Scotland; yet, as I wrote to you in my last, I even suspect that dead calm.' 'We know for certain,' he adds, 'that there are many French officers, Irish, and others, come over here, and are lurking about this town. I believe, upon inquiry, the same will be found so in Scotland. I have myself intelligence of two, whom I know to be there;' and he gives their names and where they are likely to be found. The Secretary is also, every now and again, under the necessity of imploring the Scotch officials to be at peace with each other, their petulant jealousies being constantly breaking out. He urges upon the Solicitor-General the necessity of preserving, 'in appearance at least,' a good correspondence with the Justice Clerk. Thus the year dragged on till we come to the winter and spring of 1745, when renewed rumours of an invasion began to spread. Tweeddale was still urgent as before. There were, he writes to Dundas, no doubt some 'ridiculous stories' going about; but 'such stories and persons are not to be altogether neglected.' One cannot help feeling, in reading the correspondence, that the Government in London were much more alive to the duties of the moment than the officials in Edinburgh. And the crisis was rapidly approaching.

Prince Charles, says Mr. Omond, 'landed among the Western Islands on August 2, or a few days before.' But this date is much too late. He touched the Western Islands on July 17 or 18, and dropped anchor in Lochnanuagh on the 19th. From that day he was in constant communication with the chiefs of the West Highlands and Isles, and on the 25th he set foot on Scottish ground at Borodale. Three weeks later, on August 19, he unfurled his standard at Moirdart, and the civil war was begun. And what amount of knowledge had the officials in Edinburgh of all this? Nothing whatever. One would think they would have had scouts placed at every likely point on the western coast, to

bring them information of any suspicious person or event. In London, by August 17, the report of Charles's landing had made so great a noise as to 'occasion a falling of the 'stocks.' So writes the Under-Secretary to Dundas on the date mentioned. Three days later, and within a month of the battle of Prestonpans, Mitchell again writes, saying that he still doubts the identity of the person said to have landed on the west coast, and that the scheme appeared to him 'so 'absurd and hitherto so ill supported,' that it seemed 'more 'like a drunken frolic than a serious design.' On August 19 the news *did* reach Edinburgh that the Young Pretender was beyond doubt in the Highlands; and Sir John Cope at once started for Stirling. The Government in London seems to have been maddened with the tardy and dilatory officials in Scotland. 'I don't know,' exclaims Lord Deskford in a letter to Dundas, 'I don't know what the devil possessed 'you all not to send Sir John north as soon as you at first 'intended.'

By September the rumours which reached Edinburgh showed that the rebels were rapidly gathering force, and were on their march southwards. It was also learned that Sir John Cope, instead of meeting them and giving battle, had marched first to Inverness, then to Aberdeen, and was now sailing back to the Forth! Blundering Whig officialdom in Parliament Close now began to see the result of its inactivity and incredulity, and was fast becoming as helpless through its alarm as it had formerly been in its self-satisfied idleness. The Jacobites were rejoicing in secret over the hopeless muddle into which the authorities had brought themselves. The citizens of Edinburgh were clamouring for leave to take up arms, but were not allowed to do so by the provost and magistrates 'until the Lord 'Advocate and Solicitor-General had given a formal opinion 'that it was lawful'! The Under-Secretary on September 12 writes from London to the Solicitor-General, complaining of this most foolish delay. 'I wish,' he says, 'you had been 'a little more explicit about the resolution of the burgesses 'of Edinburgh, and how they came to have a dispute about 'a proposition in itself so clear.' He would be 'ashamed,' he goes on to say, to mention the stories which are 'indus- 'triously and maliciously spread' in London as to the dispute in question. He states that the Lord Justice Clerk—with whom, it will be remembered, Dundas was 'not on good 'terms'—had written, complaining that no legal authority had yet been given for the citizens arming themselves. The

Under-Secretary goes on to express his opinion that things had been 'invented and published on purpose to justify the 'lethargy into which the Whig clans seem to have fallen;' and he winds up with this pithy statement: 'It is impossible 'to persuade an Englishman that self-defence can be high 'treason' (p. 129). Still two other letters follow, equally angry and equally animated, concerning this 'same delay in 'arming'—the second being dated, Whitehall, September 21, the very day on which Sir John Cope's army had been ignominiously beaten at Prestonpans, and Sir John himself off, a fugitive to Dunbar, carrying the first news of his defeat everywhere with him. That was how the authorities in Edinburgh managed to keep the Government in London posted up. It is a lamentable story.

There is no doubt that the members of the Government in Scotland had serious difficulties to contend with; but this fact should have stimulated them to more vigilance. Their weakness may be traced in part to the want of agreement and cordial co-operation among themselves, and in part to the circumstance that the Lord Provost and some of the magistrates were masked Jacobites. Edinburgh had been entered by the Highlanders on the morning of September 17, and was 'got with much ease.' The chief representatives of the Government then quitted the Scottish capital, if they had not already done so. Mr. Omond says:—

'Dundas had left Edinburgh some time before, along with the Lord Advocate, and had, since the occupation of the city by the Pretender, been at Haddington, Dunbar, and Berwick. He accompanied Sir John Cope on his march from Dunbar to Prestonpans, and was by his side during the movements of the day before the battle. Late on the evening of the 20th he and Craigie [the Lord Advocate] left the royal army preparing to bivouac for the night, with the rebels about a mile to the west, and rode off to spend the night at Huntington, the country seat of Mr. Thomas Hay, the Keeper of the Signet. Early next morning they heard the sound of guns, and soon learned that the force under Sir John Cope had been totally routed by the Highlanders. They then made the best of their way southwards to Berwick, stopping for a short time at Haddington, where Dundas assisted the Lord Advocate to write a hurried note to Lord Tweeddale with the news of Cope's defeat.' (P. 131.)

Tweeddale received the intelligence in Whitehall at midnight of the 24th. Half an hour afterwards, the Under-Secretary (Mitchell) wrote to Dundas. 'It was,' he says, 'with unexpressible concern that I read this morning the 'accounts of the battle near Preston. God only knows what 'may be the consequences of it to our country.' In further

letters, both the Under-Secretary and Lord Tweeddale urged Dundas not to follow the Lord Advocate, who had gone up to London, but to stay some time either at Berwick or Newcastle, in order to carry on the correspondence with Scotland. Dundas accordingly stayed at Berwick till November 12, when he returned to Edinburgh, by which time the royal forces under General Handasyd were approaching the city.

‘Very little trustworthy information regarding the movements of the rebel army reached either London or Edinburgh until it was known that on December 4 the Young Pretender had entered Derby. The news reached London on the 6th—Black Friday as it was called—and all was panic. “It is difficult to conceive,” Mitchell writes to Dundas, “how few behaved like men.” But on that very day the Highlanders were in full retreat to the north, and the invasion of England was at an end.” (P. 136.)

In the meantime a change of government was imminent in London. Lord Tweeddale at the end of December had resolved to resign his post of Secretary of State for Scotland. When Lord Arniston, Dundas’s father, heard of the Secretary’s resignation, he at once wrote to his son, earnestly urging *him* not to resign, expressing the opinion that nobody else should resign, ‘because resigning may shock the king, and we have always held it a medium in politics never to make war with the king whatever we do with his ministers.’ Dundas, however, had made up his mind to resign, and intimated his resolution to his father. Lord Arniston was indignant; he evidently feared that this dislocation from office might act in the future against the success of the family interest, and allow that of Argyll again to have the ascendancy in Scotland. He wrote his son a long letter, in the course of which he said:—

‘I hope you will think over the matter again before resigning, notwithstanding what ill usage or discouragement you may have met with. Some of many reasons against your resigning are: In the first place, since the Duke [of Cumberland] is to all appearance coming to Scotland to command, and is, I hope, by this time set out on the road, your station and office must give you frequent opportunities of waiting upon him and forming an acquaintance; and whether you may not get the better of some other people, whose patron he does not much favour, is at least an equal chance, and the rather considering the company that are to attend him, Duke of Montrose, Duke of Queensberry, and Earl of Rothes. Now, I don’t think any advantage can attend your resignation just now equal to what may arise from this opportunity and acquaintance. At least I should think this single incident sufficient reason for delaying your resignation two months. In the next place,’ &c. &c. (P. 139.)

The old gentleman's indignation and worldly-wise maxims did not prevail with his son. Even the tempting hope of 'getting the better of *some other people*'—a cautious Scottish form of locution which may cover a pretty deep hostility, and by which Lord Justice Clerk Milton and his 'patron' Argyll were evidently pointed at—was not sufficient to break down the disheartened Solicitor-General's resolution. He resigned his office, assigning as his reason the heavy nature of the duties; and his resignation was at once accepted.

'His real reason,' says Mr. Omond, 'was the difficulty he found in holding his own against the Lord Justice Clerk, who, it appears, did not treat him with sufficient confidence, and was therefore constantly putting him in a false position. Lord Arniston was much annoyed, and wrote to his son a long and angry letter, in which he declared that "provocations from the L.J.C. [Lord Justice Clerk] I "never would have minded one figg . . . as I know that neither his "impudence nor his patron's high power could have been able to turn "out one man—I mean either the Advocate or you. I must own, "your so obstinate resolution, notwithstanding, has given and does "give me very great vexation. . . . You have by this step established "for ever the power of the very man that I believe you and I "abominate."' (P. 141.)

The Lord Advocate wrote a kind letter to Dundas, wishing he had held on a little longer, as did also President Forbes of Culloden, who thought Lord Arniston had advised his son right. Yet before the end of February the Lord Advocate had also resigned; and no Secretary of State had been appointed in the place of Tweeddale. 'Thus,' remarks Mr. Omond, 'long before April came, with the final defeat of 'the Pretender at Culloden, a sweeping change had been 'made among the persons on whom had fallen the burden 'of maintaining the royal cause during the early days of the 'Rebellion.'

After his resignation Dundas went back to his practice at the bar, to which, being relieved from official duties, he now could give his undivided attention. But the old man, his father, was far from being reconciled to it; the resignation appears, along with defective bodily health, to have affected his spirits, and he resolved, in turn, to resign his seat on the bench—a resolution which nearly ended the brilliant career 'of his son, and which might, by destroying the influence of 'his family, have materially changed the course of Scottish 'political history. For Dundas declared that if his father 'left the bench he would leave the bar, and retire into

‘private life.’ Lord Arniston’s wife, Dundas’s stepmother, pled with her husband not to carry his resolve into action, for the sake of his son’s prospects in life. The old man listened and was appeased. ‘You need say no more,’ he said. ‘If my Roby thinks it would hurt him that I should resign, I will never do it. Let me bear affronts, contempt, &c.; I will never be a hindrance to the views of a son ‘I so much esteem as well as love.’ The death of Lord President Forbes in December 1747 put an end to all Lord Arniston’s ideas of leaving the bench. We have already stated that he secured the place rendered vacant by Forbes; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the Lord Justice Clerk—‘that puppy,’ as he used to call him—thrust aside.

In 1754 Dundas was returned unopposed for Midlothian to Parliament, in the Whig interest, and shortly afterwards became Lord Advocate. In this capacity he had a large patronage at his command, and he seems to have dispensed it with an eye to the strengthening and extending of the family interest. The Duke of Argyll still formed the chief opposition to the Dundas influence, and Lord Milton was still, as before, the recipient of the duke’s confidence in Scottish affairs. Great part of Dundas’s correspondence, when attending to his parliamentary duties in London, referred to the steps that were taken to watch Lord Milton’s motions in Edinburgh, to know what new friends he was making for the duke, and what new schemes were being concocted. This Dundas was indeed a cautious, skilful politician, with a keen eye for his own and his family’s interest, but narrow in his sympathies, and bitter in his personal hostilities, as readers of Dr. Carlyle’s ‘Autobiography’ will remember. Shortly after his appointment as Lord Advocate, but rather in his capacity of Dean of Faculty, he was brought into contact with David Hume, the historian, who two years previously had been elected Keeper of the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh, on which occasion Dundas had strongly opposed Hume’s candidature. As Keeper of the Library, therefore, Hume must have had frequent occasions of meeting Dundas, and in 1754 he appealed to him on a point of library management in which the historian differed from the curators. The point in dispute was as to the propriety of retaining in the Advocates’ Library three French books that had been recently purchased for it. These were ‘*Les Contes de la Fontaine*,’ ‘*L’Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*,’ and ‘*L’Ecumoire*,’ which books were ordered to be removed from the shelves as ‘indecent books, and un-

‘worthy of a place in a learned library.’ It is interesting to note that the curators who objected to the retention of these books in the library were afterwards well known to the world by their titles of Lord Monboddo, Lord Glenlee, and Lord Hailes. Dundas was probably suspected of sympathising with the narrow-mindedness of his brethren the curators; at all events Hume remonstrated against their action in the following characteristic letter addressed to Dundas:—

‘My Lord,—Reflecting on the conversation which I had the honour to have with your lordship yesterday, I remember that your lordship asked whether I insisted that these three books must be in the library? I believe I answered that the books were indifferent to me, and that being once expelled I did not see how they could be restored except by being bought anew. This answer was the effect of precipitation and inadvertence. I take this opportunity of retracting it; that if your lordship be so good as to interpose your authority in this affair, you may be informed of the grounds on which I conceive the matter to stand. The expelling these books I could conceive in no other light than as an insult on me, which nothing can repair but the reinstating them. Mr. Wedderburn and Mr. Millar, who certainly had no bad intentions, will not, I hope, regard my insisting on this point as any insult on them. And if any of the curators had bad intentions, which I hope they had not, there cannot in the world be a more rejoicing spectacle, nor one more agreeable to the generality of mankind, than to see insolence and malice thrown in the dirt. These qualities, which are always dirty, must in that case appear doubly so.

‘There is a particular kind of insolence which is more provoking as it is meaner than any other; ’tis the *Insolence of Office*, which our great poet mentions as sufficient to make those who are so unhappy as to suffer by it seek even a voluntary death rather than submit to it. I presume it is chance, not design, which has exposed some of the curators to the reproach of this vice. But I am sure no quality will be more disagreeable to your lordship, for if I may judge by the affable manner in which you received me, your late promotion will operate no such effect upon you.

‘As to the three books themselves, your lordship has little leisure from more grave and important occupations to read them; but this I will venture to justify before any literary society in Europe, that if every book not superior in merit to “*La Fontaine*” be expelled the library, I shall engage to carry away all that remains in my pocket. I know not, indeed, if any will remain except our fifty-pound Bible, which is too bulky for me to carry away. If all worse than Bussi Rabutin, or Crebillon, be expelled, I shall engage that a couple of porters do the office. By the bye, Bussi Rabutin contains no bawdy at all, though if it did I see not that it would be a whit the worse. For I know not a more agreeable subject both for books and conversation, if executed with decency and ingenuity. I can presume, with-

out intending the least offence, that as the glass circulates at your lordship's table, this topic of conversation will sometimes steal in, provided always there be no ministers present. And even some of these reverend gentlemen I have seen not to dislike the subject. I hope your lordship will excuse this freedom, and believe me to be, with great regard, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

‘DAVID HUME.’

Whether the Lord Advocate was, or was not, actually opposed to the retention of the three objectionable volumes does not appear for certain; but in a case which shortly thereafter stirred the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland to unwonted excitement, the part which he took favoured the illiberal side of things, and rendered him for the remainder of his life unpopular with the Moderate or intellectual party in the Scottish Church. The case we refer to was that which arose out of the first representation in public of John Home's tragedy of ‘*Douglas*’—a tragedy usually denominated ‘celebrated,’ but this, we may now infer, not so much from any permanent literary quality which it possesses, as from the extraordinary *furor* which its appearance in Edinburgh created, and the eminent names which were mixed up in the dispute. A number of ministers of the Church witnessed its first representation on the stage; and out of these, Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk was singled for prosecution by the Church courts. Among those who strongly supported Home was Lord Milton, and possibly the mere fact of ‘that puppy’ being prominent on one side decided Dundas to place himself on the other. The Lord Advocate not only joined with those who abused Home for writing the play, but he refused also to use his influence with the Presbytery of Dalkeith to get them to withdraw the invidious prosecution against Dr. Carlyle for his support of Home. This was felt by Carlyle keenly when, referring to Dundas in his ‘Autobiography,’ he says, ‘a word from him would have done.’ When the case reached the General Assembly, however, there was a vast majority in favour of Carlyle, showing, as he himself remarks, that the opposition to Home was more the result of local illwill and rancour than of any general feeling against him throughout the Church. Home, at the same time, to avoid the risk of deposition, had to resign his living. Notwithstanding all this—perhaps somewhat on account of it—the tragedy was listened to and applauded by an appreciative public. ‘The play,’ says Carlyle, ‘had unbounded success for a great many nights in Edinburgh, and was attended by all the literati and most of the

‘judges. There were a few opposers, however, among those who pretended to taste and literature, who endeavoured to cry down the performance in libellous pamphlets and ballads (for they durst not attempt to oppose it in the theatre itself), and were openly countenanced by Robert Dundas of Arniston, at that time Lord Advocate, and all his minions and expectants.’ Carlyle adds, that the part taken by the Lord Advocate in this affair was not only the cause of the animosity which continued to be felt towards him by the Moderates, but accounted also for the success of certain satirical ballads and pamphlets directed against Dundas some years afterwards.

In 1760 Lord President Craigie died, and the Lord Advocate at once proceeded to London to press upon ministers his claim to the vacant chair, in which mission he was successful, and thus became the second Lord President in the family. His younger brother, Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, in whose career the power of the family was destined to reach its culminating point, shortly thereafter began to come to the front, and in 1766, at the early age of twenty-four, and when he had been but three years at the bar, was appointed to the important office of Solicitor-General. It can readily be conceived that such appointments as this, and others which we have already mentioned in connexion with the Dundas family, must have awakened no little astonishment and resentment among the older members of the Scottish bar. It is always a disappointing thing for a man of ability and experience to see himself, with hair grown grey in his profession, set aside, even in favour of men of his own grade, on other grounds than that of merit; but when he feels himself compelled to give way to youths whose chins have scarcely yet felt a razor’s edge, the disappointment becomes humiliating. And looking back upon the nepotism of the Dundases, we are forced to the conclusion that nothing but the extraordinary ability and talents which had become for a series of generations hereditary in the family, and which enabled them to exercise their office in a way honourable to themselves, and undoubtedly in the end serviceable to the nation—nothing but this, we say, renders contemplation of that system of nepotism bearable with patience. The second Lord President himself was intensely alive, as his father had been before him, to every influence which could lead to the aggrandisement of his family or the advancement of its members; but he was at the same time a man eminently qualified to be at the head of public affairs. Mr. Omond

probably does not overestimate his abilities when he says that

‘The second President was probably the greatest judge who ever presided in the Court of Session; certainly as the head of the Supreme Court he was regarded by his compeers as without a rival. He cleared the rolls of court of a vast accumulation of arrears. He paid the most minute attention to the duties of his office. “For many years,” it has been said, “after he was promoted to be President, I have heard it observed by those who attended the House, that he seldom “or never was mistaken in any fact or circumstance relating to any “causo.” His regard for the honour of the Bench was such that he gained for it fresh dignity in the eyes of the nation. . . . The office which he held was always one of great dignity and influence; but during the eighteenth century the President of the Court of Session occupied a position of peculiar power. . . . He was not only a judge, but also one of the regular advisers of Government in matters both of policy and patronage. . . . In this difficult position, combining the functions of the politician and the judge, Dundas succeeded in securing the confidence and admiration of the country.’ (Pp. 200, 201.)

The first President Dundas occupied the chair of the Court of Session from 1748 to 1753; and the second President Dundas from 1760 to 1787, in which year the latter died, aged seventy-four. The father and son had thus, except for six years, presided continuously over the Supreme Court of Scotland for the long term of forty years.

When the second President Dundas died, he was succeeded in the estate by his son, afterwards known as Lord Chief Baron Dundas. According to Lord Cockburn, this son owed his promotion entirely to family influence, and was a man of inferior powers. But at this juncture a stronger than he took in hand the fortunes of the Arniston family. This was Henry Dundas, the late Lord President’s brother, who had become Solicitor-General at the early age of twenty-four. Although his life is not given in detail in this volume, being reserved for a separate publication, it is impossible to pass him by in silence; for he is, after all, the prominent figure in the Dundas annals. He had been Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate in the Government of Lord North; and when he took his place in Parliament as representative of Midlothian, it was not long before he distinguished himself by his powers of debate and the intellectual resources which he had at command. He served also under Rockingham, and, after him, under Shelburne, who gave him, in addition to the office of Lord Advocate, the Treasurership of the Navy and the whole patronage of Scotland. He ceased to hold office under the Coalition Government; but when, in 1783,

Pitt became Prime Minister, Dundas resumed the Treasurership of the Navy. During the next seventeen years he was at the pinnacle of power in Scotland. 'Henry Dundas,' says Lord Cockburn, 'was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished.' During the first half of the century, and later, the Dundases had been in the Whig interest, and for a time were the acknowledged leaders of that interest in Scotland. But in Henry Dundas's time the side of the Tories was espoused; and he, both before and after he became Lord Melville, opposed reform of all kinds, both burghal and parliamentary—became, indeed, the antagonist of every popular measure. He gathered unto himself the accumulated prestige of four generations of eminent and influential predecessors, and Scotland scarcely ever saw before, and has never seen since, any one man who held in his own hands such wealth of power and patronage. But in 1805 his political career was suddenly brought to a close. A Commission of the House of Commons, which had been appointed to inquire into certain frauds and abuses which were said to exist in the management of the affairs of the navy, issued a report in which were contained grave charges against Lord Melville. An impeachment was resolved upon, and in the following year Lord Melville was put on his trial before the House of Lords. On all the articles of the impeachment he was acquitted—on one unanimously, and on the others by majorities. But it was practically the end of his career. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Ellis before the trial, wrote: 'I own Lord Melville's misfortune affects me deeply. . . . I have seen when the streets of Edinburgh were thought by the inhabitants almost too vulgar for Lord Melville to walk upon; and now I fear that, with his power and influence gone, his presence would be accounted by many, from whom he has deserved other thoughts, an embarrassment, if not something worse. All this is very vile—it is one of the occasions when Providence, as it were, industriously turns the tapestry, to let us see the ragged ends of the worsted which compose its most beautiful figures.' When the hour of Lord Melville's acquittal came, Scott was among the foremost of those who celebrated his triumph by a great banquet in Edinburgh; but the song which he wrote for the occasion, and which was sung by his friend and printer, James Ballantyne, was

too 'scornfully jubilant,' and brought no little ill will upon the poet's head.

Lord Chief Baron Dundas of Arniston had during the lifetime of his uncle been somewhat overshadowed by Lord Melville's greatness. After the death of the latter, however, and when the chair of the Presidentship of the Court of Session had been rendered vacant by the death of its possessor, the Prince Regent and the Ministry were, in 1811, most desirous that the Chief Baron should have the appointment. The second Lord Melville wrote a long letter in which he urged him to accept the higher office; but after some correspondence the matter fell through, and he continued in his office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

It is not necessary to follow the fortunes of the family through more recent times; but we cannot omit reference to an interesting correspondence which passed in 1826 between the second Lord Melville and Sir Robert Dundas. This had reference to Sir Walter Scott's opposition, as 'Malachi Malagrowther,' to the proposal at that time made by Government to abolish the one-pound note in Scotland. The papers which Malachi wrote on the subject had evidently given great offence to Lord Melville, who, by way of reply, writes a long letter to Dundas but *at* Sir Walter. He had heard with sincere regret that Malachi's letters were from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. He strongly condemns the 'inflammatory tendency' of the letters, and thinks it is impossible to regard their arguments as 'addressed to reason and common sense; they are directed to the passions of the ignorant and illiterate.' 'I little thought,' he continued, 'if Sir Walter Scott is really the author of these letters, that *he* would ever have been found to be dabbling in such an impure stream.' Dundas forwarded the letter to Sir Walter, who replies through the same channel. The reply is written with vigour and manly straightforwardness, while many happy turns are given to the charges made against him. 'I am perfectly aware,' Sir Walter says, 'that the pamphlet was warmly written, but its subject was warmly felt; and I would not call a blister inflammatory merely because it awakened the patient.'

'I own,' he goes on to say, 'my intention regarded the present question much less than to try if it were possible to raise Scotland a little to the scale of consideration from which she has greatly sunk. I think that John Hume mentions that Hepburn of Keith, a private gentleman of pleasant manners and high accomplishments, was regretted by the Whigs as having induced him to sacrifice himself to a

vain idea of the independence of Scotland. With less to sacrifice, and much fewer to regret me, I have made the sacrifice probably as vainly. But I am strongly impressed with the necessity of the case, and I know that not a man will speak out but one who, like myself, is at [once] *above* and *below* consequences. Scotland is fast passing under other management and into other hands than Lord Melville's father would have permitted. In points of abstract discussion, quickness of reform, &c., the Whigs are assuming an absolute and undisputed authority.' (P. 324.)

The quarrel was, however, amicably wound up. Lord Melville sent a message through Sir Robert Dundas, expressing the assurance that, however much he might dissent from Malachi's views on the currency, this would not be allowed to interrupt his affectionate regard for the author; and the message was accepted by Sir Walter in the spirit in which it was sent.

But what Sir Walter said about the management of Scotland passing into other hands was daily being realised. The struggle for reform had become vital, and compliance with the popular demands could not much longer be denied. Yet even so late as 1826 the Dundases had failed to perceive the tendency of coming events, or that the old order could give place to a new. The representation of Midlothian had for long been as thoroughly the property of the Arniston family as if they had held it by entail; and the representation of the city of Edinburgh was almost as much under their control. In 1826,

'The family of Arniston were startled by hearing of a plot on the part of a section of the Edinburgh Town Council to throw off their old allegiance, and to elect the Lord Provost as their member in place of William Dundas, who had represented the city since 1812. At the first intimation of such a piece of treachery, Robert Dundas seems to have pounced upon the unlucky provost, and to have brought him to book.' (P. 326.)

The result of the meeting with the provost is communicated by Arniston to his uncle, Lord Melville. 'I went 'straight,' he says, 'to the provost. *He came into the room shaking and trembling, and clearly ashamed of himself.*' The italics are in the original, and sufficiently describe to us the terrible power the Dundases wielded over civic Edinburgh even so late as within six years of the passing of the Reform Bill. It need hardly, after this, be added that the provost, worthy upholsterer that he was, 'cowered his diminished 'head,' and William Dundas was left unopposed.

It is needless to follow the process of disintegration step

by step. When at length the Reform Bill had passed, the Dundas family still made a stand for their old privileges; but the Conservatives were thoroughly defeated, both in the city of Edinburgh and in the county. The Dundas influence had ceased. When the first general election under the new Act was completed, it was found that the Scottish counties had returned twenty-one Whigs and nine Tories; that the burghs had returned twenty-two Whigs and one Tory. The conclusion cannot be told better than in Mr. Omond's own words.

'The highest hopes of the Whigs and the worst fears of the Tories had been realised; and with this election the long-continued supremacy of the Tory party in Scotland came to an end. Few could have supposed, on the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, that within the short space of two years the whole of that elaborate structure of political power, which had been erected and maintained with such distinguished ability by the leaders of the ruling party, and, above all, by the members of the House of Arncliffe, was to be shattered to pieces. But nothing less had taken place. The old system had completely disappeared, and its place had been taken by a new system, the results of which, then unforeseen, politicians are, perhaps, now only beginning to realise.'

ART. IX.—*Mémoires du Prince Adam Czartoryski et Correspondance avec l'Empereur Alexandre I. Avec Préface par M. CH. DE MAZADE, de l'Académie Française.* 2 vols. Paris: 1887.

WHEN Prince Adam Czartoryski died in Paris, in July 1861, he was more than a nonagenarian, having been born in Warsaw in 1770, two years before the second partition of Poland. In his family longevity is hereditary, and sorrow and exile and disappointment do not always kill their victims. At the time of his death the whole Polish party, at home and abroad, was agitated, and men, according to their different temperaments and their more or less clear-sightedness, either welcomed or dreaded the outbreak of civil and insurrectionary war, and the passionate drama of a campaign. Not only had the Hôtel Lambert at that moment its own share of personal trials, but there existed many valid public reasons why these memoirs should not, on the death of the writer, be given directly to the world. In 1862, one long fragment was, however, allowed to appear. It referred to the famous conversation with regard to Poland which occurred at the palace of La Tauride, between

Alexander-Pavlovitch, then under the tutelage of his grandmother the Empress Catherine, and Prince Adam Czartoryski, then a subaltern in the Imperial Guard. Among the papers collected by Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski was this famous extract, intended to remind the world of 1862 that the Polish question had once been leniently viewed even by a Muscovite czar, and to show that Poland had once had advocates more worthy than the socialists, doctrinaires, and adventurers who had just hurried her into another unequal struggle. This book, arranged as it was by M. Charles de Mazade, did attract some attention, but since then another quarter of a century has elapsed, another generation has grown to manhood, and it is to us that M. Charles de Mazade now presents the early portrait of Prince Adam Czartoryski, as drawn by himself.

The book is in two volumes. The second is entirely composed of the *pièces justificatives*, of the drafts of state papers, and of the letters that passed between Alexander-Pavlovitch and his Polish friend. The period covered is from 1801 to 1823, two years before the death of the Emperor, but when Prince Adam had already experienced the supreme and irreparable deceptions which closed at once his official career and his intimacy with the Emperor. The first volume is only a fragment, covering the years between 1770 and 1809. Quantities of rough notes for a further autobiography exist, but M. de Mazade says that they are too fragmentary to be built into anything like a consecutive narrative. As regards Polish matters it is perhaps as well. They could only discover secrets better veiled, and sorrows which death has come to heal. The narrative, had it run on, must have stirred bitter memories, and perhaps for this reason the prince never elaborated his notes about the years of Poland's greatest anguish. Birds sing only in the spring; and if men after the loss of all their illusions lapse into silence, it is because, like Wordsworth's heroine, they

‘ have no more to say
Of that perpetual weight
Which on their spirit lay.’

It is none the less tantalising to have this autobiography close at Austerlitz. We should have wished to follow Adam Czartoryski beyond the end of the Coalition, called in Russia ‘ the ‘ War of the Forty Nations,’ and to have had his sketches of Tilsit and of the campaign in Russia, still spoken of as its ‘ Holy War.’ These themes have just inspired Count

Lyof Tolstoi's 'Peace and War,' a book so varied and so complicated in its interest that it is rather a *Summa* or a *Commedia* than a mere historical novel. How far more delightful would it have been had Prince Adam sketched those eventful years! He could have given pictures even more faithful. He might even have rivalled the *Souvenirs* of the young Lithuanian maid-of-honour, Mademoiselle de Tiesenhäusen (Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier) in her pictures of life at Wilna, when Napoleon was not only at its gates, but had stirred the hopes of the Lithuanian gentry, whom not all Alexander's blandishments could win from seeking to re-constitute their country through the help of French victories. Prince Adam has sketched the statesmen of the Coalition. We wish that he had gone on to portray Paulucci and Rostopchine, whose strategy, along with the snows of a most rigorous winter, have left to Alexander the prestige of being not only the most amiable of European sovereigns, but the only adversary before whom Napoleon succumbed.

While regretting its briefness, let us examine the fragment we have got. We shall assuredly not be disappointed. The style is delightful, and the high breeding and sweet temper of the writer give a charm to every page. Associated with the statesmen and generals of this epoch of really titanic strife, we see two human creatures of the most singular qualities, and of still more singular positions. Of this pair of friends, one is the heir to the crown of All the Russias; the other is the heir of Polish palatines and the kinsman of Polish kings. One is heir presumptive to an autocratic sovereignty; the other is a hostage, put into the Guard, as an Israelite of old might have been put into the priest's office, that he 'might eat a piece of bread,' and purchase for his family some measure of pardon or indemnity. This situation is a moving one, and it would seize on the imagination even if there were not already, in the person, lineage, character, and accomplishments of the young Pole, many of the elements which a novelist would select for his romance. Novels are after all only the histories of what might have taken place; and history is not a mere collection of facts, multiplied and multiplying themselves as materials accumulate, but owes its most undying charm to its human interest. In these memoirs the human interest reaches a high degree of pathos.

Born in Warsaw in 1770, Adam was the eldest son of Prince Adam-Casimir Czartoryski, Starost-General of Podolia. Warsaw and Cracow were then rivals for the dignity of being

capitals of Poland, and Warsaw was full of the palaces of the Poniatowsky, Radzivill, Brühl, and Zamoyiski families. Yet, assuredly, among these proud and insubordinate families the Czartoryskis were second to none in pretensions, in lineage, and in wealth. Descendants of the Jagellons, they had for three hundred years borne the style and title of prince, and this Adam-Casimir, covetous of a closed crown, actually offered himself for election to the throne of Poland when the other competitor in the field was his relative, Stanislaus Poniatowski. Surnamed the Mæcenas of Poland, he was not unfit to fill the public eye. He was accomplished and generous, received foreigners with a stately courtesy, and gave to his children an education adapted to their great station and to their greater hopes. Of course he had seen some military service, but it had been under the Austrian flag, and in his political leanings he was intensely anti-Muscovite. He led a large party. His brother, Michael, was Chancellor of Lithuania; his sister was married to Prince Lubomirski; while of his daughters, one was given in marriage to Count Stanislaus Zamoyiski, and the other to Prince Louis of Würtemberg, brother of the Empress Maria of Russia.

Such was the house. Yet on the birth of its heir fortune could not have been said to smile. Poland was torn by factions; its diets and *dietines* were hotbeds of intrigue; the nobles were impracticable, the feud between them and the peasantry had become envenomed. Adam-Casimir Czartoryski saw only one thing plainly—the ambition of Catherine and its consequent danger to Poland. He sided accordingly with Stanislaus Leczinski, that king of Poland who owed his election to the invasion of Charles XII. (1704), and his re-election to the fact that his daughter Marie was the wife of Louis XV. and Queen of France. Russia, on the contrary, was ever inimical to him, and Russian influence prevailing, he was sent to end his days in Lorraine, where Nancy owes to him, even to this day, the many ornaments of her stately streets and squares.

Poland now stood on the brink of the precipice over which she was soon to be hurled, and the election of Augustus III. was so much the work of a party that for some years he was not universally acknowledged. Moreover, he was at heart a Saxon and not a Polish prince, and, whenever the wars of Frederic the Great allowed of it, he resided in Dresden far more willingly than either in Warsaw or in Cracow. But if he was an indifferent absentee, there was another eye fixed day and night on this expiring majesty of Poland.

Russian statesmen are like vultures. They do not wait till their victim has rendered his last sigh, but they scent from afar the taints of weakness, instability, bankruptcy, and decay in any country or government. They mean eventually to tear the carcase piecemeal, and to pick its bones, but they begin by hovering overhead. Before indicating conquest they make tributaries, clients, debtors, and partisans; and before proceeding to partition and to the annihilation of race, language, and creeds, they will offer freely sympathy, subsidies, and help. They intrigue, they foment insurrection, they remove landmarks, separate families, abduct rulers, browbeat regents and palatines, suggest candidates, bribe electors, and sow the land with Russian roubles, which are as dragon's teeth; so that in the end they reap the crop they had long desired, 'red ruin, and the breaking up' of treaties, if not of laws. Catherine, whose policy was of this stealthy sort, had her left hand busy in Georgia. One struggle more, and hers would then be the sceptre of the famous Queen Tamara, and hers the inheritance of the oldest Christian dynasty in the world. Nor was one such intrigue sufficient for her ambition. With the right hand she had for long manipulated Polish elections, and she it was who in 1764 procured the nomination of her sometime lover, Stanislaus Poniatowski.

To Adam-Casimir Czartoryski that election was every way antipathetic. He at once proposed himself as a rival, and failed; but four years later the Catholic, national, and anti-Muscovite party, to which he belonged, and which was headed by Krasinski, formed itself into the so-called Confederation of Bar. Its first act was to ignore Catherine's nominee, and to declare the throne vacant. A civil war was inaugurated, and on it followed what is termed the first partition of Poland. From that moment the sorrows of the Poles have become matters of European interest. Stanislaus Poniatowski made some futile efforts to reorganise the fragments of the country, but his hand was eminently unfitted for the task, and the Diet of Grodno, like the Confederation of Targovice, provoked fresh expressions of the antagonism existing between the two parties. A second war led to a second partition (1772), and, after the triumphs of Souvaroff and the abdication of a king who was one in name only, Poland was, in 1793, finally dismembered.

To none of these scenes had the Czartoryski and their heir, Prince Adam, been strangers. The young man was present at the diet of 1782. There he saw the power of his family

receive a heavy blow. His father, sure of the sympathy of the Lithuanians, had hoped to carry by a majority the measures he advocated, and to promote to power the men of whom he was the head. But the royal and Muscovite party proved too strong for him. Russia scored another victory, and the stubborn old Starost retired to his estates in Podolia. His son says that the time passed there in hunting, coursing, fencing, and studying. The family next moved across Galicia to their estate of Pulawy, beyond Jaroslav. There their house served as a rendezvous for all who in politics and religion shared their views, and the young men had Polish and French professors, went to Carlsbad, and made a tour in Germany, visiting Goethe in Weimar. The Diet of 1781 saw them again at Warsaw; but the tide set strongly against nationalism, and in 1789 Prince Adam travelled; joined his married sister in Würtemberg, and went with his mother to England. He stayed with Lord Lansdowne, and made, both in London and in the industrial centres of England and of Scotland, valuable studies of our social and commercial systems. In Edinburgh his name is not yet forgotten, though the group of men who founded this Review, and who were his personal friends, have now all gone over to the majority.

The year 1791 was an important one to the young politician. He went through his drill under his brother-in-law, Louis of Würtemberg, and when, after the confederation of Targowice, Russian troops again broke into Poland, he fought at Polonna.

Now occurs a blank in the memoirs. Possibly the missing pages have been destroyed by the writer, or for him. At all events he does not explain how he came to be in England when Kosciusko fell (1793), nor how he came to be arrested in Brussels, when on his way home to carry arms under the hero of Macziewice. It was the Austrian police who stopped him, and as after the close of the campaign he went to join his parents in Vienna, it is only fair to suppose that the Austrian Emperor, judging the Polish cause to be hopeless, had begged his old servant and Marshal, Adam-Casimir Czartoryski, to restrain the patriotic ardour of his son. The heir was kept for some time longer in Vienna, out of harm's way, and thus prevented from further endangering the family fortunes. The same imperial friend it was who next opened a negotiation with Catherine to get the Czartoryski estates restored. The Czarina had confiscated them to render her great opponents powerless, but now that she had carried every position,

and ruled over a dismembered and prostrate Poland, it was her policy to rally, and as it were *russify*, as many of the great Polish nobles as she could win over to her side. Humbler houses might perish, unpitied because unnoticed, but the Czartoryski were the observed of all observers, therefore it would be well to exhibit them in her train. She accordingly replied that she would consider their case, but that as hostages for future good behaviour she should first require to see both the young princes, Adam and Ladislaus, at her court. At such a demand the blood of all these palatines, old and young, rebelled. But the Emperor advised a more conciliatory demeanour, and pointed out that ruin, and obliteration through ruin, stared them in the face if they persisted in asking for favours while they conceded nothing to the haughty and victorious sovereign whom they had so long withstood, in the cabinet as in the field. Perhaps the old Marshal, Prince Adam-Casimir, had a vague hope that this might be a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. At any rate, he gave in; a confidential tutor, named Gorski, was selected to accompany them, and on this strange errand the young men departed. Their heads were full of curiosity as to the career along which Providence and the Czarina had unexpectedly started them. Their hearts were not less full of wounded pride and patriotism, to say nothing of aversion to Catherine, whose crimes and indecorums, monstrous as they really were, had assuredly lost nothing when rehearsed in their ears by Polish tongues. Their position was painful enough, but on reaching St. Petersburg they found that it was not singular. The struggle being over it was to be expected that Catherine would make some arrangement of the vast confiscated estates of the malcontent Polish aristocracy. Many hastened up to the capital to assist at the *curée*. Some hoped to enrich themselves in the general scramble, some to gratify an old grudge, and some, like the young Czartoryski, to save a little out of this vast wreck.

Russian society was then, as it is to-day, the mere reflection of the Court. This is Prince Adam's first impression of it:—

‘It might be compared to the vestibule of a temple where all present had only ears and eyes for the divinity before whom they burned incense. . . . The Empress Catherine, the immediate author of the ruin of Poland—Catherine, whose very name disgusted us, cursed as she was by every one who carried a Polish heart in his breast, this Catherine, who if judged out of her capital had neither virtue nor even the decency required in a woman, had gained none the less,

in her own country, and above all in its capital, the veneration, nay even the love, of her subjects. Through the long years of her reign, the army, the privileged classes, and the administrators had had days of lustre and of prosperity. It is beyond a doubt that ever since her accession the Muscovite empire had gained in consideration both at home and abroad, and that order was established at home as it had never been during the preceding reigns of Anne and of Elizabeth. Men's minds were still full of the ancient fanaticism of a base adoration for their autocrats, and the Russians had been confirmed in this servility by the prosperous reign of Catherine, and this although some gleams of European civilisation had already pierced among them. Thus the whole nation, the great folk just as much as the small, and the poor just as well as the rich, felt themselves to be in no way scandalised at her depravity, nor at the crimes and murders committed by their sovereign. To her everything was permitted—her luxury wore a halo; and men no more thought of criticising her debaucheries than did the pagans who respected the crimes and obscenities of their Olympian gods and Roman Cæsars. . . . As for this Muscovite Olympus, it was in three stages. The first and lowest was occupied by the young princes and princesses, grandchildren of the Empress, who, full of graces, all promised the fairest futures. The solitary tenant of the second sphere was Grand Duke Paul, whose gloomy temper and fantastic disposition inspired all sorts of terrors, and some contempt. At the summit of the edifice sat Catherine the Great, in all the prestige of her victories and of her prosperity; secure in the love of the subjects whom she led about at her good will and pleasure. All those hopes to which the sight of the young court gave rise could only have their fruition in a distant future, and they in no way took off from the general affection for the Czarina, or from her supreme authority: nay, the young court was considered as an emanation or creation of the reigning power. And in truth Catherine reserved to herself the exclusive education of her grandchildren. Any influence of either father or mother was forbidden. From their birth the princes and princesses had been withdrawn from parental hands, and thus grew up under the eyes of Catherine, to whom alone they seemed to belong. The Grand Duke Paul served as a mere shadow which only heightened the effect of this picture. The very terror which he inspired strengthened the general attachment to the government of Catherine, for all must desire that the reins of government should long remain in the strong hands of his mother. Just as every one was afraid of Paul, so all admired the capabilities of a mother who was able to keep him in subjection to herself, and far from a throne which belonged to him by right.'

This is a masterly sketch, and it is followed by many more, all equally well drawn, of Catherine's minions the brothers Zubow, and of despotic proconsuls like Toutoulmine, of Bezborodko, of the Vice-chancellor Ostermann, and of Poles like his kinsman Lubomirski, come up to recover their fortunes, or of travellers like De Ségur and the Prince de

Ligne, come to hear the wisdom and see the splendours of this Semiramis of the North.

Prince Adam does not mention Grimm. Perhaps the proud young Polish officer secretly despised the factotum who was flatterer-in-chief to the Czarina, and who busied himself now with her literary efforts, now with her lace ruffles, and now with the marriages of the eligible young grand dukes and duchesses in Germany and All the Russias. The two men certainly looked at her from very different points of view. Both felt the originality of her character and the strength of her will; but Prince Adam, sick at heart from her tyranny, was blind to the gaiety and power of pleasing which she possessed, and which she herself valued as her strongest points. This is how she and the young Polish officer met: 'It was long before she would see us; but when we were presented to her she met us with her fixed smile, but was gracious enough to add, "Your age recalls that of your father when I first saw him. I hope that you enjoy yourselves in this country."' A Capua for Polish spirits she hoped that St. Petersburg might prove, and accordingly that evening the young men were admitted to dine in her presence at one of those dinners with which Grimm has made us familiar.

'There, in front of the imperial sofa and of the sovereign of All the Russias, we talk and chat of things gay, serious, or frivolous; often gaily of grave things, often gravely of trifles. The *entrée* to the Hermitage makes everyone equal, and one leaves one's rank with one's hat and one's sword at the door. In the dining-room there are two tables, placed side by side, each with ten covers. The service is done mechanically, no servants wait, and the lieutenant de police is *sold*, for he can never send a single report to her Majesty of what passes at those dinners. The places are drawn by lot, and it sometimes happens that the Empress finds herself placed at a corner of her own table, and that M. Grimm, or some other man of his value, occupies the centre.' *

To be so entertained was indeed a mark of favour, and the brothers accordingly received next day from flatterers many compliments on the step which they had made in her imperial good graces. As to their estates, Catherine long observed a diplomatic and cruelly tantalising silence. She had exhibited the hostages in her triumph, but they had as yet received nothing from the supposed clemency of their conqueror. At last she sent to let them know that it was im-

* Melchior Grimm, par Edmond Scherer, p. 263.

possible for her even to think of granting anything to their father. The whole of his estates in Podolia were declared to be forfeited to the Crown, but to Prince Adam and his brother the value of 42,000 souls (male serfs) was to be paid over, to enable them to live in a manner suitable to their station. It was understood, if not expressed, that these supplies were to be subject to good behaviour, so the young men could see no term to their involuntary residence in the capital. They paid over to their parents the fortune they had received, put on uniforms of the Russian Imperial Guard, and prepared to make the best of life at the court of a woman who had not only dismembered their country, but annexed their estates, and outwitted themselves.

While on duty Adam Czartoryski attracted the attention of the young Grand Duke Alexander-Pavlovitch. Eldest of the sons of Paul-Petrovitch and of Maria of Würtemberg, Alexander was really what he was wont to term himself, 'a happy accident.' His brother Constantine, who already reproduced much of their father's strangeness and brutality, could not be termed an equally happy effort of nature, and Catherine's education was in many ways a peculiar one. Separated by her from his parents, and little attracted to his brother Constantine, Alexander's generous sensibilities ran out in friendships, while in his head there fermented an odd mixture of the autocratic traditions of his race with the maxims of Colonel La Harpe, the Swiss tutor to whom his education had been committed. He was early married to a grand-duchess of Baden, but the alliance contracted at sixteen years of age was not one of intense affection. As for Constantine's union with one of the daughters of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, suffice it to say that it was one of the first of the great marriages by which that family has allied itself to every reigning house in Europe, and that though it was of short duration, it was very far from happy.

Alexander soon distinguished the two Czartoryskis, and Empress Catherine

'saw with favourable eyes a *liaison* establishing itself between her grandson and the two brothers. She approved of the friendship, but assuredly without guessing its true motive, or what might have been its consequences. I imagine that in her mind, and considering the ideas prevalent about the splendour of the Polish aristocracy, she thought it useful to attach a powerful family to her grandson. . . . We made excursions together on foot every day, for Grand-Duke Alexander enjoyed walking and visiting the neighbouring villages; and then it was that he gave vent to his favourite themes. He was under the charm of early youth, which creates images and dwells on

them without considering their impossibilities, and which constructs projects without limit for a future without an end. His opinions were those of a pupil of '89, who wishes to see republics everywhere, and esteems only that form of government which is conformable to the wishes and the rights of humanity.'

On one spring day in 1796, just after the Court had moved out to the palace known as La Tauride, Alexander begged Prince Adam to meet him, that he might show him the so-called 'English garden,' and that they might talk together at their ease. The conversation, which for one of the party at least was to be so momentous, lasted three hours.

'The grand-duke told me that the conduct of myself and my brother, our resignation under an existence which must be painful to us, and the calm indifference with which we accepted favours that in our eyes had no merit, had engaged his esteem and gained his affection. He sympathised with our sentiments, guessed them, and approved of them, so that he had felt the necessity of enlightening us as to his real way of thinking, and that he could not bear the idea that we should take him to be that which he was not. He told me that he in no degree shared the policy or approved of the conduct of the cabinet, and was far from approving that of his grandmother; that he condemned her principles; that the Poles had his best wishes in Poland's glorious struggle; that he deplored her fall; that Kosciusko was, in his eyes, both great by his virtues and by the cause he defended, which was that of justice and humanity. He further confessed to me that he detested despotism wherever or by whomsoever exercised; that he loved liberty, to which all men have an equal right; that he had taken a most lively interest in the French Revolution; and that, while he deplored its greatest excesses, he wished all success to the Republic, and rejoiced in it. . . . He said that he could not confide his sentiments to anyone, because no one in Russia was capable of understanding them, but that for the future I must feel how sweet it would be for him to have some one to whom he could open his heart, and do so with entire confidence. This conversation was interwoven, as may be supposed, with expressions of friendship on his part, and of amazement, gratitude, and protestations of devotion on mine. When I left him I was, I must confess it, transported as it were out of myself, and deeply moved, not knowing, indeed, whether it was a reality or a dream. . . . I was young, and full of such exalted thoughts and feelings that phenomenal things did not astonish me, and I believed willingly in what seemed to me great and good—I was under a charm, easy to be supposed, and to this young prince, so privileged by Providence, and sent upon earth, as I believed, for the good of mankind and of Poland, I vowed an attachment which knew no bounds. . . . Many persons, especially countrymen of my own, have since blamed me for having believed too much in the asseverations of Alexander, and I have often been obliged to maintain before his detractors that these opinions of his were sincere, and by no means

feigned. When Alexander was nineteen years of age, when he spoke to me in secret, and that with an effusion of feeling which was palpably a relief to him, about opinions and feelings which he hid from all the world, he did so because he really did so feel, and had a real need for confiding them to some one. What other motive could he have had? Whom did he wish to deceive? He followed, then, the leanings of his own heart, and he expressed but the thoughts of his own mind.'

Alexander, besides his liberal opinions, had other tastes and other dreams. He had a great love of nature and of country life, and to it he often threatened to retire, though, like his father, he loved military spectacles and military details. *Paradomania* was perhaps the only taste which Paul and his sons had in common, but a circumstance was at hand which was to bring into stronger relief the terrible oddities of Paul, and the defective education which Catherine had given to the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine.

That authoritative and high-tempered empress was suddenly called to her account. She had just received an affront from the young King of Sweden, come to her court to engage the hand of one of her granddaughters. We know by Grimm's correspondence how closely she had these establishments at heart, and how she ransacked every court to find the *cadets* or *cadettes* suited to her purpose. This bridegroom had the hardihood to break off the match after the court had assembled to witness his betrothal. The ground assigned was that it would be impossible for him, in a Protestant country, to allow the bride to have in Stockholm a chapel where the rites of the Russo-Orthodox Church could be celebrated. Catherine was intensely mortified, and her face wore, says Prince Adam, a sombre expression of sadness and fury, though she received all her guests with impassive firmness :—

'It was November. The weather was foggy and cold, but the Grand-Duke Alexander continued his walks on the quays. One day he met my brother, and after walking for some time they stopped at the gateway of the house which we occupied. I had just reached it, and we were all there standing talking when a messenger from the Palace arrived, and told the grand-duke that Count Soltykov expected him for a matter of great urgency. The grand-duke left at once, unable to guess what could be the cause of the pressing summons. It was soon known that the empress had had an apoplectic fit. She had for some time had very swelled feet, but would not follow the orders of any physician, alleging that she did not believe in doctors, and applying at her own hand some old woman's remedies of which her waiting woman had told her. . . . Lying, as it were, insensible, the empress only once opened her eyes. It was on the

approach of her faithful valet, Zachary ; then with a look of intense suffering she laid her hand on her heart, and closed her eyes never to open them again in this world. That was the only sign of consciousness she ever gave ; but the doctors assembled, and for the space of three days lavished on her all the resources of their art. It was useless.'

There was in Catherine's resistance to all remedies a something grimly appropriate. She had been wont to boast that 'no Esculapius of them all had ever passed her door.' She believed in gaiety and cold baths, in an *orviétan*, and in Bestoujef's drops—a quack medicine which she was apt to administer in the palace rather at hazard. But now she had come to the end of her simple pharmacopœia, or, rather, as Madame de Staël would have said, 'the forces of that powerful life were exhausted.' The Czarina died of overwork of the brain. She had written just before her seizure to Grimm, in that tone of banter which she used with him, about her literary occupations. She was engaged on a work (not her Autobiography) which would be, she assured him, very useful to the country, and remedial in a hundred thousand ways. There can be little doubt that, from the text of her own arguments, she preached in it the immediate succession of her grandson Alexander to a throne which she had ever treated her son as unfit to fill. Familiarity with these views of hers goes far to explain Alexander's subsequent conduct, and his first ukase, in which he speaks of himself as intended to continue the measures of his ever glorious grandmother. She says of the book she was compiling:—

'It is the most stupid work in the world ! it is immense ! the six chapters I have written are each of them marvels in their own way, and I put into it all an amount of work, exactitude, wit, and genius of which I never supposed myself to be capable. I am quite amazed at myself when I finish a chapter. Heaven bless those who will have to carry all this out ! It is really a curious affair ; and I shall require another year to finish it. *I work hard, and I am so taken up with it that even during sleep my head composes whole chapters.*'

Here we have unconscious cerebration ; and when to this irritable state of the brain we add the blow to her pride just received before her assembled court of grandchildren, favourites, flatterers, and officials, it is not unfair to say that Gustavus IV. shortened the empress's life by some years. We resume Prince Adam's account of her last hours:—

'The morning after her seizure the fatal news spread through the town. Those who had the *entrée* crowded to the court in all the haste

of fear, and with anxious doubts as to what might be going to happen. Most of the assisting spectators expressed sincere grief, while there were many whose pale and fallen faces betrayed their dread of losing the advantages they enjoyed, and of having to give an account of their stewardship. My brother and I were among those present at these scenes of terror and regret. Prince Platon Zubow, dishevelled, and in the utmost consternation, was remarked by all. 'Well might he be in despair, and so might those whose fortunes had been made through him.'

This the last of Catherine's favourites had been an officer of her Guard, and only twenty-four years of age when the Czarina cast her eyes on him, and with her usual cynicism first promoted him to the rank of general, and then that of count, and finally gave him the title of prince, with promotions and favours for his brothers proportioned to her predilection for himself. He had a great deal of courage of a certain sort, as when Catherine once wrote to Grimm that she and General Zubow sat together translating Plutarch's 'Lives' to the noise of the Swedish cannon at the battle of Swenska-Sund; one of the engagements of a war which left her so short of men that she had to put the very *frotteurs* of her palaces into the ranks. But Platon Zubow's courage was not proof against the trial of these November days of gloom and uncertainty:—

'He spent hours in destroying papers which might have compromised him, and in running to ascertain whether any of the remedies in use promised recovery for the empress. The confusion was now so great that all court etiquette was suspended. We penetrated into the room where the empress lay stretched on a mattress on the floor. She was insensible, but breathing heavily, like a machine about to stop. When Prince Platon had learnt from the doctors that all chance of recovery was lost, he first destroyed some papers, and then sent off his brother Nicholas to Gatschina to inform the Grand Duke Paul of the state in which the empress-mother lay. Although Paul had occupied himself about the possibilities of recovery, he was very much impressed by the tidings, and reached St. Petersburg in no small stir as to the fate before him, particularly if his mother should even yet contrive to rally. As long as any movement remained in her limbs Paul would not assume the power which had already devolved on him. He would see no one, and remained either with the body, or in his own rooms. Thence twice a day he conducted his whole family to a lugubrious visit to a body which was as good as lifeless. One of those whom he so occupied, and whom he hardly ever allowed to be out of his sight, was his eldest son: the heir of whom he was all the more jealous that he had been trained to supersede rather than to succeed his father. Alexander gave, during those hours, no sign of ambition, and Paul entered on the position from which he had been so long debarred.'

Never was there on any stage a transformation scene as complete as that produced by the accession of Paul-Petrovitch. It was not to say that ministers and officials were changed, but faces, costumes, fashions, occupations, amusements, all were altered. Paul, hated and hating by his mother, had for thirty-five years suffered every deprivation, and endured a yoke which made him determine now to reverse the whole order of government as established by her. He called up to St. Petersburg the regiments which he used to drill at Gatschina, and taking his son Constantine into his confidence, arranged many parades, and gave free vent to his mania for Prussian uniforms. But one of his exhibitions was of a more tragic and dramatic sort. He disinterred the body of his murdered father, Peter III.; had it laid out in state beside the corpse of Catherine; and set as watchers at this terrible lying-in-state all those officers and friends of the Czarina who had first had a share in the murder, and had then been raised by her to the great functions of State. For forty days and nights—the forty days of expectation during which, according to the Russian creed, the soul still lingers about its former tenement of clay—did this lugubrious vigil last, and Prince Adam, who saw the close of it, says that some of these men, hardened intriguers and conspirators as they were, came out of the ordeal more dead than alive. By this time the Zubows, looking like dethroned sovereigns, had retired into the provinces, and Paul had filled their places with persons whose obscurity of birth was only to be equalled by their incapacity for office. His caprices were terrible, and even when terrible still ridiculous. Cruel and arbitrary regulations harassed every class; every detail of dress, and hair, and beard became a cause of vexatious tyranny; and had the Czar's fits of fury not been varied by the intervals of calm which the Empress Maria and Mademoiselle de Nelidoff procured, life would have soon become impossible. The intriguers who separated this half-frenzied Czar from those two wise and soothing counsellors did much to hasten the catastrophe.

It is and it will remain a question how far Alexander was an accomplice in the crime which rid the Russias of this strange ruler. The '*Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski*' throw, we think, new light on the question of his innocence or his guilt. The evidence is not only given dispassionately, but is so consonant with the character of Alexander-Pavlovitch, that we are disposed to accept it as the true reading.

Alexander, romantic and sentimental, had a horror of despotism, and he saw in his father a furious and fatuous copy of the hard absolutism of the late Czarina. Alexander was vain, with the vanity which never tires of fancies, or of contemplating new and varied rôles for self-display. Hence his wish to have an opportunity to do good; hence also his longing to have an opportunity to shine. Hardly had Paul been crowned in the Kremlin when the heir began to occupy himself about the fairer future which he intended, when his turn came, to give to Holy Russia. Adam Czartoryski was again his confidant:—

‘A despotism, sometimes bizarre, sometimes terrifying, and even cruel, produced on the grand-duke a lively and painful impression, filled as that mind was with conceptions of liberty and justice. . . . My brother and I, having got three months’ leave, meant to go from Moscow direct to our parents in Poland. Alexander was sad and uneasy at the prospect of remaining without any friend in whom he could confide. He asked me to draw up and leave with him the draft of the proclamation which should make known his resolutions in the first moment when sovereignty should devolve on him.’ (The whole court was in Moscow on account of Paul’s coronation.) ‘In vain I resisted. He left me no peace till I had formulated on paper the ideas with which he was incessantly occupied. To tranquillise him I had to yield, and I drew up hastily enough, but to the best of my ability, this projected proclamation. It was a series of “*Whereas*,” in which I exposed the drawbacks of the régime under which Russia had up to the present moment existed, and all the advantages of the new one which Alexander wished to give her. It dwelt on the benefits of liberty and justice, to be enjoyed after the trammels which now hindered her prosperity should have been removed. Finally it announced the reformer’s determination, after accomplishing his supreme task, then to abdicate, and to hand over his power to the one whom he had found most worthy of exercising it, and who would then be called on to consolidate and perfect the great work inaugurated by him. Need I say how little applicable to the real state of affairs were all the fine arguments and phrases which I strung together? Alexander was enchanted with my performance, because it chimed in with his fancy of the moment, highly elevated, though in truth intensely egotistical, as that was! He put the paper in his pocket, and thanked me effusively for my work, which tranquillised him, he said, as to his future.’

Our space will not permit us to follow the Czarevitch through the labyrinth of intrigues which culminated in the great conspiracy. His friend was in Italy when, like a clap of thunder, the news of Paul’s murder burst on him:—

‘The first effect of these unexpected tidings was amazement, accompanied by a sort of terror, but these feelings soon gave place to joy. Paul had never been liked, not even by those whom he patronised, or

by those who had made use of him. He was too capricious; no one could depend upon him. The messenger who brought the news to the Russian legation was like a deaf and dumb man; he answered no questions, and uttered only some incomprehensible sounds, being at once under the impression of fear and of rigid orders to observe silence. He handed to me a few lines traced by the Emperor Alexander, requesting me to return, and that without loss of time, to St. Petersburg.'

This letter, probably the first penned by the new ruler of Russia, is the first of those which M. Charles de Mazade has put together, and we transcribe it. It is a literary and historical curiosity:—

' March 17, 1801.

' You have already learnt, my dear friend, that by the death of my father I am at the head of affairs. I am silent as to the details, meaning to give them by word of mouth. I write to you that you may pass on immediately all the business of your mission to whoever comes next to you in seniority, and set off for St. Petersburg.* I need not say with what impatience I await you. I hope that, Heaven watching over you by the way, you will be brought here safe and well. Adieu, dear friend! I cannot say more to you, but to allow you to pass the frontier I enclose a passport.

' ALEXANDER.'

This letter was written seven days after the murder, which happened on the 10th (O.S.), and the passport, owing to the agitation of the writer, gives a wrong style and title to the Pole. Prince Adam hurried northwards, and from a nominal legation accredited to a king of Sardinia who had no longer any kingdom. He had much to see and much to learn in St. Petersburg, for, kept in honourable exile by the jealousy of Paul, he could not be in any degree privy to the conspiracy which for months had really been an open secret. It was planned by the fallen brothers Zubow, by Panin, and by Pahlen, and it was by the two last-named officials that Alexander was first talked over into conniving at a forced abdication by the Czar. Prince Adam naturally makes the best case for his imperial friend's share in the tragedy, but he could hardly forget that famous manifesto drawn up by himself for the event of Alexander's accession to power, which was, to say the least of it, symptomatic of an approaching and wished-for change. We will even suppose that abdication and deposition had been the only things openly spoken of; but, called by whatever

* Prince Adam was at that time employed in the Russian legation at Turin.

name or names, the struggle with a madman to force him to resign a sovereignty which was backed up by 100,000 troops could hardly, even by this sentimental Czarevitch, have been expected to end in any way except the one which 'use and 'wont' had rendered tolerably familiar to Muscovite Czars and their courtiers.

Prince Adam reveals no secrets told him by Alexander, but he devotes a whole chapter to the tale of the murder. It is one of which many variants exist, and for the obvious reason that precisely the persons most directly implicated were those least anxious to divulge what passed. M. de Langeron's account is allowed to be fairly correct, and M. de la Roche-Aymon's to be fanciful. Rabbe ascribes the crime entirely to English agents, and throws the blame on English ministers and the necessity of opening the ports of the Baltic to English trade. Madame de Choiseul-Gouffier, (*née* Tiesenhausen), albeit an ardent admirer of Alexander, twice enters upon the subject of the murder. Her account of it was criticised by the friends of Count Pahlen, as well as by all those not disposed to believe that nothing worse was originally planned than a more or less forced abdication. Prince Adam says that he got all the details from General Beningsen, the man who literally forced from the Czar the signature to the act which the conspirators presented. But the narrative as furnished by this Hanoverian veteran differs in many important respects from the account given by another witness, and it differs precisely on those points which inculcate the narrator. Beningsen not only avers that he was not in the room when the emperor was strangled, but that he had forgotten (!) to whom the scarf belonged with which the fatal deed was done. Here Madame de Choiseul differs from him, and we also happen to have from the family of the officer on duty that night particulars which confirm her judgement, and land on Beningsen and Pahlen all the guilt, which the former tries to disown. In the first place some violence must have been intended, because the trap-door in the floor of the Czar's room was fastened by the conspirators, and this with the connivance of the officer on duty. They were all aware that Paul had closed the egress through his wife's apartment, and having locked the trap, they felt they could reckon on the isolation of their victim. The conspirators first met and drank pretty deep into the night, so that none of them were really sober when they appeared before Paul. They had already murdered the sentry in the passage, and on finding that the door of the Emperor's room offered

some resistance, Pahlen broke it open. He had in his hand when he did so a snuff-box given him by Paul, only a few days previously, when the emperor had spoken to him of a conspiracy on foot, and when Pahlen had reassured him by asking how that could be? 'for if there were such a thing, I should be sure to have heard of it.' Now the half-naked Czar confronted Pahlen with the angry exclamation, 'What, *you* there, Pahlen!' Beningsen then stepped forward, acting as spokesman for the rest, and told the emperor that he must abdicate. Up to this moment, thanks to the complicity of the officer on duty at the foot of the staircase, the conspirators had had it all their own way; but now a noise frightened them, and made them fear that a rescue was being attempted. It really came from the empress's rooms. She, hearing the scuffle, ran out, and swooned at the back of Paul's door. An attendant offered a glass of water, but the Cossack on guard in her passage, fearing treachery also in this case, dashed down the glass, and ran to fill another from a source which he knew was unpoisoned. Meanwhile to the frenzy of their deep potations the conspirators now added the stimulant of fear. Paul must die; he must not be rescued, must not survive to tell who had threatened him, nor even to plot, in an enforced confinement, vengeance on those who had robbed him of power. He had already tested the trap-door, and on finding it locked had given way to a paroxysm of terror and fury. Then it was that the armed men closed in upon him; the brothers Zubow, so eager for revenge, being the keenest, and Nicholas Zubow striking the first blow with a chair. This prostrated him. The sash of Pahlen seemed to be the weapon most suitable for their purpose, namely, to inflict a violent death which should leave few traces of violence, and which might be ascribed to a fit. The Courlander's sash was tied round the emperor's neck, and then the officer on guard (a Russian *pur sang*) noticed a strange instance of the divinity which, in the native Russian breast, does hedge in the White Czar. All the Russians fell back, and as Beningsen pulled the ends of the scarf to strangulation, they said to each other aside, and in Russian, 'It is a dog's trick—better let the German dog do it.'

Most of the conspirators were too tipsy to be very cautious, or to remember distinctly all the incidents of that night, but Nicholas Zubow, the same who had first told Paul of the demise of Empress Catherine, started off so as to be the first to inform the Czarevitch that the crown was now his. It is

only fair to let Prince Adam tell in his own words how that intelligence was received :—

‘ Agitated by the thousand confused doubts, terrors, and uncertainties which tore his soul, Alexander had that night flung himself, still dressed, upon his bed. Towards one o’clock there came a knock at his door, and he beheld entering Nicholas Zubow, with his head dishevelled, his face inflamed by the wine he had drunk, and by the fury of the murder hardly yet consummated. He strode up to the grand-duke, who was sitting up in bed, and said, in a hoarse whisper, “ All is done ! ” “ What is it that has been done ? ” cried Alexander in consternation. His ears seem to become hard of hearing. Perhaps he was afraid to hear what he had to be told, while Zubow was, for his part, afraid to say out what had happened. This lengthened the conversation, and so far was *murder* from the grand-duke’s thoughts that he did not at first admit such a possibility. At last he noticed that the count always addressed him as “ Sir,” and “ Your Majesty,” while he took himself to be only a regent. . . . The grand-duke was not ambitious, he never was so, and the idea of having caused his father’s death was horrible to him. It was as a sword plunged into his conscience, as a stain which must attach for ever to his reputation. I have never learnt anything about the first interview between the mother and the son after the crime. What did they say to each other ? What explanations could they give of that which had just taken place ? ’

None, indeed, except those which lay in the character of Alexander-Pavlovitch. Intermittent in his sympathies, fantastic in his imagination, and sentimental rather than affectionate, he was a weak man who generally halted between two opinions. He dreamt noble things and talked of them, and imagined that promises and professions were equivalent to the deeds which ought to have proved and ratified them. He had many fine qualities, but the gods themselves cannot take back their gifts, and he had not escaped from the neurosis which rendered his grandfather, father, and brother Constantine more or less dangerous lunatics. In him there was the same unsound caprice. He was a fountain pouring forth sweet waters and bitter, and he was worried by a sense of his own self-contradictions, which were so incessant that there is hardly a point in his career which is not marked by the strangest vacillations, one might almost say by alternations, of policy. Tilsit is so far a case in point, as it exhibits a sudden friendship for the Napoleon who had worsted him at Austerlitz, and whom he was to ruin at the Beresina. But it is not a perfect case of his alternate policy, because at Tilsit he was able to injure Prussia, and to prick out on the map of Europe the limits of a sort of duchy of Warsaw ; both

points which he had had at heart for some time before and after he struck hands with Napoleon. But Memel in 1802 is a genuine illustration of a caprice, and Adam Czartoryski did not scruple to tell his whimsical master that the personal sympathies he had conceived for the royal family of Prussia caused him to see Prussia no longer as a European state or a political question, and that this friendship had had most injurious effects on the campaign.

Alexander's friendship with Speransky is another instance. He made of that pope's son his finance minister, and employed him to draw up the *Swod* or code of laws by which Russians were for the future to be governed. But notwithstanding this code, with which the emperor was as much delighted as he had ever been with Prince Adam's famous manuscript proclamation for his accession, ukases were to continue; that is to say, codes were to give way at any moment to a sudden, sharp, and peremptory expression of the single autocratic will which governed the Russias. Speransky was at the summit of power, when one morning he was dragged out of bed and hurried off to Siberia. No *Swod* was consulted as to his case. The Czar had yielded to his enemies, to the reactionary party who hated the upstart, his Protestant marriage, and his theories. Before long Alexander repented, and Michael Speransky ruled as Governor-General of Siberia, over the very provinces to which he had come a few months before as an exile—again without any trial or invocation of the *Swod*.

Instances of his caprices might easily be multiplied. He went to war on account of the seizure and murder of the Duc d'Enghien, but was content later to receive Caulaincourt as French ambassador. He banished the Jesuits, but went often to pray in the chapels of Catholic convents. His relations with the Lithuanian gentry during the French march on Moscow, as given by Madame de Choiseul-Gouffier, are a study in themselves, and so was the cruelly tantalising game that he played with Madame de La Bédoyère when the allies were in Paris, and when he did not procure her husband's reprieve. What wonder, then, if in 1801, dreaming of a Utopia to be founded by himself, and hard pressed by Panin and Pahlen, he closed his eyes to the possibility of a foul deed of murder, and contemplated the mirage of his fancies while the crime was being committed which has ever since been supposed to have had his unfilial sanction?

What wonder either that this man of fair promises and of

ever-changing purposes broke his servant Adam Czartoryski's heart? But we must not hurry on to that *dénouement*. We find Prince Adam newly returned to St. Petersburg, and occupied officiously, but not officially, in the emperor's suite till 1803. It is curious to find him drawing up a state paper about the means necessary for concluding the occupation and subjection of Georgia, of which the last sovereign, George XIII., had in 1801 made over the sceptre to Russia. That result was not welcome in the country, and to say nothing of the unsubdued hill tribes, Lesghians, Ossetes, and the like, an attempt had been made at, or even after, the eleventh hour, to rally the national party, and to rescue Queen Maria while she was being carried by force through the gates of the Caucasus to Russia.

In 1803 Adam Czartoryski accepted, after many entreaties, the portfolio of foreign affairs. If he was to accept office at all in a Russian cabinet, it was easy to see that this place would possess charms, and to reward him for accepting the place as adjunct to the Chancellor Worontzow, Alexander named him curator of the University of Wilna, in other words, left in his patriotic hands the charge of public education throughout those provinces of Poland which now formed part of the Russian Empire. In 1804 he obtained the sole charge of the external and diplomatic relations of Russia, and he was in office when the great Coalition of 1805 was formed.

The fibre of Alexander's mind had hardened considerably in these four years. Liberal reveries were forgotten, like the famous project of abdication; if he was justly reproached for leaving unpunished the murder of Paul, he did not choose his counsellors or friends among the men of the 10th of March, but, shaking off Pahlen and Panin, he worked with advisers such as Novosiltzow, La Harpe, Paul Stroganow, and Adam Czartoryski. A few Poles were admitted to places of trust: a code was drawn up by Speransky and Rozenkampf, and order began to appear in the chaos of Russian finances and of Russian affairs. Prince Adam complains of the way in which M. Thiers, in his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' speaks of the cabinet of Emperor Alexander. They were not so very young politicians: Kotchubey and Novosiltzow, at least, had no right to the epithet, and by their measures Russian policy was dragged, as it were, out of the ruts in which it had too long staggered, and the empire put on a footing which could compare with other civilised European countries. As for their foreign

policy, they might with fairness aver that the bias of public opinion, making itself felt in Russia as in other countries, led on the emperor and the cabinet of the emperor to the conception and execution of a general plan when hostilities should become inevitable.

The story of the great Coalition is well known, and has been often written; but we venture to think it has never been told so fairly, so lucidly, and so succinctly as by Prince Adam Czartoryski. We will go so far as to say that his account of it is superior to that of M. Thiers, even when we read the pages which are not personal to the minister of foreign affairs.

In the second volume will be found the secret instructions given to M. de Novosiltzow when he was sent to England (1804) to arrange a mediation. They are alluded to by M. Thiers, but in all probability he never saw them in their original shape. They were another day-dream of Alexander's, who flattered himself that Russia and England would be able to guarantee the peace and safety of Europe. To Mr. Pitt and Lord Harrowby the plan must have appeared rather visionary than practical, and we know that it ended in bringing 'not peace, but a sword,' resulting in no mediation, but in the third coalition against France. Alexander became exasperated first by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, then by the occupation of Hanover, and by Napoleon's pompous coronation in Italy. War was inevitable, and he was to take the field; but this account of his start is characteristic:—

'The moment had come for the emperor to draw near to the theatre of events, but in proportion as we saw the moment of action coming nearer, I perceived that his resolution began to ebb. All the same we started, and throughout the journey the couriers of M. d'Alopeus brought us disquieting reports as to the effect produced in Prussia by the movement of Russian troops. Alexander determined to halt at Pulawy in the house of my family, wishing to pay them a visit. The idea of forcing a passage through Prussia was not yet abandoned, and, furthermore, Alexander persisted in his idea of declaring himself King of Poland. I had to write to Count Razumovsky to sound the court of Vienna as to such a combination. Austria did not appear averse to it, while stipulating that the old frontier of Galicia should be maintained. Lord Gower, returned from a journey to England, met us. . . . He told us that were Poland to be reconstituted, England would consent.'

Alexander won all hearts in Warsaw and in Posen, and went on to Berlin, where he had a brilliant reception, and signed the treaty of Potsdam, November 3, 1805.

The battle of Austerlitz is described on page 409. When it was lost, Adam Czartoryski went in the gathering twilight to rejoin his master.

‘The emperor was excessively exhausted and depressed; the violent emotion told on his bodily health, and I was alone in nursing him. We spent three days and nights before reaching Hollbach, and in passing through the villages we heard nothing but the confused cries of those who sought in drink a forgetfulness of their reverses. At the end of some hours of marching we reached a better sort of town, and there I procured a room for the emperor, and we got a little rest, though our horses were kept saddled and ready in case of a pursuit. . . . I should have liked to bring about a meeting between the two emperors, so as to assure their safety, but I did not succeed in this. The Emperor Francis went on his way, charging me with words of consolation for Alexander. They were all to the same effect, and assured us that he had already passed through similar disasters, and that though we had been directly hit by this blow we ought not to despair.’

Here closes the autobiography of Adam Czartoryski, but we must not part with him before giving a glance at his later years.

Faithful to Polish interests, he was at the Congress of Vienna, and we have the good fortune to possess, in the prince’s own handwriting, his account of the business as it related to the Polish provinces.

The many misfortunes which befell the monarchies of Europe had had their root in the conduct of the three states which first reaped the fruits of the unjust partition of Poland, and then spent the strength that might have overcome revolution and stemmed invasions in watching each other, and in trying to obtain even larger shares of the spoil. This it had been which opened the fields of Germany to French armies; this it was which lent a Polish legion to the armies of Bonaparte, and which made his approach to Wilna such a menace to the Russian strength. But it is none the less true, as Prince Adam remarks—

‘that when the Congress of Vienna assembled, no one gave a thought to Poland. I will, however, say a few words to you (Paris, Jan. 28, 1847) as to the congress from the Polish point of view.

‘The Poles had fought to the bitter end with Napoleon, they had fixed their hopes on him, and, as his allies, remained, like the King of Saxony, under the ban. The Emperor Alexander was the first who showed a desire to re-create a Poland, and to be its king. This declaration alarmed the whole congress, and its members saw in this desire vast and ambitious views of Russia which were alarming for Europe. That, indeed, was one manner of explaining the persistency of the Emperor in getting his project accepted. The interminable discussions

which followed on it delayed the progress of the congress, and ended by degenerating into personal bitterness between Alexander and the representatives—especially of Austria and England. In order to place the Czar in a disagreeable alternative, and so force him to abandon his plan, one of two things was proposed to him : either to re-establish a great and entirely independent Poland, or to make a definitive partition of the country without reference to its former nationality. From this proposition sincerity was, unfortunately, wanting, and the notion of an independent Poland was neither followed up nor advocated with warmth and perseverance ; and after having recorded it in a note, it was not again spoken of, everyone being aware that under all the existing circumstances it was almost impossible to get it accepted by the Emperor of Russia. No one either hoped or pretended to do this, so it was only to the second alternative to a definitive partition that they sought unavoidably to return. . . . Unable to conquer the persistent attachment of Alexander to his own scheme, the courts of Vienna and of England and of France ended by concluding during the congress a secret treaty of alliance against the ambitious projects which they imputed to the Emperor Alexander. The French and English representatives, persuaded of the impossibility of an independent Poland, reverted again and again to a definitive partition, and it was only towards the close of the congress that they began to perceive that, though there were no means for making Poland independent, yet, for the sake of peace and justice and of Europe, it were best to let the name of the country at least remain, but that it should have a liberal form of government, and that Polish nationality should be guaranteed under the several powers to which it was of necessity abandoned. The ministers, especially the English ambassador, while they consented to this middle course, committed the mistake of doing the work negligently, without attaching sufficient importance to a clause which had the greatest significance, and without augmenting the guarantees for those benefits which they were supposed to bestow on Poland. It would have been necessary in this treaty to defend her against the illwill of the Russian ministers, who in this matter thwarted the intentions of the Emperor Alexander as far as lay in their power. The result was that in the treaty were clauses that might be read in two ways. Only Alexander was persistent. It was his *whim of the moment* ; he was besides so well intentioned, that in spite of all that has been said, I fully believe him to have been sincere at that moment in his desire to give such measure of justice as he could to Poland, and that to do this he resisted all his ministers and those of all Europe.

‘The congress once over, the Western courts thought no further of what had been done for Poland at Vienna. . . . One of the chief causes of our misfortunes and of the present disturbance in Europe (misfortunes and troubles which are still far from having reached their term) lay in this indifference, in this forgetfulness on the part of the Western powers, in their ignorance about Poland—ignorance and indifference which were to last till 1830—and replaced them by marks of sympathy destined to remain sterile up to this day. Yet we do not wish to lose their interest, and we hope that some day or other we

may have recourse to it. I repeat it, *the whole truth*, about the Congress of Vienna ought not to be published, still I think that from it we may draw useful considerations, counsels, and opinions. . . . The copy of a memorandum by M. Pozzo di Borgo, which I have found, proved that the emperor acted with knowledge of the facts, his eyes open to all that was to be said for or against the question. M. Pozzo di Borgo and M. de Stein, the two men gifted with the most superior talents among all on this stage of Vienna, were most bitterly opposed to Poland, under whatever form it was intended to favour her.'

When this letter was penned in Paris, the writer had long been an exile. He did not become one till after bitter trials and a twofold struggle. First with Emperor Alexander, who granted a constitution to the Poles, permitted them in their diets to use their native language, vote their own taxes, and even re-established a national Polish army. But here, as in other departments, reactionary men urged reactionary measures, and the tyranny exercised under Alexander's name proved to Adam Czartoryski that the romantic dreams of a young grand-duke are one thing, the selfish and imperious necessities of kingcraft another. He remonstrated. In August 1821 he writes:—'Rarely now do I importune you 'with my letters'—to this low ebb had their friendship reached. It lasted till October 1823, and then, in nine curt lines, Prince Adam sent in his resignation as curator of the university of Wilna, an office which he had retained up to that time. Alexander died in 1825, and the Polish policy of Nicholas was epitomised in his celebrated message to the Poles: 'No dreams, gentlemen; no dreams.' On the terrible sufferings of the Polish nation during his reign this is not the place to enter. Seen from his own point of view, the policy of Nicholas was, however, as successful as it was cruel. He again epitomised the situation when he said that 'this was a family quarrel, with which outsiders had 'nothing to do.' He did contrive so to isolate the Polish from European questions, that outsiders, in 1830, did not interfere in the ten months' civil war, which is one of the most sanguinary on record. In it Prince Adam Czartoryski played a part, and he was head of the provisional Government at Warsaw, having for his military supporters Chlopicki, Skrzynecki, and Dembinski. The result as regarded Prince Adam was exile.

He was married to Princess Anna Sapieha-Kodenska, and her estates, like those of the Korzec branch of his own house, lay in Galicia, beyond the theatre of what Nicholas termed 'the family quarrel.' But here, too, an

event occurred in 1846 which affected Prince Adam profoundly. To Cracow in 1815 neutrality and independence had been secured, and this independence, ratified under the great seal of England, was clothed with the reciprocal ratification of all the Powers. Metternich never, however, regarded this with a favourable eye, and he declared that Cracow was a *foyer* of revolt, a source from which, thanks to the Polish immigrants and emigrants, poison was disseminated in all the adjoining countries. This verdict he repeated over and over again, and when the troubles of 1845-46 broke out, the blame was not only laid on the great Polish families in emigration, but proclamations bearing the names of Prince Adam Czartoryski, and of his nephew, Ladislas Zamoyiski, were forged in the official newspapers.* On account of a proclamation which he never wrote, and which no one even went through the comedy of attempting to bring home to him, the estates of his wife in Galicia were sequestered. Adam Czartoryski was a patriot: as such he would never have been privy to the Galician *Jacquerie* of February 1846; and as he was a patriot, he again deplored the appearance, by 1861, in the ranks of the Polish patriots, of the desperadoes and socialists of Paris.

He lived on in the Hôtel Lambert, convinced that if history has already often recorded the justice of God, she may do so again, and that it is only by the principles of justice and good faith that the peace of the world can be maintained. His house, with its vast courtyard, looked like a little oasis of dignity and silence in the world of busy Paris; it was a centre of kindness and charity to Poles in a foreign land, and, thanks to its influence, the bread of exile was found less salt by many a solitary emigrant.

* We may refer our readers to the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxxv. (1817), for an account of the incorporation of the free city and territory of Cracow with the Austrian Empire, an article which was written by the desire, and with the assistance and approval, of the late Prince Consort.

ART. X.—1. *The Present Position of European Politics, or Europe in 1887.* By the Author of 'Greater Britain.' 8vo. London: 1887.

2. *Des Causes actuelles de Guerre en Europe, et de l'Arbitrage.* Par EMILE DE LAVELEYE. Bruxelles et Paris: 1873.

IT is a relief to ourselves, and we hope it may be a relief to our readers, briefly to survey the present position of European politics, leaving behind us the clamour of Irish rebels and repudiators, and the practices of their English allies who are not ashamed to use the vilest instruments for their selfish purposes. Ireland, after all, is but a speck on the glass of a telescope whose vast range commands the civilised world, and even the habitable globe. We therefore prefix to these remarks a volume which professes to take the most recent survey of European affairs, to which we add M. de Laveleye's essay on the causes of war. The writer of the English volume, whose name is now withdrawn from notice, is known to be a man conversant with public affairs both in England and on the Continent, and who has even held high office in the foreign department of State. We are surprised, therefore, that in this rapid review of the policy of Germany, France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, he has not produced a better and more finished work. The style of these essays is loose and discursive; the facts quoted by the writer, on no satisfactory evidence, are thrown together without method; and, as we shall endeavour to show, the inferences drawn from them are to the last degree unsubstantial. But what strikes us most forcibly as the defect of this book is the total absence of any sense of justice and injustice, of right and wrong, and of any indignant protest against the pernicious doctrine that might makes right. The author displays a complete indifference to those principles of international law which must in the long run govern the fate of nations, and he offers no discriminating analysis of the political principles which regulate the policy of every well-ordered State. If we believed the reasoning of this writer, peace and war would become the result of mechanical forces or chance; but the study of politics would be abject if it led to no higher results than these.

We start, however, from the same point as our author when he observes *in limine* 'that the present position of the European world is one in which sheer force holds a larger place than it has held in modern times since the fall of

‘Napoleon.’ Strangely enough, he adds that the present reign of force in Europe dates from the period of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. This is a total misrepresentation. The disruption of Europe, which tore up the treaties that had survived the convulsion of 1848 and the Crimean war, dates from the invasion of Italy under the Emperor Napoleon III. and M. de Cavour in 1859, followed by the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy by the German Powers in 1864, and again by the total overthrow of the Germanic Confederation in 1866, and the establishment of the military ascendancy of Prussia, which led to the war of 1870 and subsequent events. The Treaty of Berlin, far from being a destructive instrument, was an attempt, not altogether unsuccessful, to set limits to Russian aggression, and to re-establish the concert of the Great Powers on Eastern affairs. But it is true that the great events which preceded it had swept away every trace of the last general settlement of Europe; that no general international treaty is in existence which can claim undisputed authority; and that no complete and confidential alliances can be said permanently to unite any of the European Powers. When, therefore, this writer speaks of the ascendancy of sheer force, he means the absence of international law—the absence of any standard of equity and positive right to which the differences of nations can be referred, and the extinction of those principles on which a system of European polity can alone be solidly founded.

The Treaty of Westphalia in the seventeenth century, and the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, were great public acts sanctioned by all the Powers for the purpose of regulating their mutual relations. Exhausted by long wars, and sincerely anxious for the establishment of lasting peace and the reduction of military establishments, the parties to those treaties sought to substitute the authority of public law for the rule of force, and to place the rights of each under the protection of all. They extended to the humblest members of the European community, such as the free cities of Germany, the republic of Cracow, and the canton of Geneva, the same rights which were claimed by empires; and the overthrow of the controlling authority of these great conventions, which formed the basis of public law in Europe, has been followed by the extinction of the independence of a multitude of minor states, and a sense of insecurity pervading the whole fabric from which the greatest Powers are not exempt. If, therefore, sheer force holds a larger place than it has held since the fall of Napoleon, the true significance

of that fact is that the authority of public law has been shaken or destroyed, and with this aggravation, that the sheer force exercised by Napoleon ruled during a time of war, whereas the present lawless state of Europe has sprung up and exists during a period of protracted peace—of peace, indeed, not undisturbed by frequent alarms, and imposing upon the overburdened populations of the Continent an enormous expenditure of men and money in military establishments scarcely less intolerable than war itself. Such, however, is the present position of European politics. Our object in the following remarks is not to dwell on the diplomatic incidents of the day, to which this writer appears to us to devote more attention than they deserve, but rather to point out those general principles which must ultimately regulate the policy of nations and the course of human affairs.

The actual condition of the principal states of the Continent as described by this writer resembles that of machines charged to excess with explosive materials, and ready to burst forth upon some trifling occasion in all the horrors of universal war; but we seek in vain in these pages for any clear intimation of a direct cause sufficient to justify the outbreak of hostilities, and we entirely deny that the occurrence of disturbances among the semi-civilised peoples of the Balkan, or in the remoter parts of the globe, is an adequate cause for a contest which would convulse the world. In this respect Prince Bismarck has shown a wise and haughty indifference to the petty incidents which are made the most of by newspaper correspondents and officious diplomatists, and he places the maintenance of peace upon far broader and higher grounds than the possession of an island in the Pacific Ocean or the independence of Bulgaria. Lord Beaconsfield is said to have remarked that ‘we make our lives miserable by the anticipation of evils which never happen,’ and we should escape the scares which periodically agitate the stock exchanges and fill the newspapers with idle rumours if we looked with more confidence to the general political principles which must govern the conduct of statesmen. This writer himself, who draws such formidable inferences from the present state of European politics, and appears to see a conflagration breaking out at every corner of the European fabric, is obliged to acknowledge that

‘Rumours of war are bad enough, but it is not easy to see whence at this moment actual war is likely to come. France does not intend that war shall grow out of the Egyptian question. France is not going

to attack Germany in a single-handed struggle. Germany is not going to attack France. Russia is the one power that is a comet of eccentric orbit rather than a planet in the European system.'

But we go further, and we shall endeavour to show that the enormous preparations for war which are supposed to betoken the imminence of that catastrophe do in reality render its actual occurrence rather less than more probable, and that it is an entire misapprehension to suppose that because the armies of the Continent—or what are called armies—are reckoned by millions of men, it is more easy or more possible for the great continental Powers to carry on protracted hostilities. This writer founds the whole of his speculations on the enormous numerical forces of armed men which he conceives to be in existence. We very much doubt the accuracy of his figures, and it is impossible to compute the real fighting power of an armed but uninstructed population. But it may be argued, we think with reason, that the magnitude of these armies is rather an impediment than an aid to effective operations in war, and would entail intolerable burdens on a nation which should endeavour to bring its whole virile population into the field.

We are asked to believe that France has a force of 3,408,000 instructed and 701,000 untaught men, or 4,109,000 in all; or, all deductions being made, it is stated that 'France possesses 'an army of 2,500,000 men, with artillery and cavalry proper 'for an army of 2,000,000, able at once to stand in line upon 'the frontier, and to carry on simple though not complicated 'movements in the field.' The strength of the German armies is stated to be somewhat inferior in numbers, but superior in training and military traditions; and when our author travels to Russia, he asserts that the Russian peace army amounts to 890,000 men, whilst, if all her contingents be taken into account, he conceives that Russia could place six millions of men in the field. We are utterly incredulous as to the existence of these armed hordes, which would resemble the bands of Attila rather than the regular troops of a civilised power; and, even if they existed, it could be shown that the exigencies of such forces are incompatible with the operations of scientific war, and we should deny them the true character of an army at all.

For what is an army? It consists, as regards the rank and file, not merely of men taught the use of arms and a few military movements, but of men who have acquired by time and service that tenacity of discipline which constitutes a soldier—men who, by the habit of implicit obedience, have

merged their individual will in the collective strength of the body to which they belong, by absolute confidence in their commanding officers, and by equal confidence in mutual support. Such was the character of the small British detachments which enabled them to resist the furious onslaught of the warriors of the desert against the most fearful odds. Next come the non-commissioned officers. They are the bone and sinew of the military body, whose cohesion depends on their steady, permanent, and watchful authority. Armies in which these men hold their posts for a short time, or are eagerly awaiting promotion to the higher ranks, run the risk of losing their most important organs. Above them are the regimental officers, whose first duty it is to acquire the absolute confidence of their men. On this point General Boulanger, to do him justice, delivered the other day some judicious remarks to the division now under his command.

‘In modern warfare we need something besides rules and equations. We must take the human factor into account. You may have the most perfect armament in the world, the very best methods of attack, the most admirable strategic plan; all that is no good if you cannot bring the private soldier up to the scratch, and if you have it not in you to make the common soldier, whether he carry a sabre or a rifle, bring all his manhood to bear in the struggle. Well, you can only do that by constant contact with the private soldier. It is by inspiring the rank and file with thorough confidence, by giving them the example of coolness under fire, and not by speculative and scientific theories, that officers fit themselves for war. It is thus that the qualities of the soldier have to be acquired, and those qualities we need more than ever at the present day.’

No doubt these are the qualities most needed in troops, but they are precisely the qualities most difficult, not to say impossible, of attainment in popular armies composed of men under short compulsory service. They can only exist where there is a long and intimate connexion between all ranks of the corps. You may have highly educated officers, but nothing but time and long discipline can create the close moral influence of the officers on the soldier.

In the higher ranks the same knowledge and mutual confidence are indispensably required between the generals whose duty it is to cooperate with each other. But all this fails to constitute an army without the absolute commanding intelligence that must pervade and direct every part of it as a compact and indissoluble whole. To a considerable extent it must be said that the German armies have attained this very high character, to which are due their successes

in the field. This result is attributable to the Spartan discipline of nearly a century, to the strictly local character of the service, and to the peculiar geographical position of the country. But we fail to perceive that these essential conditions are, or are likely to be, attained by the democratic or popular armies of other states. Regular, or, as we may term them, professional armies are composed of men who look to military service as the duty and the object of their lives. National armies raised by universal compulsory conscription consist of men torn from the avocations by which they live, who do not regard military service as their profession, and who are eager to escape from the bondage of the ranks and return to civil life. Time and habit are wholly wanting to form them into regular soldiers, and they retain at best but the character of a militia, serviceable for the defence of their country, but entirely useless for the offensive operations of scientific warfare.

It deserves to be noted that wars carried on by very large bodies of comparatively raw troops, commanded by inexperienced officers, are far more sanguinary than the skilful operations of a regular army. The experience of the late American Civil War affords conclusive evidence of the fact. That contest was carried on with extreme violence between two armed peoples—or two divisions of the same people—without experience of war. Enormous masses of troops were brought into the field. General Grant boasted that he had commanded a million of men, and he owed his victory to the numerical force which crushed the enemy. But the loss of life was prodigious. It is believed that half a million of men perished in the struggle, on the two sides; a result due to the inexperience of the commander and the rashness of untrained troops. The risk of life is greatest in armies which have not learned to protect themselves, and the civil combatant (as he may be termed) runs far greater dangers than the experienced soldier.

The greatest achievements in war, from the time of Alexander to the time of Napoleon, were wrought by comparatively small bodies of men trained to the highest perfection of military unity. Thus the great campaign of 1805 was won by the consummate efficiency and long training of the army of Boulogne, which enabled Napoleon to advance with irresistible force on Ulm and Vienna. But at Austerlitz Napoleon brought only 65,000 men into the field, and of these only 45,000 were engaged in the battle. Other examples of the same kind are not wanting in our own

history. It is obvious that all the difficulties attending the movements of large bodies of men increase in a geometrical progression with their size. Food, ammunition, forage for horses, even water for the troops, must be found on an enormous scale, and, failing any of these supplies, the larger the army is the more it becomes incapable of action.

Moreover, military service on this scale, which involves the 'mobilisation,' as it is termed, of the whole virile population, would necessitate the interruption of all the functions of civil life; the fields would be untilled, the manufactories deserted, labour arrested, and, in place of the earnings of the national industry, the entire cost of the maintenance of these armed millions must be borne by the State. It is evident that although such an effort may for a short time be made *pro aris et focis*, its continuance for years would be unendurably ruinous, and would not be tolerated for the purposes of offensive war. To speak plainly, in our humble judgement the thing is overdone. Stupendous machinery has been constructed at infinite cost, but it is too big to be set in motion. Such armies as these remind us of the enormous floating fortresses, iron-belted, turret-armed and served by fifty engines, with every device of mechanical skill, which may serve as the guardships of the realm, but which will never, as we believe, fight one of those great naval actions in mid ocean which decide the mastery of the seas.

But above all the supreme difficulty in the management of these vast armaments lies in the want of an all-embracing, all-foreseeing, uncontested, absolute authority of command. What intellect, what genius, without a highly perfected traditional system, can suffice for these things? General Changarnier said to the writer of these lines some twenty years ago—that is, before the Franco-German war, and when armies had not attained their present dimensions—that although he held himself and some half-dozen officers of the time to be competent to command 60,000 men, and thought the defence of France might be entrusted to several *corps d'armée* of that strength, yet he believed there was no living man in France capable of directing the combined forces of hundreds of thousands of troops in the field, and that when the Emperor Napoleon himself endeavoured in 1812 and 1813 to carry on war on that scale he signally failed.

It would be presumptuous in us to criticise the present condition of the French army, of which we have no practical knowledge; but it must strike even a foreign observer that

no one known to fame possesses the absolute authority, whether civil or military, which is required to direct the movements of this stupendous machine, to overcome the rival pretensions of other officers, and to inspire the nation and the army with the entire confidence and submission which are indispensable conditions of military power. It has been said that whereas formerly small armies were commanded by big men, big armies are now commanded by small men. The illustrious order of commanders of the first rank in the army and the state, identified for so many centuries with all that is glorious in arms, is now practically extinct; for even M. Grévy and the present rulers of the French Republic have not ventured to create a Marshal of France. The public, and perhaps the army, eager to follow something and somebody, have stooped to catch at the horse's tail of a circus-riding general; and the author of this volume conceives that the personal popularity of General Boulanger in France is greater than that enjoyed by any man since Napoleon was at the height of his power. What a comment on popularity and on the value of its ephemeral idols, when a nation can find in its ranks no higher object of adoration! Doubtless the younger generation of the French army contains many officers of high military attainments and indisputable valour, but as yet they are unknown to fame; and, for the first time in history, the French army presents no man of commanding authority and eminent distinction to the service of the nation. If such a man were in existence and were crowned with military success, it is obvious that he would become the master of the French Republic.

The French nation have undoubtedly a permanent cause of war against Germany in their desire to reconquer the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and to avenge the defeats of 1870 which deprived them of their military prepotency in Europe. Hence it is assumed by the author of this volume, and by most of the writers of the day, that a contest between the two Powers is inevitable, and that sooner or later this deadly quarrel must be fought out. But setting apart the irritating language of the press, and the vexatious incidents which arise on the frontier between two angry populations snarling at each other's heels (some of which are extremely painful and discreditable), there is a vast interval between these unneighbourly relations and the tremendous responsibility of actual war between two colossal Powers. Professional armies may desire war, but popular armies raised by compulsory conscription have the strongest pos-

sible motives to desire peace. They have no spirit of conquest; the rank and file have no hopes or desire of military glory, won at the cost of their lives, which can at best only fall to the lot of the higher ranks; and they detest the service to which patriotic duty compels them to submit. M. de Laveleye points out that twenty millions of the inhabitants of France are engaged in agricultural pursuits, caring little for politics, and groaning under the excess of taxation and the conscription. He therefore concludes that nothing would induce the French people spontaneously to drive the Government into war. On the contrary, if the question of peace or war were fairly submitted to the population, their voice would be unanimously for peace on any terms.

We have the strongest possible opinion that the German nation, and we will add the German Government, are resolved to abstain from any aggressive attack on France, and to confine themselves strictly to the defence of the positions acquired in the last war and sanctioned by the treaty of peace. The attitude of both countries is therefore strictly defensive, and we see no reason to suppose that either of them will, or can, proceed to offensive operations against the other, unless some momentous event should supervene which would change the political aspect of the world. An alliance for active warfare between France and Russia is, in our opinion, an idle dream, for the two states are more widely divided by their political principles and traditions than they are by their geographical situation. The extreme instability of the French Government and the uncertainty of its future render it impossible for any other power to contract a close or permanent agreement with its ephemeral rulers; and the first condition to enable France to regain her position in Europe is that she should establish and maintain an administration at home which may command the respect and confidence of the world.

Of all the retaliatory measures adopted by Prince Bismark against France in 1871, the most severe penalty was not the annexation of two provinces, or the exaction of an enormous ransom, but his fixed resolution to leave the country on the tenterhooks of republican government, and to discourage all attempts at the restoration of imperial or monarchical power. The ominous words 'French Republic' have entirely lost the significance they had at the close of the last century. They were then the terror of Europe; they are now the doom of France; and the enemies of the French nation can wish it no worse misfortune than to

struggle on under a government of discredited factions and nameless adventurers. Thanks to the energy of M. Thiers and the dignity of Marshal Macmahon, the Republic retained for two or three years a moderate and conservative character, and nothing is more creditable to France than the manner in which she surmounted the appalling difficulties of that period. But since the fall of those administrations the State has dropped into the hands of the feeblest chief who ever ruled a nation, who retains office because he cannot be replaced ; of ministers who succeed each other like the shadows of a magic lantern ; and of a rapacious and disorganised Assembly. If we ventured upon a prediction of anything so uncertain as the future of France, it would be that she stands in greater peril from the overburdened condition of her finances than from any foreign enemy, and that some such event as the failure of the Panama Canal might produce a crisis of extreme severity. The financial embarrassments of the last century, and even '*la hideuse banqueroute*' of Mirabeau, were trifles compared with the present liabilities of the country, to which we can perceive no solution. This is not the place to enter upon a discussion on the large and perplexing subject of the finances of France, except in so far as it affects the question of peace or war. But that is of the essence of the matter, because the enormous burdens now accumulated on the State are mainly due to military losses and military expenditure. It was stated in January 1875 by M. Matthieu-Hodet, then Minister of Finance, that the total cost of the recent war was shown to amount to 9 milliards 820 millions, or nearly 400 millions of pounds sterling. Since then it is said that 165 millions sterling have been spent in fortifications and armaments. At any rate, it is certain that, although the revenue of France raised by taxation exceeds 120 millions sterling, the total expenditure is far greater, and in each of the last eleven years a very large deficit has been added to the public debt, the amount of which we are afraid to calculate, though it has been estimated at nearly 1,200 millions sterling, carrying interest to the amount of 54 millions. One need look no further for the source of the extreme depression and suffering of the rural and urban population in France, which are so acute as to threaten, in the opinion of some writers, a social revolution ; they are the result of excessive taxation and of the attempt to raise prices by protective legislation. But if this is the state of things in peace, what would it become in war ? The expense of the military establishments and of armies in

the field would become incalculably great. If reverses ensued, the territory might be devastated. If the war were unsuccessful, the marvellous sacrifices of 1871 could not be repeated. In short, is it possible for a nation already staggering under such burdens as these to engage in a contest which must add to them without limit? The answer appears to us to be that peace is even more necessary to the financial condition of France than to her political security, and that such an expenditure as she has been carrying on under the Republic is ruinous to the country. When within a few months the fateful centenary of 1789 arrives, it will find France greatly advanced in luxury and in every form of material welfare, but no longer occupying the position in Europe which under the Monarchy and the Empire she unquestionably enjoyed.

That the King of Prussia whose predecessor waited outside the doors of the Congress of Paris in 1856 as the fifth of the great European Powers, should within sixteen years from that date have conquered and appropriated a portion of the Danish dominions, overthrown the Germanic Confederation, and annexed the territories of several members of it, defeated the House of Austria, annihilated the Empire in France, and assumed the imperial crown of Germany, are events of the most marvellous description. They are due to the consummate organisation of the Prussian monarchy, and to the remarkable combination of men and circumstances which rendered such triumphs possible. No one can survey impartially the majestic fabric of the German Empire without admiration as well as wonder. At the head of it a sovereign whose extended age reaches beyond the limits of the century, and whose wise administration has won back the enthusiastic loyalty and devoted obedience of the nation; ministers who, whether for war or peace, have served with matchless fidelity the Crown; an army still led chiefly by a martial aristocracy, but essentially popular in its composition—a State, in short, somewhat autocratic in form, but based upon institutions tending to popular government. However reprehensible some of the transactions may have been in their origin which led to these great results, it must be acknowledged that the use to which the Emperor William has applied his great resources in the last seventeen years is not less honourable to the German nation than the energy which has raised it to the first rank of Continental Powers. The military successes which were crowned by the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871, rendered Germany the arbiter of Europe,

and it might then be apprehended that, flushed with victory, and conscious of unlimited power, she, like other conquerors, might have been led to abuse her strength. But, on the contrary, she showed no signs of unsatisfied ambition; she immediately controlled the awakened military spirit of the nation, and threw her influence on the side of peace. We have reason to know that the main object of Prince Bismarck in engaging in his futile contest with the Church of Rome (the least wise and successful of his actions) was to give a powerful diversion to public opinion, and to set questions of territorial aggrandisement at rest. Subsequent events have demonstrated beyond all question that the fundamental principle of his policy is the maintenance of peace. Had Germany combined with Russia in the aggressive war of 1876, no resistance whatever was possible on the part of Europe or the Ottoman Empire to any measures which those united Powers might have thought fit to adopt. But such were not the views of Prince Bismarck, and when the Powers met at Berlin in 1878 to revise the Treaty of San Stefano and to terminate the war, Germany was not less desirous than England to withstand the designs of Russia in Eastern Europe; and on every subsequent occasion the Cabinet of Berlin has shown by its skilful influence on rival Powers that it seeks to extinguish rather than to promote animosities and contention. We argue, therefore, from the experience of these seventeen years, during which Germany has not sought but avoided every opportunity to display her military strength, that peace is in reality the governing policy of the German Empire.

Nevertheless, it is assumed by writers like the author of the volume before us, that the latent hostility and resentment of France against Germany will one day break out in an inevitable contest. When the question of peace and war is raised, it is understood to imply the probability of a struggle between those Powers. Much of the speculation current on the subject turns on the practical possibility of such a contest, and we propose briefly to consider the singular suggestions hazarded on the subject. The following passage is a specimen of the loose assumptions of our author on these questions :—

‘ The two great rivals of the Continent are now each too strong for the other. France, even with a Russian alliance, could not easily pass Metz and Strasburg, or cross the Rhine; could not pass through Switzerland, and could not safely pass through Belgium. Germany, on the other hand, except through Belgium, cannot now get into

France at all. As late as 1879, France was open to the Germans up to the gates of Paris, and they could have occupied Champagne, fortified its cities against the French, and waited quietly had they chosen to adopt that plan of campaign. Now, Nancy alone is open, and a short distance behind the nominal frontier there is a real military frontier, which is inexpugnable. The new French frontier has been made as strong by art as it is weak by nature, and by the intention of the German staff who chose it. The French army has been increased till it is superior in numbers to that of Germany, and rapidity of possible mobilisation is now the same upon both sides. The powers of railway concentration are equal. The French fortresses, like the Russian fortresses upon the east, are now superior to the German. For sixty miles in a stretch along the frontier, every single spot is under defensive fire by heavy guns. Of a military frontier towards Germany of 270 kilomètres, 200 are under fire, and the two gaps which are left have been left on purpose, and in German military opinion are impassable. The French fortresses in the next war, it is safe to say, will be defended, if they are attacked, as Bitché and Belfort were in 1870, and not surrendered in the manner in which the others, from Metz and Strasburg down to Toul and Longwy, were handed over to the enemy. It was the civil population which demoralised the troops, and forced the surrender of the fortresses in 1870. In the next war the fortresses will be detached forts, and there will be no civil population to be taken into account. There will probably also be the employment of the repeating rifle to be faced, and the repeating rifle is more important in the defence of earthworks than in the attack. At the worst, the French would lose Nancy in a direct attack, and the real problem—and it is one of singular importance to us in England—is whether the Germans will stand on the defensive upon the French as they will upon the Russian frontier, or whether they will pass through Belgium.'

This passage appears to us to contain as many strategical and political absurdities as could be heaped together. We believe every one of these statements as to the fortresses, railway concentration, the mobilisation of the army, and the defence of the frontier to be erroneous, or at least exaggerated.

It is assumed that there is an even probability of France attacking Germany and of Germany attacking France, though it is admitted that there are great, if not insuperable, obstacles to the invasion of either country. Let us first discuss the hypothesis of an attack on Germany by France. The first condition of aggressive war is that the Power making it should be able to transport the theatre of hostilities into the enemy's country, and not bring down the horrors of invasion upon itself. In all the numerous invasions of Germany by France, from the days of Louis XIV. to the days of Napoleon, it must be borne in mind that the

French had always a base of operations on German soil. The armies of Louis XIV. were operating in alliance with the Elector of Bavaria, the Court of France had numerous adherents among the German princes, and Southern Germany was easily invaded. The capture of Mayence in the revolutionary war laid open to France one of the great gates of Germany; the French forces occupied a part of the country to the north-east of the Rhine, and when Napoleon engaged in the campaign of 1806 the whole line of the Main served as his base of operations. In the present state of affairs not a foot of German soil would support a French soldier until it was conquered at the point of the sword.

But the French writers assume that they still possess the free access to German territory which they have lost. That was the dream of the French in 1870, when they exclaimed 'Nous allons nous répandre dans les plaines de l'Allemagne!' instead of which the lines of Wörth and Spicheren were forced, and France herself lay open to invasion. By what means and by what route could France now throw her armies across the Rhine? With the exception of the small *trouée* at Belfort, not a single passage is open to her, and even there she would find herself in front of the fortresses of the Palatinate. What are the French fortresses which this writer describes as 'superior to those of Germany'? The neutrality of Belgium and of Switzerland is the most valuable of all defences to a large portion of the eastern frontier of France, and it would be an act of madness on the part of the French to take any steps to impair that barrier, and to transfer the seat of war to the Low Countries or the south-east of France. Therefore the portion of the French territory contiguous to Germany is relatively small; it lies between Luxemburg and Basle, and a French army passing the frontier would find itself in presence of a line of the strongest fortresses in Europe, extending from Cologne to Strasburg, from Rastadt to Ulm. It is difficult, therefore, to see by what line of operations the forces of France could open a direct attack on the territories of the German Empire, or what strategical plan of campaign could be framed for that object, and we cannot conceive any circumstances under which the Germans would simply stand on the defensive against a French invasion.

Let us now turn to the opposite hypothesis of an attack by Germany on France. Here the assumptions of our author are still more extravagant. Germany, he says, except through

Belgium, *cannot now get into France at all*; as if the Power capable of collecting her armies under the guns of the fortresses of Thionville, Metz, and Strasburg did not occupy the most secure positions imaginable for ulterior operations, whether to the north, the centre, or the south of the country. To this it is replied that a line of French fortresses covering some 270 kilomètres effectually protects the frontier, and is unassailable; so that, according to this writer, the armies of France would be employed in the defence of this extended line of detached forts and earth-works, like the Great Wall of China, and, instead of that *élan* and forward movement which has ever been the great secret of French military success, the nation would be employed in that for which it is least fitted by temperament and tradition, and condemned to fight behind artificial defences. We can only say that the defence of the territory of a country by a line of works hundreds of miles long is a novelty in war in which we should place no confidence; the whole line would be open to German attack, it would give way in its weakest part, the intermediate territory would be ravaged, and, once broken, the defence would be at an end.

We now arrive at the most fantastical and mischievous of the military and political speculations of the author of this volume—fantastical, because they are entirely unsupported by facts—mischievous, because they are supposed to proceed from a writer who has had the honour of being the mouth-piece of the Foreign Office of Great Britain; and it has therefore been inferred that these crude suggestions do represent the opinions of a certain class of English statesmen. We are asked to believe that while an attack on Germany by France through Belgium is, in a military sense, improbable, an attack on France by Germany is highly probable if the Belgians continue to keep so small an army as they do; that the defence of Antwerp is not worth thinking of; that the treaties of 1839 which established the neutrality of Belgium are so much waste paper; that it is not more dangerous for England that France or Germany should ultimately hold Antwerp and partition Flanders, than for France to hold Cherbourg; that the modern democratic spirit of this country is opposed to war in defence of Belgian neutrality; and that when once Belgian neutrality is violated by either party, whatever promises are made, her independence will be gone. To every one of these propositions we oppose a flat denial. In the first place, for the reasons already given, we do not believe that Germany contemplates any attack

upon France at all; but in the event of the occurrence of war the evils and disgrace attending a violation of the neutrality of Belgium would far outweigh the military advantages attending such an operation. It would be an act of monstrous bad faith and barbarity to transport the theatre of war into the territories of an industrious, free, flourishing, and pacific people, which Germany is pledged by treaty to defend, merely to reach an enemy whose frontier lies beyond them. Belgium would once more become the cockpit of Europe; not only its neutrality and prosperity, but its existence, would be destroyed, and Germany would again have to encounter the armies of France on the fields of Valmy and Waterloo. Nor is the military advantage so apparent; it is utterly inconceivable that the Belgian people should submit without resistance to such a violation of their rights, and assent to the suicidal ruin of their country. Their army, though small, and the line of the Meuse, now more satisfactorily defended at Namur and Liège, would offer a notable addition to the resistance to be overcome, and give time to bring the northern army of France into the field under the most favourable conditions. Within a neutral and foreign territory, the German army would lose the support of that complete and intricate system of railways which is equally essential to the advance and to the supplies of her armies. The Belgian railway being interrupted, which could be done in a few hours by closing the tunnels and blowing up the bridges, the German army would have to march about a hundred miles from Aix-la-Chapelle before it reached the nearest point on the French frontier; and it has been well observed by a military writer that it is inconceivable, if this Belgian line alone were taken, that the French armies should not be able to meet the Germans in superior numbers, in more perfect concentration, and with every advantage of position in their favour. For these reasons, far from thinking that an attack on France through Belgium by Germany is highly probable, we doubt whether it has ever entered into the plans of campaign deliberately adopted by the German staff.

The invasion of Belgium would moreover lead to political consequences of far greater moment. This writer appears to suppose that the mere occupation and defence of Antwerp as the temporary seat of the Belgian Government, held as it would be with the support of the maritime power of England, would not prevent the conquest of the country, and that the engagements into which we have entered for the

maintenance of Belgian neutrality and independence are things of the past. The treaties by which Great Britain is bound to defend the independence of Portugal are older by centuries than those which severed Belgium from Holland. What was the result of them? Lisbon was held by the British army and the British fleet; we remained masters of the Tagus; and although the whole of Portugal was overrun by the French armies, Masséna found himself at Torres Vedras in presence of an insurmountable barrier; he was driven to retreat through the country he had ravaged; and from that point the Duke of Wellington emerged to win back not only the independence of Portugal but the liberty of Spain. It is not from any sentimental regard for the welfare of a foreign people, however interesting they may be from their ancient institutions, their constitutional liberties, their spirit of commercial freedom, and their indefatigable industry, that Great Britain has entered into strict engagements with the rest of Europe to respect and defend Belgian nationality. No tradition of our foreign policy is more inveterate or more firmly established on principle than the interest we have in the independence of the Low Countries. Under the House of Burgundy, under the oppression of Spain, under the House of Austria, under the temporary occupation by France, it has been an invariable maxim of British statesmanship that secure and amicable relations with the Low Countries, whether in Catholic Flanders or in Protestant Holland, are matters of supreme importance to England. To compare the occupation of the Scheldt, one of the great arteries of European commerce, with a French arsenal on the Norman coast, is an absurdity. The navigation of the Scheldt was the point which compelled Mr. Pitt himself reluctantly to break through his system of neutrality in 1793, and the possession of that great maritime position on the North Sea by a hostile power would be an event which it is impossible for any minister of this country to contemplate with indifference.

But in fact, if the policy and determination of England to adhere to her engagements, and not to suffer the territory of Belgium to be violated, be plainly and peremptorily declared, no such contingency as that which is contemplated by this writer could by possibility arise. It is preposterous to compare the strategical advantages of an invasion of Southern Belgium with the dangers attending a policy which would bring Great Britain into the field, not indeed by a ludicrous attempt to place a handful of troops on

the flank of an invading army, but because the maritime power of England throughout the world would at once place the vast transmarine commercial interests of a hostile power at her mercy. Great Britain is a formidable antagonist to any State, not because she can march large bodies of men to any given point of territory, but because her influence on the trade, the finances, and the social relations of all parts of the globe, used with her tenacity of purpose, is such that it can materially weaken, if not paralyse, an enemy. The defeat of Russia in 1856 was due not so much to the fall of a fortress on the Black Sea as to the fact that her resources were exhausted and she could not carry on a war which pressed so heavily on her subjects. The inference, therefore, we draw from these palpable and practical considerations is that neither Germany nor France would run the risk of a rupture with England in order to transport the theatre of war into the Low Countries, and that, without firing a shot or landing a man, the neutrality of Belgium can be preserved by the inflexible adherence of Great Britain to its ancient policy and to its more recent engagements.

We cannot assent to the facts collected by this writer, or to his speculations on the policy and resources of Russia, any more than we can adopt his opinions with reference to Western Europe, but we shall not attempt to discuss with any minuteness his remarks on the Balkan States or the Afghan frontier. It must be admitted that Russia is the least known element in the European system, to which she can hardly be said to belong. In fact, whatever may now be the material power of Russia, her influence in the councils of Europe is infinitely less at the present time than it was during the reigns of Catherine, of Alexander I., and of Nicholas, when it may be said to have preponderated over a large portion of the Continent. She now stands alone without any positive alliances, and whatever her policy may be, it is not identified with that of any other European state. This being the case, we doubt whether she will hazard any enterprise which might be opposed by a combination of other Powers; and the Crimean war taught her that she is not in a condition to resist with success the joint action of any two of them. Moreover, we believe this writer largely exaggerates the actual military forces of Russia when he talks of her placing six millions of men in the field. For the reasons given in the earlier part of this article, it would be much easier to raise a nominal force of six millions of men than it would be to clothe them, to arm

them, to feed them, and, above all, to command them. However large the armies of Russia may be, we must take into account the enormous circumference which they have to defend. An army in Northern Poland and the Baltic provinces, an army to cover the capital on the side of Finland, an army on the frontier of Galicia, an army on the lower Danube, an army in the Caucasus, an army on the Caspian stretching out its feelers across the deserts of Turkestan, an army to watch the Chinese frontier, an army in Eastern Siberia to protect the nascent settlements on the North Pacific, to which must be added large permanent garrisons for the maintenance of order and authority in the principal cities, which cannot be reduced in the present feverish state of the nation—all these bodies of troops, most of which are separated from one another by great distances with but little intermediate railway communication, constitute an amount of dispersed forces capable of exhausting even the resources of the Russian arsenals, not to speak of the inordinate cost of maintaining such military establishments by a state already overwhelmed with debt and of declining credit. And, in point of fact, neither in the Crimean war nor in her last campaigns against Turkey, nor on other occasions, has Russia ever succeeded in bringing any very large number of fighting men to one field of battle. Still less, we conclude, is she in a condition to advance a completely equipped army of some hundreds of thousands of men against the territories of Western Europe. We happen to know that at the time of the Penjdeh affair, which was supposed to threaten Afghanistan and even the Indian frontier, the Russian plan of campaign contemplated the advance of only two columns of 20,000 men each, the one on Cabul, the other on Herat—forces wholly disproportioned to such an enterprise.

Concentration of force is the main secret of the art of war. To bring to bear the largest possible body of men on one given and decisive point was the radical principle by which Napoleon led his troops to victory. To quote a remark of the Duke of Wellington in his conversations with Lord Stanhope: ‘If you look through Napoleon’s campaigns, you will find that his plan was always to try to give a great battle, gain a great victory, patch up a peace, and then hurry back to Paris.’ But these swift results of military operations, which can only be brought about by an overwhelming concentration of force and by consummate tactical skill, are precisely the operations of which Russian

armies are least capable, having half the surface of the terrestrial globe to watch and to defend. We are far from taking the pessimist views of the writer before us as to the results of a war between Russia and England, for he appears to think that our only available point of attack would be on Vladivostock and the settlements on the Amoor. And we are satisfied that, whatever events may take place in Afghanistan, the true strength of England lies in the defence of our own north-western frontier, which has now been well provided for, and that we may view with comparative indifference whatever lies beyond it.

The possibility of war between Russia and Austria-Hungary is less remote than that of war between Russia and England, as long as the affairs of the Balkan States are unsettled; but we very much doubt the inferiority of the Austrian forces to any invading forces which Russia could bring against Galicia or Hungary; and we conceive that this writer underrates the efficiency of the Austrian army as much as he exaggerates the power of Russia. This certainly is not the opinion entertained at Vienna. The Austrian army, no longer weakened by the necessity of maintaining large forces south of the Alps, which led to its defeat in 1866, is now perfectly compact, and, we have reason to believe, in the highest state of efficiency, its whole strength being directed to the defence of the North-Eastern frontier of the Empire. Moreover, the consequences of a defeat of Austria would not end there. It is impossible for Germany, it would be impolitic for Italy, to allow a Russian army to advance on Vienna, and to dictate conditions of peace which might be fatal to the existence of the dual monarchy.

The future historian of the nineteenth century will note with satisfaction that during the greater part of it the ancient animosities between France and England have been extinguished, and that for upwards of seventy years (to be followed, we hope, by a longer period) relations of peace and goodwill have subsisted between the two great nations of the West. We need not dwell on the beneficent effects of this good understanding. The social and commercial relations of the two countries have been prodigiously increased, and the alliance of the two States has on more than one occasion rendered signal service to the maintenance of order and to the cause of freedom in the world. This long period of amity, due mainly to the wisdom of the ministers of the constitutional monarchy, and to the prudence of the Emperor

Napoleon III., has not been undisturbed by differences which under other circumstances might have led to war. But the paramount consideration of the importance of peace, and the mutual confidence happily existing between the two Governments, surmounted these dangers. On this side the Channel especially, all feelings of jealousy or hostility to the French nation have long since entirely disappeared. We deplored the fatal consequences of the war in which France so rashly and unwisely engaged in 1870, and by the English alone of all European peoples the re-establishment of the French Republic was regarded with some degree of favour and of hope. Unhappily, for reasons we are unable to discover, the successive ministers of the Republic have not sought to cultivate these close relations of amity, but have rather gone to the extremities of the earth to cross and vex the interests of England in foreign lands. The French popular press is conducted in a spirit of morbid hostility to this country, calculated to rekindle angry feelings to which the British Government and the English press have hitherto opposed an extreme forbearance; but it cannot be denied that the relations of the two States are on a less satisfactory footing than they have been for many years. When two powerful nations are living in such close proximity and have so many common interests and transactions, they can only maintain relations of strict amity by mutual concessions, or else they will fall into a perilous rivalry and opposition. The indifference which may exist between more remote States is much more difficult between the nearest neighbours. We, therefore, view with some apprehension our present relations with France, and if a danger of war exists at all, we fear that it arises from the unsettled state of that country. If any serious incident occurred to bring the interests and public feeling of the two nations into direct opposition, the existing Government of the Republic would not have the resources of conciliation which have more than once averted the danger of collision. But, on the other hand, such a war would be absolutely purposeless, a mere ebullition of malignant passion, alike injurious to both nations; and the occurrence of such an event is to be deprecated on every ground of policy, humanity, and interest.

We do not propose to follow this writer into a close examination of the sixth essay contained in this volume, which is devoted to an exaggerated and alarming picture of the dangers of the United Kingdom, and an equally pitiable account of its military and naval resources. We hold both the one and

the other to be equally extravagant and unfounded. Thus he states:—

‘The highest foreign scientific military opinion informs us that a great war in which England is engaged will not end without an attempt at the invasion of this country; that the fleet cannot be certain of being able to prevent invasion; that, while it is useless to land in Ireland or Scotland, or in the north of England, it is a possible operation, and one which would be undoubtedly attempted, to land in the south of England suddenly and by surprise, and to march on London. It is assumed that we should concentrate—and concentrate too slowly and too late—at Croydon or in its neighbourhood, but that we should be attacked not only from the south but also from the side of Harwich. Our fleet would be embarrassed by the necessity of defending positions which are important to our future, but easily attacked, such as Kingston in Jamaica. The Channel Islands would also be attacked, and could not be held without protection from the fleet. Plymouth, we are told, is so unfinished as to be easily open to bombardment from the sea between Rane Head and Fort Tregantle, as well as from points between Saltash and St. Germans. Portsmouth is unfinished upon the Fareham side, and both the Helsinga Lines and the Portsdown Forts are somewhat out of date.’

We know not whose the ‘highest foreign scientific military opinion’ may be, but he appears to have taken the battle of Dorking for his model, and to amuse himself with the day-dreams of a humourist. If this extravaganzas is to be taken in earnest, it is unbecoming in an Englishman to repeat it, and it is scandalous if it is put forth with the assent of a late mouthpiece of the Government and a Minister of the Crown. For, if we are not mistaken, the writer who puts forth these statements was himself a member of the late administration against which the weightiest of these charges of maladministration, unreadiness, extravagance, and inefficiency are addressed. We trust that for his sake and that of his late colleagues he knows them to be unfounded.

The present military and naval forces of the kingdom are, we believe, far in excess of what they have ever been before in time of peace, and not far inferior to what might be required in war.* The question is whether they are equal to

* It appears from the Annual Return of the British Army on January 1 last that the entire strength of the regular army is about 210,000 all over the world, to which must be added an efficient reserve of trained soldiers of 47,000, without reckoning the militia and irregular forces. Of these troops there were in the United Kingdom about 102,000 men, in India or on the passage 71,000, in Egypt (at that time) 9,000, and in the Colonies about 25,000. A very sufficient force, it appears to us, to be maintained in time of peace, and to

any emergencies which have arisen or are likely to arise. By the irony of fate Mr. Gladstone's last administration was engaged in perpetual warfare or preparation for war, in South Africa, in Egypt, and on the frontiers of India. In these expeditions the army neither failed in its strength nor in any part of its duty. If there have been failures they were due not to the forces, but to the misuse of the forces by the minister at home. The unavenged defeat at Majuba Hill and the sacrifice of Gordon are branded in indelible lines on the annals of Mr. Gladstone's Government, but the world knows that Sir Evelyn Wood could easily have marched to Pretoria, and that the Nile expedition for the relief of Khartoum would probably have succeeded if it had sailed in April instead of August. The duties of the British army are wholly unlike those of any other military power. Subject to the existence of a competent force in Great Britain and in Ireland, the defence of India, and of the possessions and fortresses commanding the navigation of the globe are the essential purposes to which our military strength is applied, and, from the extraordinary extent of our relations with barbarous countries, British troops are frequently sent on expeditions in which no other army would easily engage. We doubt whether the Germans with all their power could transport a competent force to the Red River, to Abyssinia, to Ashantee, to the Upper Nile, or even to Egypt, as swiftly or as efficiently as has been done by Great Britain within the last few years.

But we are told that Great Britain is not in a condition to place an army in the field on the continent of Europe which could stand for an hour against the overwhelming numbers of the great European Powers. Undoubtedly not. We see no reason to suppose that we shall be called upon to place an army of British troops in the field on the continent of Europe at all; and, what is more, it would be hard to say that we have ever done so from the days of Marlborough to the days of Wellington, except in conjunction with powerful allies. The victories of Marlborough were won with the

defend this country and its possessions abroad from any sudden attack to which they are likely to be exposed; and we know not from what quarter any such attack could come with the slightest chance of success against us, provided these forces have that high degree of efficiency and equipment which they ought to possess. They are incomparably greater than they were when the Duke of Wellington sounded his celebrated note of alarm in the letter he addressed to Sir John Burgoyne in January 1848.

Austrians under Prince Eugène and the Dutch; the armies of Wellington in the Peninsula were combined with the troops of Portugal and Spain; in Flanders in 1815 the army of the Duke of Wellington consisted of about 45,000 British troops, reinforced by Dutch and German corps, and supported by the Prussian army under Blücher, and we believe that is about the largest amount of British soldiers which has taken the field in Europe. Such a body of excellent troops may play a considerable part in the combined operations of other Powers, but England has not for two centuries been called upon to encounter single-handed the colossal armaments of any continental state. Her influence has been not the less felt in the affairs of Europe. This exaggerated depreciation of the British army, in which we observe with regret that military critics are too apt to indulge, arises apparently from cowardly and unworthy fears, or from a total misconception of the duties which the British army has to discharge. Our primary answer is that we are at peace; that our policy is pacific; that we threaten no other nation and no other nation threatens us; and that we do not live armed to the teeth as if we were in momentary expectation of an unprovoked attack from some neighbouring state. Should the occasion arise, we should know how to meet it. The regular army in the United Kingdom, the militia being called out to garrison Ireland, is not insufficient for the defence of these shores against any expedition likely to be brought against them, and we refuse to live under an invasion panic which would change the whole course of our policy and affect all the conditions of society.

One of the charges brought by this writer against our military administration is that our army, in spite of its limited numbers, is as costly as any army in the world. He omits to state that the British army is raised by voluntary enlistment on a moderate scale of payment, and he does not stop to compute the difference in value between the service of a Russian serf and the price for which an Englishman agrees to join the ranks. We doubt whether any other European country could raise forty thousand recruits in the year by voluntary enlistment on the terms offered to and accepted by the British soldier. But almost every other country in Europe pays the far heavier blood-tax of compulsory service levied personally on every male citizen or subject of the State. What does that amount to? What is the pecuniary value of the two or three years of independent labour which every man is bound to sacrifice to his

military duty? What is not the cost to every man of two or three years taken from him at the most important time of life, not to mention the obligation of service in the reserve, extending over great part of his existence? Compared with the enormous burden imposed by universal conscription on a nation, the cost of a paid professional voluntary army sinks into insignificance.

With these remarks we shall conclude our observations on the singular volume before us, which appears to us calculated only to terrify the weak and mislead the ignorant. We hope that this plea for peace may dispel some of the apprehensions which are entertained of wars without an object and without a cause. But we would remark that the four great Powers which indisputably command the centre of Europe—Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Italy—are all alike attached to the maintenance of peace; and whatever may be the eccentric or adventurous policy of the states lying to the east and to the west, the strength of Europe lies in its centre. It ought not, therefore, to be impossible to unite the four Powers we have named in a closer alliance and invincible union to resist all attacks on public tranquillity and to restore as far as possible the common action and concert of the defenders of peace in Europe. Indeed, as we close this sheet the forecast contained in the preceding sentence appears to be more likely than ever to be fulfilled. The accession of Italy to the close alliance of the German States is an event of supreme importance to the cause of peace, and we trust this country will not be behindhand in supporting a pacific league, which is based on the union of the great Powers.

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